

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

For

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Jan. 4, '36

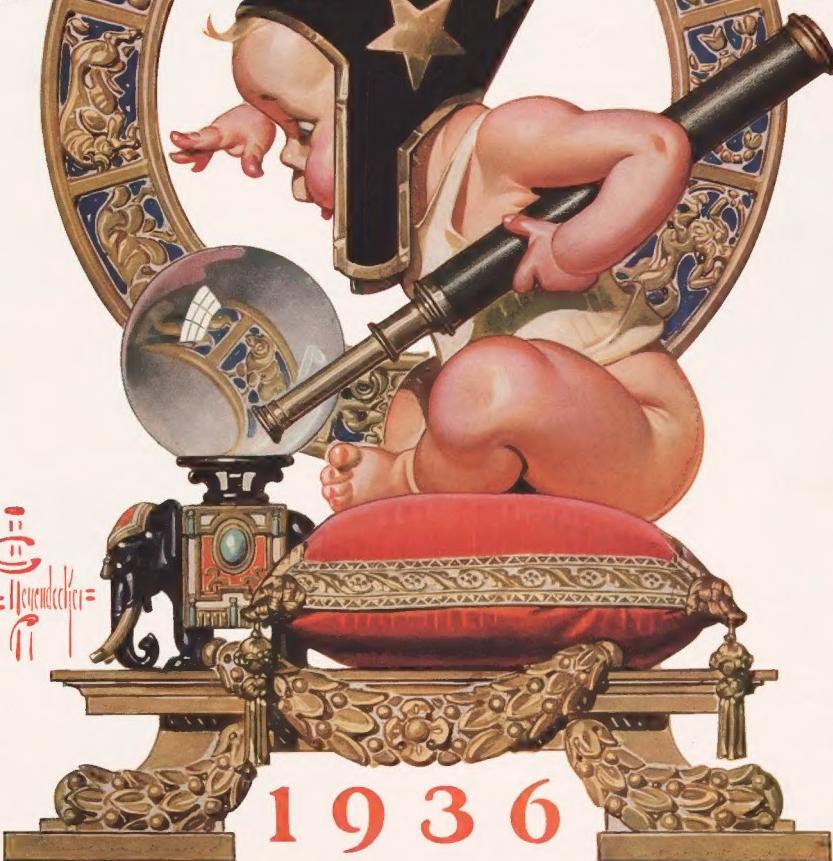
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Volume 208, Number 27

Heudecker

1936

BOOTH TARKINGTON · ARTHUR TRAIN



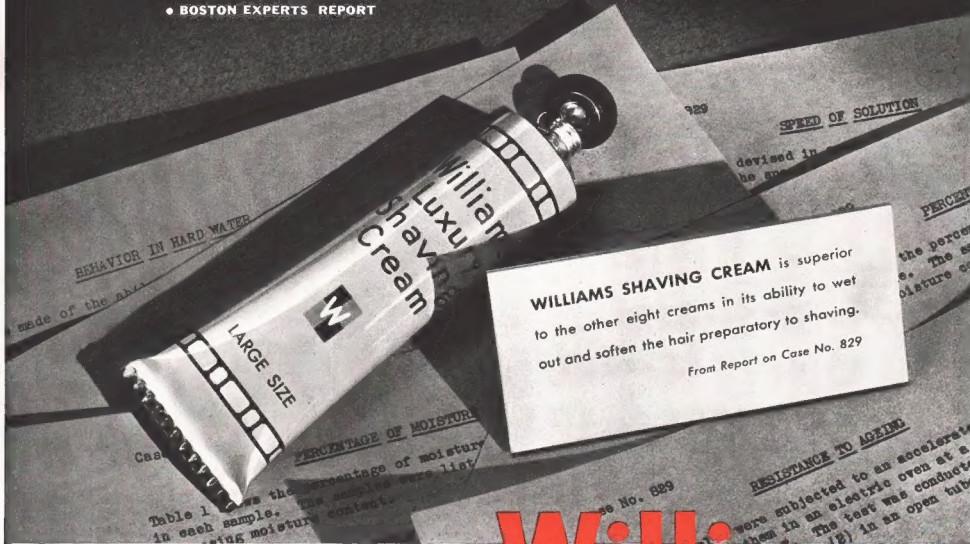


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MAKES IT THE BEST BEARD SOFTENER OF ALL

• BOSTON EXPERTS REPORT



WILLIAMS SHAVING CREAM is superior to the other eight creams in its ability to wet out and soften the hair preparatory to shaving.

From Report on Case No. 829

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• And remember—after every shave, a dash of sparkling Aqua Velva.

Williams

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It's quick-wetting

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I want to try out for myself the "Quick-Wetting Action" of Williams Shaving Cream. Please send me a trial tube for the enclosed 3¢ in stamps.

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City..... State.....

Famous "Getter Uppers"—

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means fine precision workmanship. Get yourself a Big Ben Chime Alarm today — wherever good clocks are sold. You will sleep better and wake up better.

Only BIG BEN Chime Alarm has ALL of These Features

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Here are just a few



FORTUNE—Square alarm.
Black with nickel trim.



BABY BEN—Quiet tick,
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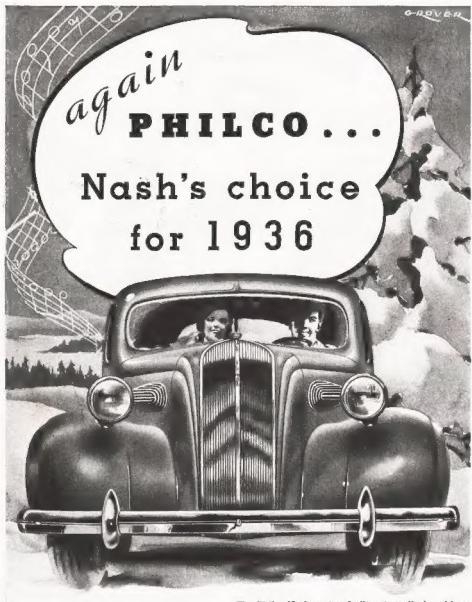
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COUNTRY CLUB—One of
the Westclox Electric Alarms



The Philco-Nash, custom-built auto radio is sold exclusively by Nash-Lafayette Distributors and Dealers . . . and carries their unreserved recommendation.

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Philco Replacement Tubes Improve the Performance of Any Radio

PHILCO
Auto RADIO

LISTEN TO BOAKE CARTER OVER KEY COLUMBIA STATIONS

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"AN AMERICAN INSTITUTION"

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THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

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Table of Contents

The names of all characters that are used in short stories, serials and semi-fiction articles that deal with types are fictitious. If the name of any living person is used, it is a coincidence.

January 4, 1936

Cover Design by J. C. Leyendecker

SHORT STORIES

Creating the Ideal—Booth Tarkington *Illustrated by Ritchie Cooper* 5 and 41

The Great Day—Hugh MacNair *Kathleen* *Illustrated by F. R. Gruger* 10 and 48

She Needs an Older Man—Elmer Davis *Illustrated by John La Gatta* 12 and 44

That Old Gray Mare—Arthur Train *Illustrated by Arthur William Brown* 14 and 46

ARTICLES

Japan Digs In—Edgar Snow . . . *Photographs* 8 and 56

The New Deal Comes to Brown County, Indiana—Benjamin Wallace Douglas . . . *Photographs* 16 and 54

Human Rights and Property Rights—John Rustgard *Cartoon by Herbert Johnson* 23 and 51

Father Struck it Rich—Evalyn Walsh McLean, With Boyden Sparks . . . *Photographs* 26 and 60

SERIALS

The Hurricane (Second part of six)—Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall . . . *Illustrated by W. H. Koerner* 18 and 30

Roxana (Fifth part of six)—Clarence Budington Kelland *Illustrated by Arthur William Brown* 20 and 63

MISCELLANY

Editorial 22

Post Scripts 24 and 50

Seaside Serenade—Ogden Nash 38

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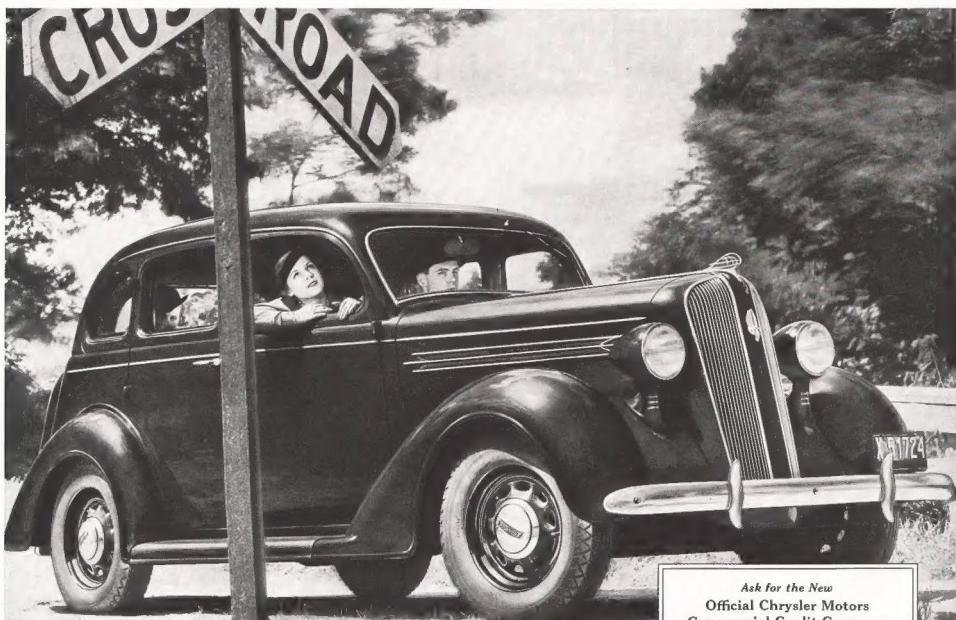
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Modern Traffic Demands the Safest Brakes Made

EVERY WEEK, news headlines write the reasons for having the safest brakes you can buy.

Plymouth has been using hydraulic brakes since the first Plymouth was introduced. And this long, practical experience has given the big 1936 Plymouth the safest brakes built...100% hydraulic in action...two pistons at each wheel.

And Plymouth is famous for another great safety feature: the Safety-Steel body...interlocking with the big steel frame...each reinforcing the other. It has the room and riding

comfort every family wants...largest and roomiest of "All Three" leading low-priced cars.

No other full-size car in America can match Plymouth's economy. Owners report 18 to 24 miles per gallon of gas...record low oil-consumption...money constantly saved on maintenance and repairs.

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Ask for the New
Official Chrysler Motors
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AND UP, LIST AT FACTORY, DETROIT
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PLYMOUTH

BUILDS GREAT CARS

JANUARY

Armour's Meal of the Month

SUN MON TUE WED THU FRI SAT

MENU

Orange slices with frosted grapes
Broiled Star Pure Pork Sausages

Syrup glazed apples

Wheat Cakes Syrup Cloverbloom Butter Coffee

Ask your dealer for my free Recipe Book, with full
directions for this meal.(Signed) MARIE GIFFORD,
Food Economist at Armour's.

For Breakfast in January . . . supper, too

Star Pork Sausage and Wheatcakes

*Marie Gifford of Armour's plans a delicious
mid-winter meal . . . Your dealer features it this month.*

CHILL January calls for invigorating breakfasts and appetite-rousing suppers. So Armour brings you a grand MEAL OF THE MONTH—equally appropriate for morning or night. As planned by Marie Gifford, Armour's food economist, it consists of a generous helping of Armour's Star Pure Pork Sausage . . . served with fluffy wheatcakes topped by delicious fresh Cloverbloom Butter, and apple slices

baked in syrup. Where's the man who'll say "no" to that!

Flavorful Star Pork Sausage "makes" the meal

Armour's Star Pure Pork Sausage is an ideal meat for winter days, because it is juicy, tender and chock-full of energy. Star Pork Sausage is made in spotless kitchens . . . of finest pork . . . seasoned mildly according to an exclusive Armour formula. Packed fresh and rushed from Armour branches directly to your neighborhood food store in fast refrigerator-trucks. So it arrives at your frying pan in record time, as fresh and tempting as Armour made it. For your convenience, Star Sausage is available in

any form you prefer
—links, patties or
bulk.

You can buy the meat all at one time, too. Pancake flour, syrup, Cloverbloom Butter, coffee, and Armour's Star Pure Pork Sausage—all featured in the Armour MEAL OF THE MONTH display. You prepare the meal in a jiffy and then you're readyto delight the family. Put it down on your shopping list, now.

LOOK FOR THIS
DISPLAY AT
YOUR DEALER'S



Armour's Star Pork Sausage.
Available in links or patties—
1 pound or half-pound, also
in bulk.

ARMOUR AND COMPANY

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A.D. 1728 by Benj. Franklin

Volume 208

5c. THE COPY

PHILADELPHIA, PA., JANUARY 4, 1936

\$2.00 By Subscription
(52 Issues)

Number 27



"Madame?" Mr. Rumbin Stared at Her, Chopfallen. "You Say—You Say You Wish to Acquire This Great Pig Rosa Bonheur?"

CREATING THE IDEEL

By BOOTH TARKINGTON

ILLUSTRATED BY RITCHIE COOPER

IN HUMAN affairs cause and effect often behave not like the inseparable twins science says they are, but like two barehanded never even acquainted. Young Howard Cattlet's acting as an usher at a classmate's wedding settled his destiny, not by means of a marvelous bridesmaid but because he was unable to borrow an usher's uniform and had to have one made.

Thus, just out of college, owning a cutaway, some other clothes and nothing more, he began commuting between his native Hackertown, New Jersey, and New York, seeking to join the diminished army of the employed.

Systematic, he began an orderly geographical combing of northern Manhattan in mid-June, and was dishearteningly down as far as Seventeenth Street by the end of the month. Anything but an electric, eye-to-eye, make-it-happen young man, he was large, slow-spoken, good-looking somewhat solemnly; and a solemn sort of thoroughness was a sturdy element in his character. Nothing less could

have led him to include in his list an advertisement for an Art Dealer's Assistant.

On the morning of the first of July, he crossed over from West Seventeenth Street—where his offer to become a Night Watchman had been declined—and walked valiantly to the address of the Art Dealer on the eastern stretch of that same thoroughfare. Arrived at the shop, he found it to be upon the ground floor, and paused to learn what he could from its rather dusty exterior. There was a recessed half-glass door and a single display window; not a large one, yet imposing, even a little pompous, because of the gilt lettering it bore.

RUMBIN GALLERIES
Chefs-d'Œuvre Paintures Sculptures
Old Masters Objets d'Art Period Furniture

Inside the window were two candelabra—black bronze Venuses or Muses, or somebody, upholding gilded flowers from which rose the candles—and between the candelabra, upon a mound of green velvet,

was a venerable murky landscape painting from which young Howard Cattlet got only the impression that he wouldn't like to own it. Already disengaged, he, nevertheless, doggedly stuck to his routine, opened the half-glass door and went in.

Within the oblong room he was aware of dark old-looking paintings upon brown walls, of old chairs and sofas in faded colors, of stools, tables and commodes in unfamiliar shapes; and beyond this daunting foreground he saw at the shadowy other end of the room two people—a fair-haired young woman at a desk, and a thin, baggy-kneed man who spoke to her urgently.

She interrupted him. Her clear, light voice was but too audible to the young man near the door.

"Professor Ensell, your experience with the Am-wilton Museum and on the Institute's art faculty would be valuable, of course; but there isn't the slightest use for you to wait till Mr. Rumbin comes in. I mustn't hold out any false hopes to you, Professor Ensell. I'm sorry."

Professor Ensill's shoulders drooped. "Well, I'll keep on with that damn Orcas," Howard Cattell heard him say. "I'd hoped for almost any kind of change—but all right." He turned from the desk, and, on his way out, set, drearily, a soiled fedora hat upon his scholarly head. Before the door closed behind him, young Howard decided to depart also. He was in motion toward the street when the young woman at the desk rose, came forward and spoke to him.

"Can I show you something?"

"No," he said. "No, I believe not."

"No?" Perhaps you came in answer to Mr. Rumbin's advertisement?"

"I—yes, I believe I ——"

"Then why don't you ——"

"Thank you," Howard said. "I wouldn't do."

To his astonishment, she said thoughtfully, "I don't know," and for a strange moment the scrutiny he had from her intelligent gray eyes was appreciative. "I think I'll take your name."

He gave it, wistfully adding his address; then again moved toward the door. But she still detained him.

"Wait here." She went to a door at the rear of the shop, opened it, called "Mr. Rumbin," and returned to her desk. A wide silhouette appeared in the doorway; she said, "Mr. Howard Cattell, Hackertown, New Jersey," and applied herself to a typewriter.

Mr. Rumbin came forward, a middle-aged active fat man with a glowing eye. His features were highly expressive, like an actor's, and just now, oddly, seemed anxious to be ingesting. "Hackertown?" he said to the solemn applicant. "Mr. Howard Cappits, you know Mr. and Mrs. Waldemar Hetzel that built the magnificent country house outside Hackertown?"

"Hetzell? No, I ——"

"Then you couldn't introduce 'em to me," Mr. Rumbin said regretfully, a foreign accent of elusive origin becoming a little more noticeable in his speech. "Hanover Galleries sold 'em a Claude for hundred seventy-two thousand dollars. It's a money; it's a crime." He sighed; then smiled almost affectionately. "Where was you before?" he asked.

"Before? Where was I?" However, comprehending that the question sought for his previous business experience, the young man explained that he hadn't any; but mentioned a possible qualification. In his junior year he had attended a course of lectures on Aesthetic Fundamentals and had passed the examination. He hadn't passed it prominently, he thought right to add; but still he had passed.

Mr. Rumbin, though looking at young Mr. Cattell attentively, listened with indifference; and, when the applicant produced a written approval of his morals from the rector of St. Mark's, Hackertown, gave it but an absent glance and returned it.

"Listen," Mr. Rumbin said. "You got a cutaway suit?"

"A what?" Howard said. "Yes, I've only had it on once."

"You got a useful face, too," Mr. Rumbin observed, frank in meditation. "You don't show nothing on it. Like you ain't got no feelings. Look like maybe you got high educated brains, too, or not; nobody would be surprised which." Suddenly he smiled beamingly, glanced back toward the girl at the typewriter. "Putty good. Oddwise Georchie wouldn't kept you for me to look at. I take you."

"What? You

say ——"

"On prohibition," Mr. Rumbin added

quickly. "On prohibition the first couple weeks. After that, if I commence liking you, it's permanent. Two dollars a week. Make it fourteen."

"Fourteen?" Dazed, Howard seemed to perceive that his wedding garment, supplemented slightly by his face, was perhaps launching him upon a career. "Fourteen? When would you—when do I—when ——"

"When you commence, Mr. Howard Cappits? Today, now; it's got to be sometime, ain't it?" Mr. Rumbin became confidential. "Fourteen a week, payable mont'ly. It's awful good; it's splendid. You got everything to learn there is. Besides the cutaway, you got to have some overalls."

"Overalls?"

"Howard," Mr. Rumbin said, "part of the work being my assistant, it's maybe some like a janitor. Sometimes you'll be using the floor mop; you get to wash the windows, too, and I'm going to teach you how to dust objets d'art—it's puttikler. Today, though, immediately I got to teach you something else quick. Come to the stock room; I show you." Then, followed dumbly, the astounding man walked to the rear of the shop, but paused for a moment near the desk. "I intadue you to Georchie; but don't you call her Georchie—her name's my secretary, Miss Georchnia Horne. When I ain't here, she's the same as. Got me, Howard?"

Miss Georgina Horne gave Howard a nod that didn't interrupt her typing. Howard murmured, and then said more distinctly, "Yes, sir."

"Sir!" Mr. Rumbin repeated, pleased again.

"Sir," that's nice. Calling me 'sir' natural I won't got to keep hollering at you for not doing it like that Bennie feller I had last month." He spoke to Miss Horne. "He's got the cutaway. Georchie, at the eleventh hour, you picked one with. It's like a Providence!"

He passed through the doorway that had admitted him only a few decisive minutes previously, and the owner of the cutaway went with him into a cluttered and confusing room. Long wide shelves, several feet apart, occupied two of the walls; and upon these shelves dozens of framed pictures stood, not leaning against one another but separated by fixed uprights of wood. Against the third wall other pictures leaned, too large for the shelves; the middle part of the floor was crowded with old chairs and sofas, and close to the fourth wall stood cabinets, chests, consoles, commodes and an iron safe.

Mr. Rumbin put a fad hand upon a panel of one of the cabinets. "Locked," he said. "Some day if I commence liking you, I show you. Ivories, porcelains, little Renaissance bronzes maybe. Ha!" He patted the black metal door of the safe. "Treasures! Some day maybe." The glow of his eyes became a glisten. "Maybe a couple pieces Limoges enamel. Maybe even one Byzantine enamel on gold—Saint Luke, size of a calling card, eleven-century maybe. Maybe a couple little Got'ic croisiers heads. Maybe a fourteen-century pyx. Who I sell 'em to?"

Abruptly he became somber. "There's a real collector not dead that ain't busted or some pig dealer ain't got him?" He sighed; then brightened and said briskly, "We commence! You got to learn a program. We start it with the Follower of Domenico Theotocopoulos."

"Sir?" The course in Aesthetic Fundamentals wasn't helping Howard much; he didn't know what Mr. Rumbin had been talking about or was talking about now. "Sir?"

"Domenico Theotocopoulos, it's El Greco's right name,"

Mr. Rumbin explained kindly, completing his listener's incomprehension. "He had Followers. Here; I show you." He took a picture from a shelf, set it against a chair in the light, and asked, "How you like it?"

Howard hopelessly thought it was terrible. What he saw seemed the likeness of a gigantic sentimental bearded person with a minute head. Clad in a robe of twisted blue tin, he walked barefooted among either rocks or clouds of lead foil. Howard wondered if the job depended upon his liking such a picture; but he couldn't lie flagrantly. "I don't, sir."



"See Here! What's Your Figure?"

"Right!" the astounding Rumbin said. "In odda words, this fine splendid picture of mine, we wouldn't say it's a painting by El Greco himself nor by El Greco's son, because El Greco's son you can't tell from El Greco himself; but this picture you maybe could. That's why it comes first on the program. Got it?"

"Not—not yet, sir." Howard admitted. "I'm afraid I don't understand what you mean by the program."

"No? Sit down. I'll ——" Mr. Rumbin interrupted himself. "Not in that chair! It's Régence needle-point; it's real. Here, we sit on this Louis



"I Got a Deal Fifteen Thousand Dollars Costs Me Twenty; I Lose Five!"

Treize sofa; it ain't." Then, as they sat together upon the sofa, he spoke suavely. "I got just time to teach you the A P C of the alphabet. In art how you handle a program it's your heart and pants. Odda-wise up hoping you'll ever get the ideal client."

"Client, sir? You mean ——"

"Client!" Mr. Rumbin said emphatically. "In art it ain't customers. Listen hard. What a dealer needs, it's ideal clients. Ideal clients, the kind that won't trust no odda dealer, there ain't many. Some the pigeons dealers ever was didn't had but two. Me? Give me just one that's ideal enough and I move up to Fifty-seventh Street! I got one coming this afternoon that might be; it's a chance. Got it?"

"Well, I—I ——"

"If she gets made into a picture collector, it's all!" Mr. Rumbin became so confidential he spoke in little more than a whisper. "Six up to nine millions her husband the last seven years took in. Just found out she ought to collect. Some odda dealer'll get her if I ain't quick. You see, Howie?"

"I—more or less, sir. I ——"

"Right!" Rumbin said. "Now we come to what's a program. Howie, it's universal if you got a important article you want somebody to buy, only a bum would right away show him this article. If he likes skyscrapers and you want to sell him the Empire State Building, you wouldn't say nothing about it until after you got him discouraged showing him t'ree-story buildings and a couple carbars maybe. Then you spring the Empire State, just before you got him too tired out to be excited. That's a program. It's exactly what we do in the Galleries this afternoon."

"The Galleries?" Howard asked. "Where ——"

"The Galleries it's the whole place; but in puttikler it's, too, a room from a door across the shop. When the client comes, I take her in the Galleries; but you are waiting here. When you hear the buzzer, you pick up the Follower of Domenico Theotocopoulos, put it on an easel, stand looking at it just natural till I tell you go beck and bring the next."

"The next, sir?"

Mr. Rumbin jumped up, replaced the Follower of Domenico Theotocopoulos upon its shelf. "Listen, I got a feeling it's the most important day in my life! Here, one next to the odda, it's fixed in order the program, these special five pictures you bring in the Galleries one at a time. After that you don't do nothing at all, because it ain't any of these five is the one I got to sell her. That's my great Clout; and it I'm going to bring in myself. All you do is carry pictures. Got it?"

"Yes, sir, I—I think I ——"

"Right!" Mr. Rumbin said abruptly. "Go put on the cutaway suit."

"Sir? But it's out at ——"

"Haekertown, New Cheshire," Mr. Rumbin said. "Be beck exactly half-past two o'clock in it."

"I doubt if ——" young Howard began; then he had an important second thought and said, "Yes, sir."

His doubt had been of the time allowed; but, by moving more rapidly than was usual with him, he made it sufficient and re-entered the shop at almost the precise moment named. His employer, whose shining broad face showed excitement, approved of him.

"Pyootiful!" Mr. Rumbin exclaimed, and turned to Miss Georgina Horne. She was delicately passing a small feather duster over the landscape in the display window. "Georchie," Mr. Rumbin asked dramatically. "Georchie, you see it?"

Howard, slightly offended, wasn't sure whether "it" applied to himself or to his brave apparel; then discovered that something more elaborate than either was intended. Miss Horne nodded seriously at Mr. Rumbin and said, "I'll do."

"Do?" the dealer cried. "It's double a hundred percent perfect! Me in only a nice sack suit, but with a cutaway to order around—it's a picture!" Between thumb and forefinger he took a fold of his new assistant's sleeve, examined the texture. "Fine! Listen, Howie, I ain't going to ring no buzzer for you. After I got her in the Galleries, I commence the program myself with my next Dutch landscape from the window here; then next I open the doors and call

to Georchie. 'Miss Horne,' I'll say, 'send me the Head Assistant with the Follower of Domenico Theotocopoulos.' Got it, Howie? It's more connoisseur than a buzzard and like there's more of you than just you. Get back in the stock room, so she don't see you right first when she comes in."

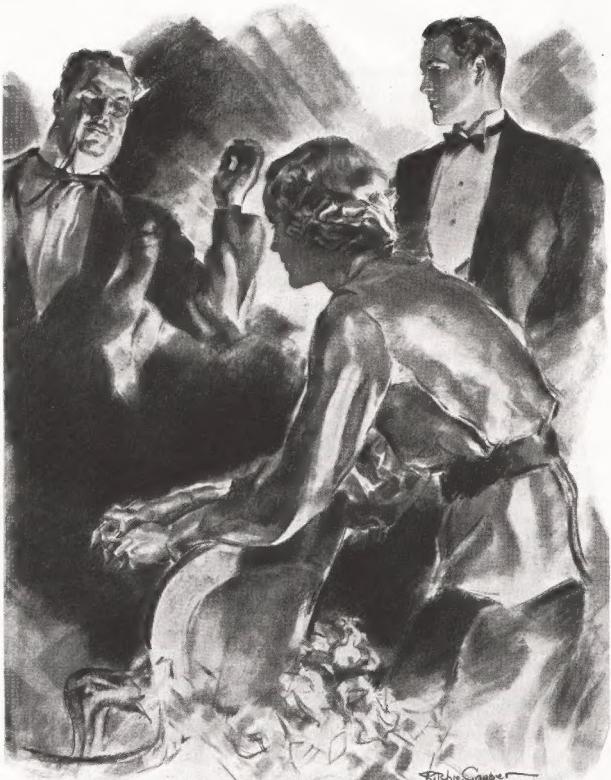
"Yes, sir." Then, on his way to the rear of the shop, Howard heard Mr. Rumbin speaking further, though in a lowered voice, to the gray-eyed secretary: "That puttikler dumb look he's got, it's good, too; it's aristocratic."

in the middle of such names might help. He tried it, wasn't satisfied, gave up, and sat apprehensive—just waiting.

Miss Horne opened the door. "It'll be easy," she said, comprehending the apprehension, though his expression was merely stolid. "Just watch Mr. Rumbin carefully and be natural. Mrs. Hollins is here. You're to take the El Greco into the Galleries."

"El Greco?" He said it was a Follower of ——

"It's changed," Miss Horne informed him, not smiling. "It's the same picture. Take it in."



By the One Symbolic and Prophetic Word He Triumphantly Whispered: "Ideal!"

Howard, reddening somewhat, went into the stock room, closed the door and sat down on the Louis Treize sofa that wasn't. He stared at the strange furniture and at the racks of paintings, which he suspected of being even queerer than the furniture. The Follower of What's-His-Name certainly was "Domanico" he said aloud. "Domanico—Follower of Domanico Tee——" He didn't believe he'd ever be able to remember all of El Greco's real name. Maybe, though, he could learn to be a good Assistant Art Dealer without having to know how to pronounce everything distinctly. "Domanico Tea-supply," he murmured, and thought that coughing

He took the painting from the shelf; then paused. He'd begun to like Miss Horne's appearance and had an impulse to talk to her. "Suppose the—the client asks me a question about one of the pictures ——"

"Mr. Rumbin'll answer it," Miss Horne said. "When you've put the picture on the easel don't stand between it and Mrs. Hollins. Go ahead."

He obeyed, carried the picture out of the stock room, across the shop and into the Galleries. In the center of the rather small room, a lady sat in a velvet chair, looking peevishly at the murky brown landscape, which was upon an easel at a little distance before her. She was

(Continued on Page 41)

JAPAN DIGS IN

By EDGAR SNOW

ITALY'S threat to the "collective security" guaranteed by the League Covenant inevitably reminds people in Asia of the similar challenge which, just four years ago, Japan triumphantly laid down in Manchuria. As far as the East is concerned, whatever prestige the League possessed at that time collapsed because of its failure to control or chastise Japan, and Orientals today believe that if Geneva acts with more resolution in the case of Abyssinia, it is only because the vital interests of Great Britain and France are at stake, and not for defense of justice in the abstract.

Meanwhile, with the end of that conflict still uncertain as this is written in China, it is interesting to look at Manchuria, to see what has happened in the territory Japan has claimed as her own in virtually everything but name, to judge whether the adventure has been worthwhile for her. It is full of meaning in the present world crisis. In Manchukuo we can find the prototype—at any rate, the immediate precedent—that inspires Italian operations in Africa, and is certain to encourage other hardy appetites in Europe. Italy is giving to Dai Nippon the sincerest form of flattery—compliments which Japan will repay with interest if and when Mussolini's "more colonial campaign" breeds major European war, and, consequently, leaves the samurai complete freedom of action in the Far East.

Nippon's New Empire

MANCHURIA may have been only a part of China before the epochal year of 1931—I seem to recall some heated controversy on the subject during the period of "undeclared war"—but it is today definitely acquiring new character, becoming a separate country in more than its change of name. The past is still there, of course, and will be for many years; the past that belies Japanese contentions of the historic "independence" of the three eastern provinces from China. But it is visibly fading behind the façade now fast being superimposed upon it. And the rapidity of the process of Japanization, especially the extent to which Japanese urban colonization has become a physical fact, is certain to impress anyone who re-enters the land, bringing with him memories of the days when the bold young Marshal ruled here.

Somewhat, one is unprepared for the many evidences of Japanese success in claiming the cities as their own, the firmness of grasp on the tribute pouring into the transport and trading centers from the lush and fertile valleys settled by millions of Chinese farmers. Perhaps it is because attention has been focused on Japan's failure thus far to colonize those farmlands with her own people. Perhaps because not many who knew the Manchurian old have gone back to report on the scene of today.

To me, on my first trip since Japan redraped the Dragon robe around Puyi's frail shoulders in 1934, it was this accomplished reality which most startled, and compelled me to alter some of the impressions conveyed to readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST some time ago. For Manchuria's cities in a brief moment of history have altered astonishingly.

And not only sky lines. The human scene itself is kaleidoscopic, with the arrival of thousands of middle-class and lower-middle-class immigrants—the kind England has been sending to India and Africa and Asia for centuries, the smug but solid and necessary architects of merchant colonialism.

Where formerly you rarely saw a spangled kimono or heard the drag of wooden geta, today in many places the streets begin to seem imported bodily from Japan, with the drably clad natives a mere background for the costumes and homes of Japanese. Here, you realize, is the material of a new ruling class, all the more powerful because concentrated, all the more effective because its fingers close tightly on the keys to the whole economy of Manchuria, both urban and rural, and hold the land tiller in complete dependence.

The surprise begins at Dairen. I had seen this heart of Japan's Leased Territory before, but always

half a century ago. Four hundred and fifty thousand square miles of rich new country, lately come under Nippon, beckon to the twentieth-century empire builders of the East.

As a city heraldic of the future of the north, Dairen is neither Japan nor China, but a composite of East and West; not only more modern than anything in the homeland, but, in many respects, more advanced than anything in the Occident, from which it took its pattern. A free port, its normal prosperity just now flowers greatly; every shop bursts with neatly packaged goods—Japanese predominating, of course—every street is the scene of brisk building activity. Chinese restaurants, Japanese inns, American bars, futuristic European office buildings, numerous playgrounds, public gardens in circles from which the wide streets radiate spokelike, as in Washington, bathing beaches crowded with holiday makers, hotels and theaters knotted with people, among whom



This New Paved Highway is Now Completed Between Hsinking, Capital of Manchuria, and Kirin, Capital of Kirin Province. It Will Soon be Extended to Harbin

merely as a transfer point from sea to railway, and to the hinterland. This time I lingered for several weeks and came to know the city in its full significance—as a glimpse into the future of urban Manchukuo. Here, along reed-grown shores of a shanty town, Japan settled in after her victory over the Russians in 1905, and in thirty years built up the present modern port, of half a million population, which now handles down its capacious wharves and jetties the bulk of Manchuria's annual billion-dollar foreign trade.

Last-minute Dairen has kept or rather has determined the pace. Activity, expansion, enlarged vision, set the new tempo of life. Glorious horizons have opened out since 1931, and Dairen's merchants, bankers, real-estate agents, her hundreds of technicians and experts employed by the mammoth South Manchuria Railway Company, are enchanted by them just as certainly as the promises of the American West lured on our wagon trains a little more than

adherents of Japanese, Chinese and Western style garments are about equally divided. On its spacious macadam roads that spread for miles beyond the town, out toward old Port Arthur, thousands of substantial new buildings and suburban homes are being erected, served by luxurious busses, by clean Japanese-made trams and trains, by the cheap taxis that have driven the rickshas almost out of existence.

This is the model, then, a growing parvenu, a reservoir of Japanese-merchant optimism, which guides the new rulers in their efforts to transform the other cities now under the "sword of destiny." As you leave it and head inland, an innovation that immediately arrests attention is the crack nei Asia express—Manchuria's Flying Scotsman. The first streamlined train on the continent, a last word in travel comfort, this pride of the S. M. R. cushions you over the 624 miles to Harbin in the remarkable time—for the wheelbarrow East—of twelve hours, a saving of nearly half a day over the former schedule. No more



Laying Out a New Northern Suburb in Hsingking

the tiresome wait at Hsingking, where one transferred to the antiquated wide-gauge Chinese Eastern Railway.

Today it is standard gauge clear to Harbin, and how the Nipponese warm with satisfaction as they tell you of it.

En route one passes Mukden, erstwhile capital of the Manchurian government; in the old days a dimly lighted town, now a shower of neon illumination, its wide streets sparkling beneath the electricity with which Japanese are as prodigal as Americans, its many substantial buildings gleaming out of the night

as if raised by the dark wand of conjury. Hundreds of new motorcars spin back and forth, busy droshkies, inherited from Russian days, trot in a constant stream; dun-brown official cars, army trucks, motorcycles with officers bristling in their smart sidecars, qualify the scene with a martial color. And everywhere a new scent in the air—that strange germeicide, half perfume, half antiseptic smelling, mingling with the odor of simmering *shoya*—the unmistakable aroma of Nippon.

"This is fatal," a friend remarked to me, "for when a country begins to smell Japanese, it is Japanese."

On the trains little groups of enthusiastic islanders gather, two, four, six, sometimes half a carful, in boisterous confab, huddled over a map of their new empire, often listening intently to a military officer—his heavy boots removed and lying dismally beneath the seat—as he instructs these new arrivals, lectures them on the economic wealth of Heilungkiang, tells of gold reported there, warns of the coming war with Russia, or simply, with the warrior's assumed modesty, reminiscences over some scene of battle during the "period of pacification."

Hsingking. Every train overflows with eager get-rich-quick humanity.

Japanese laughter, Japanese smokes, Japanese beer, and on it all a grin of Japanese triumph. Only very rarely, in this spinning train, is one aware of the 28,000,000 Chinese, now called "Manchus"—the oppressed masses lately liberated by these smirking, haughty, undersized, energetic, toothy, baffling, disciplined but excitable, emotionally complex, indefatigable, and, in summary, not inconsiderable conquerors, the descendants of the Sun Goddess, the Nipponese. For few Chinese can afford the luxury of the Asia. It chiefly accommodates Japanese and stray foreigners such as yourself, at whom—or, at least, you fancy so—the superior race stares with a new disdain, a little resentful that it must share even this much of the spoils with you.

Certainly there is a distinctly new curtness and bluntness in the Japanese answers we get nowadays. Gone is the practiced politeness and dissimulation of



The New Streamlined "Asia" — Fastest Train in the Orient — Makes the Journey Between Dairen and Harbin in 12 Hours



Russians at Harbin Bidding Good-bye to Friends and Relatives Bound for Soviet Russia, Part of the Great Exodus of 1933



Construction in Hsingking, a City Being Built to Accommodate 600,000 People

Nippon, and in its place is a studied manner of superiority, a curiously naïve air of condescension. "We are rulers here now; don't forget it," this attitude seems to warn. All the anguish of wounded pride accumulated over Western acts of discrimination against the yellow man here finds its outlet in Japanese authority, as colonial masters, of yellow over white. The racial inferiority complex of the past has metamorphosed into an equally Freudian superiority complex of the present. One young Japanese official at Hsingking expressed his feelings quite frankly in the matter.

"You may say what you like about the so-called immaturity of Japan's actions in Manchuria, you Westerners made the code we are following. You respect nothing but power, and now that we have demonstrated our power, the West respects us. I noticed this especially on my recent trip to Europe. Formerly, every time I traveled in the Occident, I met with impoliteness and contempt; I was constantly depressed. Last year it was different. For the first time I was received, as a Japanese, as an equal and not an inferior. That achievement alone justifies our policies."

This candor is characteristic of the reception the foreign visitor now gets. There is none of the obsequiousness of a few years ago, no more of the careful effort to get understanding for the correct, the Japanese, viewpoint. This time nobody urged me to interview Japanese, and when I sought a frank exchange of opinion with the Japanese "advisors," the real authorities, I got it. Everywhere there is a spirit of "Take it or leave it. Here we are and here we mean to stay. What can you do about us?" Cocky? With a vengeance!

(Continued on Page 56)

THE GREAT DAY

By
**HUGH
 MACNAIR
 KAHLER**

ILLUSTRATED BY
 F. R. GRUGER

THREE were many strange and wonderful things for Naomi to think about when she awoke, long before sunrise, on the last morning of Time.

It was strange and wonderful to look at the stars, still bright in the black square of the eastward window, and think that before another dawn they would all come plunging down in a fiery rain of blazing suns. It was strange and wonderful to know that this very night a great ship of shining cloud would sail up to the brink of Chemusia Bluff, and take Naomi and the other saints, in their long white ascension robes, straight up to heaven. It was strange and wonderful to realize that by this time tomorrow, without even having to be dead for a little while, she would be an angel, with white wings, strong and beautiful. And yet, instead of thinking about all these strange and wonderful and terrible and glorious things, Naomi's waking mind seemed to have no room for anything except Duke and Charley.

The window sash was lifted, and she could hear them in the pasture lot. The dead weeds rattled as they moved along the fence; they grazed with a steady rhythm of rippling noises, clearing their nostrils with puffing flutters of blown-out breath.

Horses could tell time, Naomi thought. Duke and Charley always came over to this end of the meadow just as she was waking. When she came downstairs they'd be standing with their heads over the fence. They'd call to her, with little whooshing whispers, just as if this were any ordinary morning, instead of the last one the wicked world would ever see.

There wasn't any least doubt in Naomi's mind about the world's coming to an end tonight. She knew it with an utter sureness which had never faced question or challenge. Ever since words had first found meaning to her ear, their chief, almost their only use, had been to teach the truth of Prophet Miller's gospel. Always she had known that on this very day, according to the infallible prophecy of Daniel's vision, the universe must be destroyed, the skies be rent, the doomed stars crash down upon a flaming world. Every day at family prayers Uncle Jason's deep voice had engraved that awful picture a little more deeply on her mind. Every Sabbath his sermons in

the little wooden church had made it more distinct and real and certain, and chanted hymns had added the weight of slow, solemn music to the testimony of marching words, splendid and terrible:

*The earth and all the works therein
 Dissolve, by raging flames destroyed;
 While we survey the awful scene
 And mount above the fiery void.*

That verse was in Naomi's thoughts as she slid, shivering, out of the warm cave her body had followed in the cornhusk mattress, but thinking about raging flames and fiery voids only seemed to make the lof feel colder. Another coldness was upon her, too—a coldness of guilty fear that shook her hands as they fumbled for her clothes. It must be wicked, on this day of days, when your heart ought to be bursting with solemn gladness, to feel sorry about such worthless things as horses.

She crept down the twisted steepness of the cupboard stairway to the kitchen. A feeble warmth from the banked fire in the big hearth heartened her a little. She uncovered the embers, dropped kindling and split hickory on them and swung the crane so that its iron kettle felt the young flames. Their unsteady light in the dark cave of the chimney, the hungry noise they made as they leaped on the dry wood, frightened her again. This was going to happen to the whole universe.

*We, while the stars from heaven shall fall,
 And mountains are on mountains hurled,
 Shall stand unmoved amidst them all,
 And smile to see a burning world.*

Naomi knew that even this was true. Somehow, before tonight, she was going to change so much that she'd be able to smile as she looked down over the edge of the cloud and watched the world burn up. The world and Duke and Charley.

The shaggy turf was crisp with frost under her bare feet when she went out to the dooryard. In the rimed leaves under the old tree by the well she groped for windfall apples and filled her apron with them. Eastward, the sky was paling now; there was light enough for her to see the two huge beasts

*Sinners shall lift their guilty heads
 And shrink to see a yawning hell.*

Duke and Charley would lift their heads, too, but they weren't sinners. They wouldn't understand what was burning them up. They'd just be scared—what they had been when the old barn caught fire and Naomi had had to blindfold them both so they'd let her lead them out. Maybe tonight they'd remember about that and wonder why Naomi didn't come and blanket their heads again.

And she'd be standing on that cloud, safe and saved, looking down and smiling.

She tried to make those two ideas fit together as the heavy muzzle brushed her palms, but she couldn't do it. She couldn't stop feeling mean and selfish and ashamed, even when she was on her knees, after breakfast, listening to Uncle Jason's fierce, triumphant prayer.

Afterward, while she washed the dishes, she tried not to look out through the wrinkly panes of the window. Duke and Charley were still standing at



He Was Right About Her Name, She Thought. It Did Sound Pretty, the Way He Said It

the fence. They knew that if she could sneak out again and bring them some more apples. But when you looked away from the window you kept seeing Prophet Miller's chart, hanging on the wall right in front of you—the wonderful chart that proved, over and over again, right out of the Bible, that the world was bound to end tonight.

Naomi couldn't help being afraid of the terrible pictures on the chart—pictures of dreadful, many-headed beasts and wicked men. Down in the corner, though, there were three nice pictures—three angels blowing on long trumpets. She'd always tried to look at the angels instead of at the beasts, but she'd never noticed till this morning that one of the angels was blowing his trumpet straight at a Turk who was riding a horse. And the horse was trying to run away.

Naomi turned her head so that she couldn't see the chart. And leaning in the corner by the chimney, she saw her father's old double-barreled rifle, and the powder horn and bullet pouch hanging from their peg above it.

She had to wait a long time before Uncle Jason went out to the barn and Aunt Lizzie was reding up the bedroom. She put the gun down on the frosty leaves and gathered a few windfalls into her apron. Bending down so that the blackberry canes hid her from the house and barn, she hurried toward the woods. Duke and Charley kept pace with her on their side of the fence. They whickered now and then, but she didn't stop till she was a long way from the stubble-fields.

Queerly and wickedly, an ache of pity came into Naomi's throat for the rounded hills and painted woods and friendly plowlands. She knew how to spare Duke and Charley from the terror and torment of tonight, but there was nothing she could do about the fields and the trees, and she was sorry.

She threw down an angle of the snake fence. She needed the covering screen of the woods for what she had to do. The horses jostled each other as they crowded through the gap, and their muzzles nudged, wheedling, at Naomi's arms. She fed them the apples slowly before she loaded the rifle. It was hard work to ram the bullets home through the long barrels. She was careful about the priming and the flints in the hammers. The gun seemed queerly heavy when she tried to bring it to her shoulder. Duke first. Charley wasn't so afraid of noises.

The barrel wavered, sank. Her arms couldn't lift it. Couldn't. She knew they'd never be able to. Never.

And it had to be done. No use, though, to think of asking Uncle Jason. She knew how he looked at things. All summer she had listened to his storming against the sin and folly of those saints who sold their farms and gear and cattle to the ungodly. Sin, he said, because it was a fraud to take even a scroffer's money for goods you knew he couldn't take with him to hell, and folly, for what need or use was there in heaven for money? No, Uncle Jason would only scold her terribly for the wickedness of taking thought, on the very brink of Judgment, about such worldly things as horses. And Aunt Lizzie, who might understand how Naomi felt, was afraid of guns and too soft-hearted, anyway, to kill even a chicken. And there were only four other families on Chenussee Hill, all of them saints, who took their doctrine straight from Uncle Jason.

She tried again to lift the rifle, but there was no pith in her arms. And then, faint and thin and far

away, but clear and somehow touched with promise, she heard the flat wailing of a horn.

She knew its meaning. Down there at the foot of the hill a canalboat was blowing for the lock. And she knew that when you needed help that only a wicked man would give you, the surest place to find him, in all a world of wicked men, was on the canal.

She stumbled recklessly down through the crowding undergrowth, the horses following her, lowering their great bodies in awkward, plunging surges of haunch and shoulder. It was a long descent, and steep; she was out of breath when at last she came out suddenly on the towpath.

She stopped and stood still. Straight before her a

gaily painted boat was moored to a stump. A man in

a blue woolen shirt sat on the low cabin roof, drumming his heels against the wall, his mouth open, his eyes wide and queerly, brightly dark.

It was the first time that Naomi had ever been near enough to a canawaler to know what he looked like. If you leaned out over the edge of the bluff you could see the boats going by, almost straight below you, but so far down that the people on them weren't any bigger than ants. Naomi had always supposed that if she could see their faces she'd be afraid, as she was afraid of the wicked faces in Prophet Miller's chart. It was a disturbing thing to find that she wasn't afraid of the man on the cabin roof. His wickedness didn't show in his face. Especially not after he stopped staring and began to grin.

He lifted his hands.

"Don't shoot, colonel. I'll come down."

Naomi knew what he meant. Long ago her father had told her the story about Davy Crockett and the tree coon. She hadn't thought of it, though, for years and years. Uncle Jason's stories weren't like that one; they came out of the Old Testament or out of Elder Himes' newspaper, and you wouldn't have dared to laugh at them,

(Continued on Page 48)



Every Day at Family Prayers Uncle Jason's Deep Voice Had Engraved That Awful Picture a Little More Deeply on Her Mind

SHE NEEDS AN OLDER MAN

By

ELMER DAVIS

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN LA GATTA

IT PROMISED to be a peaceful summer, till I saw the dark girl in the maroon roadster. After the tumult and shouting of Washington, I needed a seaside holiday before I went back to my old job at the university; so I rented a house at Fair Harbor, and settled down to swimming and sun bathing. I was driving home from a party one evening when this car whizzed past me, and when I looked at the girl who drove it, my heart skipped a beat or two. For a moment, I thought it was Jasmine.

Then I realized that this was only one of those mistakes you're apt to make when you've passed forty. She looked a good deal like Jasmine—but the Jasmine of twenty years ago. The same high color, the fluffy mass of dull black hair; but this girl had a sophistication to hell-with-you look. Jasmine had been sophisticated enough, by prewar standards, and no doubt she sometimes felt to hell with you. But she never let herself look it; she always looked as if you were just the one she'd been waiting for. This wasn't Jasmine. But her eldest daughter must be eighteen by now, so perhaps—

Rufus, my colored cook, had dinner ready when I got home, but I left it wait while I looked in the telephone book; and when I didn't find anything there, I called Information and asked if she could give me Lady Birkleven's number. Jasmine had been Mrs. Orlando Cotter and Mrs. Fabian Smith, but Birkleven was her latest name, so far as I knew. . . . No, they had no Lady Birkleven. Well, that was that; just one of those chance resemblances. But it pretty well spoilt my evening, for it set me to thinking about all the things I'd intended to do in the days when I knew Jasmine—before the war, when she had come up from South Carolina to live with her aunt in New York, and I was in the Columbia graduate school.

Those were the days.

I jumped up and went to the telephone again; it had occurred to me that Jasmine might have another name by now. It was two years since Birkleven had been killed in an airplane crash, and that seemed to be about her limit for remaining a widow. So I called up a woman who knew everybody in Fair Harbor, and asked her about a maroon roadster as big as a yacht.

"Oh, yes," she said. "That belongs to the woman who's taken the Pettit place for the summer. A Mrs. Smith, from New York."

That settled that; Jasmine had been a Mrs. Smith once, but you don't go back to being Mrs. Smith when you're really the Viscountess Birkleven.

But when I went down to the club for a swim next morning, there was the maroon roadster; and the dark-haired girl was out on the dock, talking to a young fellow named Armbruster who was spending his vacation at the club. I was more or less acquainted with him—he was an economist too—so when I had changed, I went out and thrust myself into the conversation.

"Good morning, sir," he greeted me. I didn't see why he had to call me "sir"; there's no sense in it, when I'm only forty-two. But I forgave him when he added, "Miss Cotter, this is Professor Adams." Miss Cotter looked as if she thought, what of it? But I knew what of it. Cotter!

"Are you Lannie Cotter's daughter?" I asked. She said she was. "Why, Mary Lee!" I said. "I used to know you when you were about so high."

"Oh, yes, I remember. You're one of the men mother didn't marry."

I didn't like that. There were a great many men her mother had never married, and I happened to be one of them; but the way she said it—

"How is your mother?" I asked. "And where is she now?"

"In the locker room, changing. We're living in the Pettit house."

"Oh! So your mother is Mrs. Smith. Then she's married again?"

"Not yet," said Mary Lee. "Good-by; I'm going sailing."

Young Karl Armbruster was rather annoyed by that abrupt leave-taking, and so was I. When somebody you knew as a charming baby grows up into a casual, impertinent young snip— But I forgot her as Jasmine came out of the clubhouse. She was wearing one of those South Sea bathing suits—a scarf and shorts of printed cotton. You have to be pretty good to get away with that at thirty-nine, when you've borne five children; but her molded firmness made her daughter's figure look thin and gawky. And there was just enough silver in her dull black hair to prove that she didn't dye it.

"Why, Ad a m Adams!" she gasped, giving me her hands. I hadn't kissed her since 1916, but I'd have done it then if young

Armbruster hadn't been close by. "What are you doing in Fair Harbor?" she demanded. "Last I heard, you were in Wash'n'tn, helpin' to save the country."

Jasmine pronounces an r once a year, on her birthday, just to show that she can; her j's are all "ah's," and you could trail her through life by the final g's she's dropped along the way. An easy accent to burlesque; often it burlesques itself, but once in a while it has a creamy richness.

"I didn't last long in the Brain Trust," I confessed. "My ideas were in fashion last year, but now they're as out of date as an Eugenie hat. So —" But I hated to tell her, of all women, that I'd been asked to resign.

"So they threw you off the hay truck," she commented. "Poor Adam!"

"Jasmine! What kind of books do you read, anyway?"



But We Swam; and When She Talked Communism I Listened Patiently

"I've always read the kind there is. Remember the time you lent me *Saintine*, and how mad Aunt Lucy got at both of us? . . . But how's your wife, Adam? I only met her once, but I thought she was a ve'y lovely woman. And it must be nice for you to have somebody who can share your intellectual interests. She teaches at the university, too, doesn't she?"

I nodded. "Assistant professor of volcanology. But she isn't my wife any more. We got along fine when she was off in Italy or Japan, studying eruptions, but when she came home and started demonstrating volcanology at the breakfast table — Never mind her," I said. "What about you? Married again? . . . You're not? Then why call yourself Mrs. Smith?"

"Well, it seemed silly to go on bein' Lady Birken when I'd come back here to live and resumed my citizenship. And more of my children are named Smith than anything else; I thought it would make things easier. . . . That's Mary out there in that salboat. You remember her—as Mary Lee."

"Don't you call her Mary Lee any more? . . . Why not?"

"She won't let me," Jasmine sighed. "Adam, she's become a Communist!"

"But do they all have to take new names, like Lenin and Trotsky?"

"No, but she says Gen'l Lee was a bourgeois reactionary. Imagine! Reactionary I could stand," said Jasmine. "It's just one of those four-letter words so many people use nowadays. But bourgeois! Rob't E. Lee!"

"She'll outgrow all that," I predicted consolingly. Jasmine sat down on the dock beside me, swinging her very handsome legs.

"I certainly hope so. The trouble that child gets into. She was expelled from school last spring, after she'd been arrested for hittin' a policeman in Union Square. Arrested!"

I had to laugh at that. "Who got arrested in 1915," I reminded her, "for waving a votes-for-women banner in Woodrow Wilson's face? And who, while we are on the subject, bailed her out?"

"Yes, I remember, Adam; you were always ve'y helpful. I wish you'd help me with Mary; she's too much for me."

I sat up and took notice; if Jasmine admits that anybody or any situation is too much for her . . .

"But she's only eighteen! At her age, Communism is like measles."

"If you'd ever had any children," said Jasmine, "you'd know that measles can leave after-effects. Adam, she's got no use for me!" That indeed seemed pathological in Jasmine's daughter. "She says all the young men she knows are stupid and ignorant, and lacking in class consciousness."

"You needn't be afraid she'll wither into an old maid—not with eyes like hers." Mary had her mother's eyes. "She might marry a Communist."

"Indeed not!" said Jasmine scornfully. "She may believe in their doctrines, but she wouldn't associate with them personally. What she really needs is an older man. Of course, at her age she thinks any man over thirty is just an old fuddydudd. But an older man who wasn't a fuddydudd, who'd abuse her and keep her interested, and still have good influence on her . . ."

"And what makes you think I could do all that?"

"Well, you always amused me and kept me interested, Adam; and they wouldn't let you teach at a university unless they thought you were a good influence on young people. If you wouldn't mind helpin' me with her . . ."

When Jasmine's big dark eyes look like that, any man would promise to do a human-fly act all the way up the Empire State Building, if that was what she happened to want. So I said I'd do what I could.

"I'm so relieved, Adam. Now let's have a swim." I swim well enough, but Jasmine swims and dives like a sea lion. She'd have swum out to the reef that lay bare at low tide—a good two miles—if I hadn't admitted that I couldn't keep up with her. And afterward—

"I ought to come here oftener," she sighed as we sunned ourselves. "But I usually swim at my private beach, I've been so busy. Billy's got a school friend visitin' him—that's my eldest boy, Billy Smith—and

tomorrow's Marcia's birthday—that's my three-year-old, Marcia Birkenven—and I've got Cousin Kate with me for the summer, and Mother Sampson —"

"Who's Mother Sampson? An in-law? Good heavens, Jasmine, have you had another husband that I never even heard about?"

"You've heard of 'em all. But you see, Mother Cotter—Lannie's mother—divorced his father and married a man named Sampson; and when she died, he married again, and then he died. So that's Mother Sampson."

"Do you mean to say that your family feeling takes in the second wife of the second husband of the mother of the first of your three husbands?"

"Why not? I've got a big house. . . . Father and Mother Smith are comin' next month, and Agnes Birkenven in August. I reckon it does seem quite a lot, but they're lovely people; I'm devoted to them, I want you to come to dinner soon, Adam.

Will Saturday do? There'll be a dance at the club. I won't go, and you can take Mary Lee. But remember to call her Mary."

She arranged it with a smooth implacability that took me back to the old days when she was trying to manage me, and I wouldn't be managed, and we used to quarrel furiously, and like it. . . .

She stopped in for a cocktail with me on the way home; she was curious, she said, to see how I kept house. I kept it better after that; Rufus is a good servant and I've paid his wages for ten years, but I was born north of the Ohio River, and he knows it. I never got the service out of him before that he gave me, spontaneously, after he found out that I was a friend of the lady from South Carolina. "

JASMINE'S dinner was a dream, but her household would have been a nightmare for anybody but her. Five children of her own, a visiting schoolboy, a couple of old ladies—and she managed them all with the cool, practiced assurance of a fire chief taking care of a three-alarm blaze. After dinner she sent me out to smoke on the porch, and presently she joined me.

"Mary's 'primpin'," she said. "Billy and his friend have gone to the junior dance, and I had to straighten up his room. That boy just leaves his clothes flung around any old where."

"I'd have thought your son would be better trained. If even you can't make him keep his things in order, Heaven help his wife."

"That will be part of her burden," said Jasmine serenely. "She ought to overlook it, in view of his good qualities. As for trainin', you can do just about so much with any man. The secret is not to do any more."

"You used to try to do more with me," I recalled incautiously.

"I learned on you, and you were stubborn. It's a good thing I didn't marry you; we'd have fought like cats and dogs, and been ve'y unhappy."

"I never asked you to marry me!" Though I'd felt like it.

"Adam Adams, you know I could have married you in a minute if I'd wanted to! But young as I was," said Jasmine with dignity. "I realized that it was purely a physical attraction. It wouldn't have done at all."

Maybe not, but I wished we had tried it as I sat there beside her, looking

(Continued on Page 44)



Mary Lee Came Out—Looking Astonishingly Like the Jasmine of Twenty Years Ago

THAT OLD GRAY MARE

By
ARTHUR TRAIN

ILLUSTRATED BY
ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"The old gray mare, she ain't what she used to be —"

MR. TUTT yanked his long, rubber-booted legs out of the muddy ooze of Turtle Pond, unjointed his rod, looked in his creel, grunted and started slowly across the fields toward Pottsville. He had had no luck and he was very tired; he wasn't so young as he used to be, and the time was probably not far off when he must give up fishing forever. He was in truth a has-been; he belonged to a bygone era.

Thus ruminating, he noticed that a ragged circular tent had been erected in the middle of the otherwise deserted fair grounds and that a dozen or more horses were tethered on the baseball field. Near by stood an obsolete democrat wagon, a sailcloth-covered truck, and a large yellow van upon which was painted in ornamental letters of bright blue: DOC ROBINSON'S ALL-HEALING SALVE AND PAIN CURE. A couple of Negro boys were shooting craps in the pitcher's box. It was obviously a caravan belonging to one of that well-nigh extinct species, the old-fashioned itinerant horse dealer. Although common enough in his youth, Mr. Tutt had not encountered one in years.

The sight cheered him somewhat, bearing witness as it did to the fact that he was not the only anachronism in this supposedly horseless age. Across the road, two men were lounging on a bench in front of the primitive wooden jail. One of them was Mose Higgins, sheriff of the county and ex-officio Grand Past Master of the Sacred Camels of King Menelik.

"Howdy', Mr. Tutt," he called, closing his jackknife and strolling over to meet the lawyer. "Ketch anything?"

Mr. Tutt shook his head.

"No, they wouldn't rise. Guess they knew it was a holiday. What's the encampment over there?"

"That belongs to Doc Robinson. Been there two weeks. You remember him, don't you?"

"I don't seem to. Who is he?"

"That's him over there on the bench. He's my prisoner."

"Your prisoner?"

"Yes, dun him! He's an old trader comes through here every few years. He's got to stand trial day after tomorrow for hoss stealin'. I'll be glad when it's over. He's given me a peck of trouble, but he ain't such a bad feller. . . . Hey, doc! Come on over."

Doe Robinsop, whose sitting posture at the moment resembled that of a grasshopper, hunched to his feet and slouched toward them. He was spare and tall—almost as tall as Mr. Tutt—with a brown, leathery skin, watery, pale-blue eyes and a drooping walrus mustache. This, together with his hair, which he wore long over his collar, was jet-black, except at the roots. He was clad in a greasy frock coat, soiled red waistcoat with tarnished silver buttons, and much-shrunken, cheeled trousers pulled over high boots. A brown rivulet followed the wrinkles from the corner of his mouth downward toward his chin.

"Howdy, brother," he said in a pleasant drawl. Mr. Tutt took his hand.

"I hope my friend the sheriff is extending you proper hospitality," he answered. "Stegies?"

Doc took the stogie off bit to the end, expelling it through the air in a skillful parabola, and accepted a light.

"I ain't got nuthin' at all to complain of, thank y—" he replied. "In fact, this here calaboose is one of the most comfortable I ever stayed in. It ain't myself I'm worried about; it's my hoses, and what's goin' to become of 'em. There's one or two that's kind of ailin' and need care. The sheriff's mighty kind and lets me go over every day an' doctor 'em up, but if I should—after I leave here—You know what I mean?"

Mr. Tutt nodded. Surely there must be something good about an old fellow who had the well-being of his animals so much at heart.

"Well, cheer up! You can cross that bridge when you come to it."

"I'll be crossin' it pretty quick—trial's day after tomorrow. You see, if I was to be sent to the county jail over to Patterson, it wouldn't be so bad. I could keep an eye on 'em. But if I have to go to state prison—way up to Dannemora—God knows what'll happen. Those niggers'll sure neglect 'em. I dunno!"

He took off his five-gallon hat and ran his fingers through his forelock.

"Come! Come!" Mr. Tutt encouraged him. "Why anticipate any such thing?"

"The folks around here don't like me," answered Doe simply.



Sounds of Altercation Fleeted Through the Open Transom.
A Verbal Riot Was in Progress

"Horse traders never has been popular in this part of the country," agreed the sheriff. "Still, Doe swears he's innocent."

Doe put both hands on the old lawyer's shoulders and looked him straight in the eye. "Listen!" he said with an intensity that carried conviction. "I don't know who you be, but you look well-meanin' and fair-minded. I'm tellin' you God's truth when I say I never touched that hoss—never saw it agin, once I sold it. The hoss they found over in the shack wasn't the same hoss at all." His walrus mustache trembled and there was moisture in the faded eyes.

"Y' see," explained Mose, "this here Jake Soverbutt who bought the hoss from Doe had it stole right

out of his barn the very same night. So he come straight down here next mornin' and found it—or he says he did—over back of the grandstand; swears to it positive."

"It wasn't the same hoss!" reiterated Doe. "Hon'est, it weren't! Why, I had that same hoss nearly a month. My boys'll testify to that."

"The jury won't pay much attention to niggers," commented Mose. "And they're not likely to believe Doe either, especially since, bein' he hadn't got money to pay a lawyer, the judge assigned Squire Mason to defend him, and you know how much interest that old skinflint'll take if he ain't gettin' paid nuttin'."

"The squire's a good lawyer," conceded Mr. Tutt generously.

Doe scratched his head.

"I guess it looks kinder bad fer me! I ain't sayin' this Sowerbutt isn't sincere about it. Them hosses do look alike—mighty alike. He's jest honestly mistaken. After all, he only had that mare a few hours. You can't really get to know a hoss in as short a time as that. There weren't no particular marks on her nor nuttin'. It looks as if I was the victim of circumstances. I don't care for myself. I'm an old man. Ain't got anyone dependent on me. If it weren't for my hosses ——"

"Well, Doe, I reckon it's time fer me to look you in," interrupted the sheriff. He winked at Mr. Tutt. "Jest a formality. Doe wouldn't run away. Couldn't if he wanted to. We'd ketch him inside of three miles." He fitted his key into the door, motioned Doe Robinson inside, and locked it.

"I ain't got nowhere to run to," agreed Doe through the barred hole. "Good night, folks."

"It's the doggonedest case I ever come across!" asserted the sheriff, as he and Mr. Tutt walked toward the town. "A gol-blasted nuisance! Doe's kind of a nice old feller, even if he is a hoss trader, but I'm not bothered so much about him as I am what to do with all these hosses and niggers."

"What about them?"

asked Mr. Tutt.

"Payin' for their keep an' all. The law don't help none. I can't find anythin' in the statutes to cover it—nary a word. Neither can Pettingill, the district attorney—only that ain't sayin' nuttin'. In the first place, it costs nearly eighty-five cents a day to feed Doe; then I'm required by law to impound the stolen hoss as evidence, and the county heft to foot the bill on account of Sowerbutt, bein' deprived of the use of it until after the trial—that comes to five dollars a week more. Then there's the durn caravan. Pettingill's put the two niggers under detention as possible witnesses, and they claim they're entitled to an allowance for board and lodging, and I suspect maybe they're right; and then there's fourteen more hosses. Yes, sir, this case is eatin' up a sight of money. Y' know, we allus let the gypsies and trappers use the fair grounds fer campin', an' last summer we put in runnin' water to attract the tourist trade. It did too. So when Doe come along this time, we naturally allowed him to set up his tent and graze his hosses there."

"A sort of tenant by sufferance?"

"Wors'n that, accordin' to Squire Mason. He claims

Doe is a guest of the town and that, so long's we've put him in jail, we're responsible for the hosses—at least so long as their feed don't come to more'n their worth. I don't dare take a chance on it, either. They eat a sack of oats a day; and as fer hay, they make a load look sick in a week! Gosh, I dunno how long we kin keep it up."

Mr. Tutt chuckled.

"Well, this terrible drain on the town's resources will be over in a day or two."

"I hope so, but that's a question. If the jury convicts Doe of grand larceny, the judge can send him to state prison and the county will be rid of him and his hosses fer good and all—that is, I think it will—but if they only find him guilty of petty larceny, he'll come right back to the county jail and I'll have to run a boardin' house and livery stable fer another year."

"What did Sowerbutt pay for the hoss?" inquired Mr. Tutt.

"Ninety-eight dollars. That's the hitch. It's three dollars short of the amount required to constitute grand larceny in the second degree under the statute. 'Property of the value of over one hundred dollars,' it says. But I guess they'll find the hoss was worth over a hundred, all right."

"They probably will, under the circumstances," agreed Mr. Tutt. "How long a sentence can he get in that case?"

"Five years."

"And what kind of a hoss was it?" mused the old lawyer.

"An old gray mare," answered Mose.

Mr. Tutt bade good night to the sheriff and trudged back to the Phoenix Hotel, but in spite of Ma Best's sausages and waffles, he could not get Doe Robinson and his horses out of his mind. Time was when you might meet such a one almost anywhere in the rural districts, driving along at the head of his

little cavalcade, followed by a melancholy file of equine nondescripts acquired by purchase, barter or possibly more dubious methods, following the sun, the county fairs and the horse sales, the first true exponent of interstate commerce, existing by virtue of that law of human nature according to which every adult male is convinced that he can build a fire better than anyone else, take his friends' money playing poker and—formally—sting the other fellow every time in a horse trade.

The horse dealer flourished because horse trading, to the average countryman, represented sport, adventure, profit. It took the place of war. The sagas and epics of the corner store all had an equine flavor. Famous horse trades made state history. Every man, no matter how highly he valued his nags, was ready at a moment's notice to swap him for another. Horse trading had its own laws and rules of ethics—*caveat emptor*. The deacon, concluding his exhortation to a higher life with a peroration upon the value of honesty and fair dealing in business, would gather the skirts of his frock coat about his shanks, step out to the buggy sheds and make Ananias and Sapphira look like pikers. The horse trader's hand was against every man's and every man's hand against him. He had no friends, no legal rights that a jury felt bound to respect.

What chance, then, for old Doe Robinson? Deceived and rejected by men whose business ethics were in practice no higher than his, who would gladly have cheated him if they could, three dollars in the jury's estimate of the gray mare's value would make a difference of four years in his prison sentence. Would they hesitate? Not much!

Poor old cuss! But why not "poor old Tutt"? Were not both of them childless, lonely old men, plugging along at their jobs in default of anything else to do until their summons. *(Continued on Page 36)*



"It Wasn't the Same Hoss!" Reiterated Doe.
"Hon'est, it Weren't! Why,
I Had That Same Hoss
Nearly a Month. My
Boys'll Testify to That!"

THE NEW DEAL COMES TO BROWN COUNTY, INDIANA

By

BENJAMIN WALLACE DOUGLASS

WHEN the stock market crashed in 1929, it made no commotion in Brown County, which is a little principality in the Indiana hills, some forty miles south of Indianapolis. It has been called "backward." Its people have been characterized as lazy and ignorant; in spite of the fact that for more than a hundred years they had been successful in earning a happy living from their hill farms and that no small number have college degrees.

Kin Hubbard, with his character, Abe Martin, did much to fix in the public mind the idea that a typical Brown County native spent his time sitting on a rail fence chewing a straw. Abe was supposed to reside in this community, and his counterpart is not difficult to find in almost any neighborhood in the hills: the sad part being that most of these counterparts have moved here from Indianapolis or other centers of so-called culture.

During the last twenty-five years Brown County has become accessible through the building of a railroad and, more recently, by means of extensively paved highways.

Hill Eden

THE beauty of the scenery is such that painters have congregated here each fall in an effort to transfer some of the autumn color to their reluctant canvases. Occasionally a painter has eaten the lotus flower of the hills and remained, so that a sizable art colony has grown up.

Other outsiders have come to the hills to grow fruit, to find a peaceful environment for literary work, or just to live. Twenty-four years ago I came to the hills for all three of the last-named reasons.

Before I came I had been engaged in various lines of scientific work. Deprived of a medical education because I had to quit school and support my family, I obtained a job as field agent for the then-existing State Board of Forestry. I was not a trained forester. What I knew about the subject I obtained from reading all available books and through a lifetime association with trees. I had served two years as a laboratory assistant in botany and had even been a teacher of that subject in my medical college. That job later led me to the position of state entomologist of Indiana. Although I was not particularly interested in insects, I was very much interested in the crops which they attacked.

Consequently, when the opportunity came to become the manager of a large orchard in the hills, I gladly made the change.

Finally, I became the owner of Hickory Hill, with all the dubious joys of ownership. Fortunately, most of the years were good, and early in the 1920's I expanded my dream into a sort of three-ring circus—the three rings to be the orchard, a canning factory to conserve the excess, and a unique little hillocking to tie the whole picture together. I wanted to get the whole plant running on its own power, and then sit back, watch it work, and write.

This meant that I would have to have the full co-operation of the people of my neighborhood. On their own farms they grew much of their living, but they depended upon the work in the orchard for their extra money—for taxes, clothing, store foods and, in moderation, luxuries. Most of them own cars, a few have mechanical refrigerators.

This co-operation was a natural growth. There was nothing planned about it. It merely happened that it was an arrangement by which both I and the folks who worked for me profited.

In 1929 we reached the point where we felt justified in going ahead with the canning factory.

I doubt if anyone ever had more fun building a factory. I had studied the scientific side of canning for ten years and I knew exactly what I wanted. I drew my own plans.



Oscar Warford, of Brown County

We built the factory without employing anyone who lived farther than five miles from the orchard. None of us were experts, but we were all very much concerned about building the best factory we possibly could. I think most of the men who worked on that job looked upon the building as though it were their own individual property.

When the stock market blew up that fall we went right ahead making apple butter and congratulating ourselves that our investment was in Brown County and not in Wall Street.

However, by the following spring, when work should logically have been started on the inn, we discovered that money had drawn into its shell to such an extent that the financing of any additional building was out of the question.

The orchard produced a fair crop, not so large as we had hoped, so we expanded our acreage of vegetables in order to have something else to can. Hickory Hill hummed with industry in 1930. At one time more than 100 persons were on the pay roll and everyone in the neighborhood who wanted work and who was competent to work had a job.

We had some difficulty selling the fairly large pack of that year, due to the fact that buyers were beginning to cry "price, price," when we had only quality to offer.

For that reason we slowed up a bit in 1931, and still more in 1932. The depression had at last penetrated to the hills. We skimped through 1932, handicapped by a short apple crop and not feeling justified in adding to our vegetable acreage.

By 1933, money was not obtainable, and it looked for a time as though we would not even be able to spray the orchard that spring.

Pay on the When-and-if Basis

WHEN things were blackest my regular men came to me and said, in effect: "Now, see here; if you want to take care of this orchard this year, we will work for just half what we got last year—on a when-and-if basis."

"What do you mean by 'when and if'?" I asked.

"When and if you get the money," they replied.

That sort of loyalty deserves to be accepted in the spirit in which it is offered, so I decided that Hickory Hill would continue to operate on a "when-and-if" basis just as long as I could obtain any cash or credit. Without their help I'd have been bankrupt before the year was out.

The apple crop turned out better than we had anticipated in the spring. Also, we operated the canning factory—primarily to can surplus food for the families living on the farm. It was a season of providential weather in our neighborhood and the single bushel of green-bean seed we planted produced the largest yield that I ever heard of—many that we had a nice surplus to sell that fall. The same thing happened with our acre of tomatoes and with a few other vegetables that we grew in small amounts.

We did not dare operate the factory on a commercial basis because of the threat of the NRA over our business.

We were asked, of course, to sign the general code during the summer of 1933, but we declined. The subject of a canners' code came up, and for many

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| CANNING CODE AUTHORITY | | No. 119 |
| WASHINGTON, D.C. | | .193 |
| PAY TO THE ORDER OF <i>B. Garrison & Harry</i> | | \$ - - - - - |
| - <i>Signature</i> - | | DOLLARS |
| To The Riggs National Bank | | CANNING CODE AUTHORITY |
| Washington, D.C. | | TREASURER |
| 15-2 | | 15-3 |
| | | BY |

months we received, almost daily, supplies of reports, suggestions, notices of conferences, questionnaires. These accumulated to a pile eighteen inches high, and then they were consigned to the furnace, because by that time no one could possibly make head or tail out of them. No canner could possibly know what was required of him. Repeated efforts were made to obtain a hearing from the NRA authorities, but it was not until February 7, 1934, that such a hearing was held in Washington.

We belonged to both the state and national canners' associations and obtained a copy of the proceedings at that hearing.

We were not present. It takes money to go to Washington. However, a small canner from the

Ozarks—G. T. Sanders—presented his own problems so clearly he might have been speaking for my own community. He said, in part:

"I've told you about the canner's problems. But let's look at it from the standpoint of our employees. I know them well. They are my own people. I like them. These people are farm people. They're used to long hours of work. The hours they work in the canning plants are no longer



Billy Robertson, Champion Hickory Hill Apple Picker



A Brown County Home That Has Stood for Nearly a Hundred Years. The Present Owner is Prosperous Enough to Own a Good Car



A Portion of Hickory Hill Orchards. The Canning Factory Tops the Distant Hill



The Hickory Hill Canning Factory With Apple Trees Crowding About the Door

dirty work, must be paid a minimum of twenty-one dollars a week. However, a smart boy or girl competent to do office work could be paid as little as fourteen dollars a week. Piece workers must be paid a sum sufficient to bring their earnings up to the minimum they would have received if they had been on straight time.

The manufacture of apple butter is like the manufacture of iron or steel—when the factory is started, it becomes a continuous process, day and night. It is expensive even to shut down the factory for Sunday, although we have always done that. Naturally, we work long hours—ten hours in the daytime and fourteen hours for the night shift. Husky men are employed on the night shift, and during the day an enlarged force prepares materials for the night run, so that there is a minimum of detail work for the long-hour shift. The night men were paid as high as six dollars a night for their work.

In the spring of 1934 I was besieged with applications for work. My neighbors wanted me to go ahead and run the factory and pay them whatever I could afford to pay. They wanted work. They did not argue about pay. Some of them even offered to work for nothing and take what pay I could give them after the stuff was canned and sold.

They urged me to run the factory and disregard the code—to "forget it." I was tempted to do so. We were a small outfit. We were far from town. We canned only our own produce. It seemed that we might take a chance and get away with it.

However, there was a political angle that I must make clear. In 1932 I was drafted to serve as Republican county chairman in a county that has been solidly Democratic since it was organized in 1836. I had never before taken any active part in politics.

I have many friends among politicians, both Democrats and Republicans. It was only natural that among my friends were men high up in the Democratic administrations, both in the state and nation.

Three Blind Dimes, See How They Run

ONE warned me that it would be wise either to sign the canning code and live up to it or avoid the canning business altogether.

"Your political activity," he said, "has attracted too much attention. If you try to beat the code you will certainly be sprung up by the heels as an object lesson."

We concluded that it would be best to forget the canning business for that year—as a matter of fact, we did not even have a fire in the boiler all year.

However, in late September I had a notice from the Code Authority for the Canning Industry, stating that I owed thirty cents toward the maintenance of that body.

I mailed them three dimes, along with a letter that expressed my feelings with more force than grace. In a few days I had a reply from the Code Authority to the effect that the notice had been a mistake and they returned my money.

A month or so later I had another notice from the Code Authority that unless I sent them thirty cents at once, I would suffer the full penalty of the law. A copy of the law was attached.

I then wrote a warm letter on November 10, 1934, again inclosing three dimes.

It required more than a week for them to think up an answer. I append it, together with my reply.

(Continued on Page 54)

than the hours they work at home. And remember, too, that almost no one works any longer than he wants to. Nearly all our people work on piece work and are free to quit whenever they want to. There never were any freer labor conditions than we have down there. So, if these people work late hours to get the day's delivery into the cans, it's because it's their own tomatoes we are canning and because they would sooner get in a long day's work and go home with real money in their pockets than to have their walk to town and back for a smaller day's earnings. And don't forget, either, that the money these people make during the short canning season means a lot to them."

Other representatives went into minute detail to explain just how the canning business was carried on, the tremendous gamble of the whole thing, how it was tied up with agriculture, how, in fact, the canning business really represented a working out of the subsistence-homestead idea on a very practical basis.

Finally, Mr. William Green, of the American Federation of Labor, arose and said, in effect: "Gentlemen, that is all very well, but here is what you are going to have to do."

Thereupon the American Federation of Labor dictated the terms under which I could employ anyone in my canning factory.

Hours were shortened, wages were raised. A laborer in rubber boots, sloshing around and doing the

THE HURRICANE

By CHARLES NORDHOFF
and JAMES NORMAN HALL

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

JYNOGRAPH OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

SIX hundred miles from Tahiti, far off the beaten track, lies Manukura, largest island of the Dangerous Archipelago. This garden spot in the tropical Pacific sheltered some seventy families of peaceful, good-natured Polynesians and four whites. Saintly Father Paul shepherded them while Administrator De Laage governed them with benevolent strictness through their Chief Fakahau. With the administrator and the Father, Madame de Laage and Doctor Kersaint, who tells the story, made up the white residents. Veteran Captain Nagle visited the island regularly in his trading schooner. His protégé and mate was sturdy, likable Terangi, expert sailor and Chief Fakahau's son-in-law. Terangi, through no fault of his, is jailed in Tahiti, following an unprovoked assault by a drunken tourist. Failing in several attempts, he finally escapes, accidentally killing a guard before reaching the sea. After a hazardous voyage in an outrigger canoe, he is picked up exhausted by Father Paul within sight of Manukura. Asking no questions, Father Paul lands him on an islet eight miles from the settlement. Fortunately, Administrator De Laage is away on an inspection trip, so Terangi is safe for the moment, and is joined by his wife and child. With Chief Fakahau's help, Terangi plans to seek sanctuary farther on. Rapidly, a canoe and supplies are prepared, but unknown to them, De Laage is returning ahead of time.

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FAKAHAU had not been mistaken in urging the need for haste. Not that he considered the immediate danger serious, but he wished to have Terangi safely away from Manukura before the administrator's return. This was not to be, however, for the Katopua was sighted on the following morning.

The coming of Captain Nagle's schooner was the great event in island life. For at least a week before she was expected, every youngster on the island would be on the lookout for her. They would put themselves in the tops of the tallest coconut palms along the outer beaches and remain there for hours, each one eager to give the first shrill hail: "Te pahi! Te pahi!" which would be taken up from mouth to mouth and quickly passed along the entire length of the settlement. On that day all work was suspended. The women would get into their best finery and the men don their Sunday suits of white drill, and long before the schooner appeared in the pass, everyone on the island would be assembled at the landing place. The vessel brought bags of mail from distant relatives and friends, and the *parau-apri*—the news. The members of her crew, from Captain Nagle to the cabin boy, well understood what was expected of them. They gathered the details of every event, no matter how trifling, that happened in the island world, and knew how to make the most of their stories. The events of the greater world beyond aroused only a feeble interest on Manukura. What the people wanted most to hear was about old Paki, of Fakarava, who had married a gay young wife, about the Hikueru man who had found a pearl worth fifty thousand francs, about the woman of Marokau whose arm had been bitten off by a shark,

about Terangi's latest escape. These topics of conversation, elaborated in the most meticulous detail, were made to last a full six months.

The Katopua carried to the world's markets all the copra that the island produced, and everything consumed there, save coconuts and fish, was fetched in heracious hold. Food, clothing, building materials, tools of every sort, the very tree cotton that filled the mattresses on which the people slept, came from Tahiti. The Manukurans could live—but had lived for centuries—with none of these things, but copra made them rich, and what they earned, they spent. Some of the elders used to find it wearisome to exhaust their credits at Tavi's store, but the young men and women had no such difficulty. The day after the schooner came, there would be shelves filled with gay new prints, tins of beef and salmon and fruit; behind the counters were barrels of flour, cases of tea, coffee, tobacco, rice, and in the long showcases, cutlery and jewelry of all sorts—knives, scissors, flax lamps, brooches, rings, and ear pendants of nine-karat gold. Stocks were usually low by the time of the schooner's next visit, but when Tavi was sold out, as had happened more than once in the past, his clients returned to the simple life of their ancestors in a carefree manner which proved how little, at bottom, imported luxuries meant to them.

The return of the administrator made this latest arrival of the Katopua an event of more than usual importance. Fakahau was in the forefront of the crowd, wearing the tricolor sash of his office, with his brother, Tavi, beside him, and Madame de Laage on his right hand. De Laage had been absent for three months, and as the vessel was threading her way through the shoals, we could see him with his binoculars leveled upon his wife. The moment they were alongside, he stepped over the rail and greeted her in his usual courteous, smiling manner. His pleasurable and his duties were performed with the same unalterable respect for decorum; he was not the man to make any public display of his more intimate feelings. After a word or two with Madame de Laage, he turned to the chief. I could see how surprised he was not to find Father Paul present. He liked all the events of life to fall into their customary places, and Father Paul's absence on schooner day was, indeed, extraordinary; such a thing had not happened within memory. Nevertheless, De Laage proceeded as usual, shaking hands and chatting for a moment with Fakahau, Tavi and myself, then standing with Madame de Laage while all the men and women of the island came forward to welcome him home. That ceremony concluded, he retired to the residency.

It may be well, at this point, to give you a clearer picture of the De Laages. He was a tall, stooping man, with prominent blue eyes, a bald spot at the crown of his head, and a large straw-colored mustache. There was Flemish blood in him. In temperament he resembled the English rather than the French type of administrator. He believed in the *mission civilisatrice*, in education on European lines for the natives, in the Roman Catholic and a royalist under the skin, he regarded science as a kind of heresy, liberal thinking with aversion, and politics



"Can't You Speak? Tell Me Where You are Going?"

as a game for the vulgar. He was not ambitious. The fact that he had remained in the Tuamotu for eighteen years—a post extremely distasteful to him—sufficiently indicates that he was not moved by a desire to get on in life, and no doubt the authorities at home were glad to have so dependable a man in the position. He was guided by another motive than the wish to rise—a sense of duty, lofty, stern and rigid; it dominated every act of his life. As for his integrity, no man, white or native, had ever questioned it, even in thought.

His reading was confined almost entirely to *L'Action Française*, to which he was the only subscriber in this part of the world. Immense bundles of the little royalist daily reached him twice a year when the schooner came in. These he arranged in order of dates; and each morning, when he sat down to his fruit, eggs and coffee, he opened "today's" newspaper, then anywhere between six and eight months old. The shelf in his office contained all the books he possessed: A few volumes of law, manuals for the guidance of officials, and one arid-looking tome on the science of administration, which was a kind of Bible for him.

In a place like this, successful administration consists in stopping trouble before it starts, and the official must know, above all, what is going on. He is the judge of the land court, for one thing, and since there is a good deal of litigation about land, the titles to which are based upon genealogy, it is essential to have some idea of the rights of each case in advance. The best administrator, in a way, is the best listener, and the native—even the exceptional man who knows a little French—will speak his thoughts only in his own tongue. To work with an interpreter is to learn only what the interpreter desires one to learn. After his eighteen years in the group, De Laage did not know eighteen words of the language—any rate, he was never heard to pronounce them. The truth is that he was a born *chef de bureau*. Without his wife, he could never have made a success of his job.

When he went to the war in 1914, Madame de Laage remained on Manukura. Officially, there was no administrator; actually, she carried out her husband's duties so capably that the islands have never been better governed. Only a handful of white men have mastered the language of the Tuamotu—an ancient, beautiful, highly inflected speech, capable of infinite shades of meaning. Madame de Laage spoke it fluently, with a look of accent that was positively startling when one glanced at the speaker. Small enough to be called doll-like, with a gift for dress that always made her fresh and charming, even



Marema Had Been Crouching Outside the Open Window

on a latter voyage, she looked like a girl in her twenties until one saw her face. Even then one would hardly have guessed her age within ten years. The tropical sun seemed powerless to harm her complexion; she preserved her fresh coloring well into middle life, but it was her eyes that first attracted attention. They were dark, almost black, and alight with intelligence and interest in the world.

Most women in her position would have expired of loneliness and ennui, but her life, I am sure, was truly happy. I doubt whether she was ever bored with her own companionship; she had too many resources within herself for that. She was an excellent musician and never tired of her piano, which she herself kept in tune. Unlike her husband, she was a great reader and the books in their library were all hers. A sister in Paris kept her supplied with postwar fiction, drama, biography, and the like, but her tastes were not confined to general literature. She had a fine collection of works on Polynesia, from the eighteenth-century volumes of exploration to modern treatises on anthropology, botany, on the fish in the lagoons and the shells to be picked up along the reefs.

In character, the man and wife were as unlike as the books each read. In his honest, straightforward way, De Laage looked up to his superiors and down on those he considered beneath him. Madame de Laage looked neither up nor down, regarding all men and women as fellow human beings, interesting and worthy of respect. She could go into any house on Manukura and spend an agreeable evening with the women, joining in their tasks, and taking part in discussions of village affairs as though she had been born on the island. She could weave a hat or a pandanus mat with the best of them, or design and sew one of the native patchwork quilts. She never wearied of exploring the minds of her companions, for the differences of outlook which usually act as barriers between races were to her no barriers at all. I am sure that she looked forward without pleasure to the day when her husband would be

transferred to another field, or, failing that, be pensioned off, at last to return to France.

She was his superior in many respects, and must have been aware of the fact. I believe that she was genuinely fond of him; it may have been because he had such need of her. Certainly, there was no question of his love. He was a lonely man, intensely reserved; all the warmth of his nature was centered upon his wife. When away from her, he suffered tortures of anxiety. I have made voyages with him when my heart went out to him on this account. Not that he made a show of his concern, but knowing him as I did, I also knew how utterly lost and miserable he felt when absent from home.

It was their custom, on the day the schooner came, to have Father Paul, Captain Nagle and myself to dinner with them. I went with the captain

that evening, rather earlier than usual. Madame de Laage appeared in the doorway to receive us, and a moment later her husband stepped out on the veranda in the mess jacket to which he never failed to change for dinner. He informed us that Father Paul had sent word asking to be excused.

"It's extraordinary!" he added. "I've never known him to miss one of our dinners in all the years we have been here. And he was not at the wharf this morning. Have you seen him, doctor? He's not ill?"

I replied that I had seen him in his garden early in the afternoon.

"I'm profoundly glad," he is not to come this evening," Madame de Laage said, feelingly. "Eugene, have you told them the news?"

The administrator sighed. "I have not wanted to think of it," he said. "I have spared Captain Nagle thus far, but you will both have to share it with us, soon or late. It is this: In the bag of mail you brought from Tahiti, captain, I found a letter from the bishop. He has set me a task—a task, he frankly admits, that he has no heart for. In a word, Father Paul's order has recalled him to France."

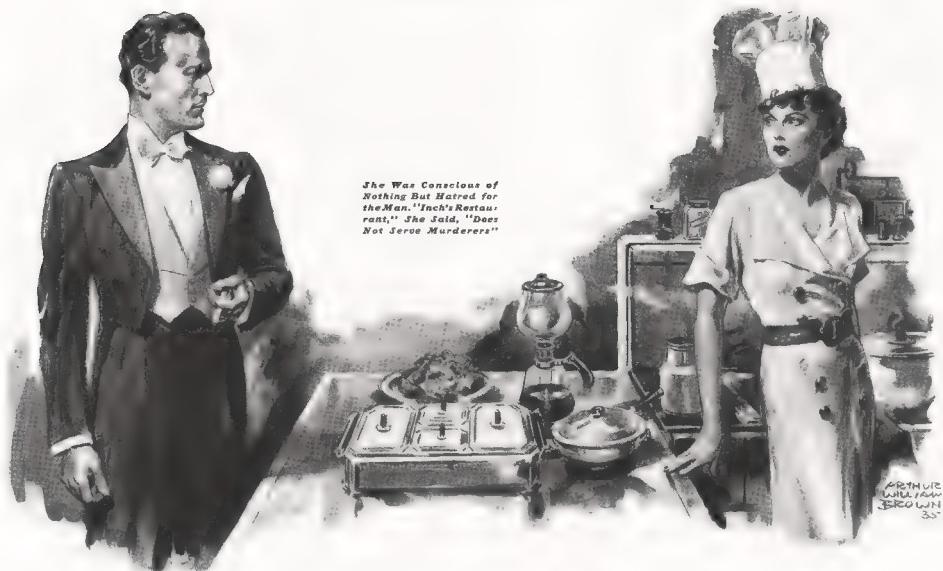
Madame de Laage turned to me.

"Thinking of it, Doctor Kersaint! What stupidity! What injustice to uproot Father Paul after all these years! It will kill him! I know it! What can monseigneur be thinking of, to consent to such a cruel thing?"

"It is not a question of consent on the bishop's part," De Laage replied. "He realizes, as we all do, what this will cost Father Paul. You must know how the religious orders are administered. The discipline is almost military; commands from headquarters must be obeyed without discussion. The bishop tells me that he wrote a four-page letter to Father Paul, attempting to soften the shock, and then tore it up. He has passed on to me the task of delivering these harsh orders with whatever words of comfort I can summon."

Captain Nagle was as shocked as I at the news. As for Madame de Laage,

(Continued on Page 30)



ROXANA

By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

XVII

IT WAS three days before any reassuring news came from Woodburn Jarboe. He remained unconscious. There was concussion of the brain and physicians could not say what internal injuries. Miraculously, there were no broken bones. On the fourth day the concussion showed signs of clearing, and his general condition gave hopes that no injury of a fatal nature had been sustained internally. Youth, a magnificent physique and perfect health sustained him through the critical period, so that the doctors were able to issue a bulletin in hopeful words.

Roxana and Grandma Inch had returned to town. Ugly stories were already being whispered, coupling the names of Sackett and Jarboe and Roxana. It was being said that Wraith was not ill; that Sackett had exerted some sort of pressure upon the man to keep him from playing in the game and had procured his own selection as substitute in order that he might use the opportunities of a furious polo match to eliminate a rival for the favors of Roxana. The tabloids skirted the very hem of the skirt of libel.

Roxana's first impulse was to hide, to take flight, but Grandma Inch showed her the folly of that.

"Can't put out a fire by throwin' on kerosene," said grandma. "If folks is talkin', the way ain't to give them more to talk about. Any kind of gossip dies if it ain't fed. The thing to fuss about ain't what people are sayin' today, but what they'll still be sayin' six months from now."

"But I can't bear to face anyone. I can't bear to face people in the restaurant."

"Mebbe tomorrow mornin' a professor'll elope with a hootchy-kootchy dancer," said grandma. "Then

you'll be forgotten. Of course, you can crawl under the bed; but if you do, they'll be sayin' you got reasons for it. Go along about your business and act like nothin's happened, and, providin' you ain't done anythin' outrageous, first you know nothin' will have happened."

So Roxana returned on Monday to Inch's Restaurant, faced the crowded cocktail hour, stood in her little open kitchen during the dinner hour with what fortitude she could muster.

Uncle Jotham was of no assistance, either in the emergency or in the business. His time was given up exclusively to discussing the approaching fight between Stein, the current heavy champion, and a challenger by the name of Murphy. He visited the camps of the contestants and held long telephone conversations.

"Stein'll knock him out from under his eyebrows," he offered as his opinion. "It'll be one of those one-punch things. I'm offerin' odds of 6 to 1."

Two, three, four times a day Roxana called the hospital where Jarboe lay, until, on Friday, she was assured definitely that he would recover.

"Can I see him? When can I see him?" she asked.

"Not for some days yet," was the reply, but even at that her heart sang. He would not die! She would not have the weight of his death upon her soul!

Sackett she had not seen, but on Friday evening he appeared in the restaurant with a man she did not know and two girls. The party was shown to a table, but Sackett himself paused for talk with Uncle Jotham.

"Any Murphy money around?" he asked.

"Not so far. Got three-four piker bets."

"Rumors around that Stein's hands are bad," said Sackett. "The long-chance boys will be dropping around. Take all you can get at 6 to 1."

"I'd go out and drag 'em in if I knew where to find them," said Jotham. "Sucker money is my meat."

Sackett shrugged and walked to his table. As he seated himself he turned to Roxana and waved his hand. She pretended to be unaware of his presence, but her mind was in a turmoil. She hated him, but she feared him. To come to this place now, after the gossip of the past week, was barefaced effrontery. It seemed to her that he came maliciously, to flaunt the situation. She was aware of a stir in the room, a sort of waiting hush. The patrons were covertly watching.

Roxana called the headwaiter to her.

"Rudolph," she said, and she was surprised to hear the steadiness of her voice, "go to Mr. Sackett's seat and tell him he can't be served here."

"Eh? You can't —"

"I think you heard me," said Roxana.

The man hesitated, then walked across the room and spoke to Sackett, who half turned in his chair and looked up at him.

"What?" he demanded.

"You cannot be served here, sir," repeated Rudolf.

Suddenly the room was quiet; every head was turned, every ear listening.

"Why not?" asked Sackett harshly.

"Orders, sir."

Sackett thrust back his chair and was on his feet. He whirled and strode to where Roxana stood behind her counter.

"What's this?" he demanded.

"You cannot be served here," she said evenly.

"Who says I can't?"

"I do," said Roxana.

"I'll be served, and I'll be served at once."

"No," she said.

"What's the big idea?" His voice was becoming louder.

"If," said Roxana coldly, her voice carrying throughout the hushed room, "you had a patch of white on you as large as a flyspeck, you would not have come here."

"I'm here, and I stay."

She shook her head and spoke very distinctly, though her legs were trembling. Somehow she was not afraid. She was conscious of nothing but hatred for the man. "Inch's Restaurant," she said, "does not serve murderers."

"Whoops!" called a delighted voice from one of the tables.

"You little gold-digger!" Sackett snarled. "I'll fix you for this before I'm through with you!"

"Rudolf," said Roxana, "Mr. Sackett is leaving. If he does not go willingly, call the waiters and throw him out."

"When I get the bracelet you stole from me," he said loudly.

Roxana was not without dignity in this moment. If there had been one in the restaurant to appraise her manner without prejudice, he must have admired her. Never had she been more beautiful. She was rather splendid. Had she but known it, there was something in her bearing that spoke of class. There was sturdiness, character, fineness.

"Quickly, please, Rudolf," she said.

The waiters closed about Sackett. He was too experienced with the efficiency of their kind in quelling a turbulent guest to offer resistance. "Keep away from me," he said. "I'm going." But before he moved toward the door, he turned his eyes again upon Roxana. "I'll be seeing you," he said.

He walked away quietly, not even casting a glance upon the guests who had accompanied him, and disappeared into the street. It seemed to Roxana that there was an hour's silence. It could have been but a matter of seconds. Then the room became noisy again; knives and forks rattled; the babel of voices renewed itself. But before the pause ended, punctuating it, pointing it, a single voice spoke.

"Well done!" it said and, out of the corner of her eye, Roxana saw Illidor rise to his feet and bow to her.

The busy hour passed. Roxana did not know how. She was weak. She functioned automatically. Never in her career had she given such scant attention to the preparation of food. Now that it was over, now that she had done this thing publicly, irrevocably, she was afraid. What would Sackett do? He was not a man to take so terrible a public affront meekly. But for all her apprehension, she was glad—glad! And with her gladness was mixed something of pride.

Illidor finished his dinner and stopped on his way out.

"I'm a spectator," he said. "I don't mix in. I pick comfortable seats and enjoy the performance. So, my dear, I qualify as a connoisseur. It was really quite magnificent."

"It was dreadful," said Roxana.

"You've been my pet actor since you came over the horizon," he said. "It has been a good play and I've wondered if it would turn out to be tragedy or comedy—or plain melodrama. I've been avid to know if the heroine would keep her footing in slippery places, or if she would do a nose dive into the mire. I don't know yet."

"I'm afraid," said Roxana.

"We'll be knowing soon. Events seem to be moving swiftly toward the catastrophe, if we are playing tragedy, or toward the big belly laugh, if we are playing farce. I'm applauding between the acts. You've given a good show, and I'll be damned if you haven't played the big scene like a gentleman."

She smiled wanly. "I think," she said, "I'd rather be a part of the audience."

"The finest thing a woman can be," said Illidor, and for once his usually ironic voice was grave, "is a gentleman. Sink or swim, survive or perish—I'm clapping my hands until they burn."

Uncle Jotham was waiting for her when the diners were gone.

"That," he said furiously, "was a hell of a thing to do!"

"Possibly," she said.

"Don't you know Sackett and I are partners?"

"So," said Roxana, "are you and I."

"Do you think he'll take that laying down?"

"No."

"If," said Uncle Jotham, "you hadn't come to this town for another five years, it would have been too soon."

"Tonight," said Roxana wearily, "I agree with you."

"I'm goin' out to find Sackett and see if I can't butter it," he said.

She shrugged her shoulders. Her whole body was numb with weariness and mental strain. She did not care what Uncle Jotham did. She did not want to talk. She wanted to be alone, alone and quiet in the darkness and stillness of her bedroom. She hoped she could sleep. So she left Uncle Jotham holding his hand in his hands, and took a taxicab to the apartment building in which she lived.

"Evening, miss," said the old elevator conductor.

"Good evening," she said mechanically, and became aware that he was watching her intently in the little mirror before his face.

"It won't be so hot up there," he said. "You'll get a breeze."

"I hope so," she answered.

"Good night, miss," he said as he opened the door for her. It did not clang shut at once, and though she did not turn she was aware that he watched her as she walked slowly to her door.

Grandma Inch sat in the living room, knitting.

"Kind of early, ain't you? Just this minute got in from seein' a picture. It come out all right. The hero licked the villain and got the girl out of a mess. What ails you?"

"I don't want to talk about it."

"Then you better," said grandma. "Never let green apples lay in your summick. They fetch on cramps."

"I had Polieme Sackett thrown out of the restaurant tonight," said Roxana. "I told him we didn't feed murderers."

"Right out loud?"

"Yes."

"So folks could hear?"

"They heard."

"I swan!" exclaimed grandma, and her old eyes glinted. "I'm kind of relieved about you."

"Relieved?"

"To be sure," said grandma. "You got spunk. Up to now, I wasn't sure but all you had was party legs and a cookbook. Sorry I wasn't there. Your grandpa used to say more horses won with spunk than with speed. Wish I could a seen Sackett's face."

"I think I shall never forget it," said Roxana. "I wish I'd never left Andorra."

"Shucks!" exclaimed Grandma Inch. "It's better to have a jumpin' toothache out where the sun is shinin' and the birds are a-twitterin' and the circus parade is goin' past with the eaily-one tootin' than to set in a dark room without a pain."

"I had to do it," said Roxana. "I had to."

"Some folks wouldn't have had to," said grandma dryly. "They'd of dodged. Dodgin' don't always pay. The was a man back home that dodged a brick so hard he bashed his brain out against a tree. Mebby the brick would a' missed him."

"Woodburn Jarboe is out of danger," said Roxana. "At the hospital they said I could see him tomorrow."

"Huh!" snorted grandma. "I calc'late we're gittin' to the nub of the matter. (Continued on Page 83)



She Felt Her Lips Part as She Tried to Scream. But She Could Utter No Sound

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Public Credit and Debt

AS A VERY important source of strength and security, cherish public credit. One method of preserving it is to use it as sparingly as possible, avoiding occasions of expense by cultivating peace, but remembering also that timely disbursements to prepare for danger frequently prevent much greater disbursements to repel it, avoiding likewise the accumulation of debt, not only by shunning occasions of expense, but by vigorous exertion in time of peace to discharge the debts which unavoidable wars may have occasioned, not ungenerously throwing upon posterity the burden which we ourselves ought to bear. The execution of these maxims belongs to your representatives, but it is necessary that public opinion should co-operate. To facilitate to them the performance of their duty, it is essential that you should practically bear in mind that toward the payment of debts there must be revenue; that to have revenue there must be taxes; that no taxes can be devised which are not more or less inconvenient and unpleasant."

—From Washington's "Farewell Address."

Under Which Flag?

FOR a long time past, the public, and especially American business, has been trying to decide under which flag the present Administration, and particularly its Captain, really sails. At times he tacks to the left, and then again to the right, following no clearly charted course. Just now he is letting his craft drift a little to the right, though in his Atlanta speech he was unable to resist taking another shot at bankers and business men, saying among other things that a number of bankers had told him in the early days of his Administration that, in their opinion, the credit of the country would not be adversely affected by a debt of from fifty to seventy billion dollars.

Whether the credit of the United States can stand up under an indebtedness of from fifty to seventy billions is pure guesswork, and your guess is probably as good as the bankers', especially as, at the time when they are said to have made it, bankers as a class were being held up to public scorn as money-changers who must be driven from the temple. Our guess is that at between fifty and seventy billions, if not much

sooner, the Government's credit would show signs of strain.

It is from the speeches of the President, and more largely those of his confidants, especially those made in unguarded moments, that we must for the present draw our conclusions about the future course of the Administration; allowing, of course, for the immaturity of the coming conventions and presidential campaigns.

The country was spoken fair by the candidate in the past campaign, and the same thing is beginning to happen again. Business is being given a "breathing-spell," partly, it would seem, to alleviate animosities and partly in an attempt to recoup lost New Deal prestige.

It should be noted that no permanent breathing spell is guaranteed. The present one has been vouchsafed as a temporary measure, in the hope that business, as it is doing, will start the wheels of recovery turning and help the employment situation with work made instead of made work. Either way recovery goes, the New Deal can't lose. It will claim credit for success, and in the event of failure it will say that it was due to the antagonism of business to New Deal policies, including NRA, though the flight of the blue bird marked a sharp turn toward recovery.

Accepting the breathing spell at its face value, not only the speeches but the character and beliefs of the President's official family and his confidants must be considered in any appraisal of the New Deal's final objectives. One by one, the men of affairs and wide experience in business who were in the President's official family have lost favor, because they would not yes policies that they felt were futile or worse, or because they lost heart when they viewed the confusion and many contradictions of the Administrative scene. Recently, one of the few survivors, George Peek, was turned out into the snow and the darkness of presidential disfavor. So, with the exodus of almost every front-rank official and adviser of experience, and with the country largely in the hands of the Tugwells, the Frankfurters, the Hopkinsons and minor professors, it is not hard to guess the direction in which America will be headed if their counsel prevails. Nor should the group of women headed by Mrs. Roosevelt and Madam Secretary Perkins be overlooked. For, by all Washington accounts, they are a very potent influence in this Administration.

Once the election is over, and if the presidency is safe for the New Deal, the honeyed words of the campaign may be promptly eaten again. There was, however, more gall than honey in the lengthy address which Mr. Tugwell, Under Secretary of Agriculture and head of the far-reaching Resettlement Administration, made some time ago to the Democratic State Central Committee of California. Whatever else he may be, Professor Tugwell is not a pussycat, for which he deserves credit.

It is difficult to read his speech without finding in it one clear example after another of incitement to class hatred and warfare. He states that all those opposed to the New Deal are not only "autocrats" but "enemies," who must get out of the way, "along with the moral system which supports them." With an extraordinary fanaticism, he says that revolution will come unless the Roosevelt regime is continued in power, and he appeals to his followers more than once to try to prevent violence in ousting what he calls the "enemies."

Social workers began that talk of revolution during the early days of the depression, in an effort to frighten reluctant tightwads into subscribing to the various charities for which they were working. It has been trotted out ever since by orators who were trying to scare their hearers into subscribing to their views. If there is any danger of a revolution in America, it is due to our spineless attitude toward Russia and our toleration of alien subversive movements

that are going ahead almost unchecked in the United States.

Professor Tugwell says that the Roosevelt regime must succeed "for once in establishing a farmer-worker alliance which will carry all before it," and he states that if barriers must be removed, "that is historically unimportant." He tells his hearers that "we have been pitiable, grubbing creatures, laboring to make money and hide it away like misers for our children. Because we were little exploiters, we have been tolerant of big ones; because we were tolerant of little hoards, we could not object to big ones." But he does not tell us what income or how much property a worker or a farmer must have before he becomes an "autocrat" and an "enemy." Does he mean that all the "little exploiters"—in which group he unmistakably includes everybody who has earned and saved anything—are themselves "autocrats" and "enemies?"

He is obviously seeking to drive a wedge between the farmers and workers on the one hand, and all other citizens on the other. But he does not define his terms. Merely to assume that "farmers and workers" are penniless classes is manifestly absurd; they include countless degrees of well-being.

Mr. Tugwell does not explain whether he means by "farmers and workers" only those wholly without savings or homes, but that is clearly the implication, in view of his reference to "pitiable, grubbing creatures," who have managed to save for their old age and their children.

If it is really the intention of the present regime that everybody "must get out of the way," except such "farmers and workers" as have no earnings or savings or homes, it is high time that the rest of the country should pay immediate attention to the program.

We repeat that the people at large have no way of knowing whether these views represent those held by Mr. Roosevelt himself. Clear-cut statements of intentions have not figured largely in the President's post-election program. His speeches have usually been confined to generalities and to attacks on business. But something can be learned about the views and intentions of any man by looking over his trusted associates and listening to them when they express their beliefs and plans.

Still, it is more than a little hard to believe that Mr. Tugwell's speech is representative of the President's attitude and beliefs. Ruthlessness, cocksureness and a holier-than-thou assurance characterize the Professor's utterances. Apparently he is certain of his own rightness, in the left sense of the word, and of the essential wrongness, even crookedness, of those who stand on and for government by the right, which simply means government by experience and by law, instead of by theory and by bureaucratic decrees.

It is, of course, characteristic of many New Dealers to assume that they have a monopoly of virtue, holiness and idealism, and that those who refuse to accept their particular plans, policies and panaceas are "tories," interested in nothing but special privilege and in grinding down the poor, to their own profit. That has been the stock in trade of many of them since 1933, but it is getting more than a little shopworn.

The President will never have a better opportunity than the present one to resolve the doubts and fears that still shadow the country and that prevent sound recovery from taking the depression in its stride. The United States took passage with the present Administration in 1932 for a clearly stated port and on the strength of a definite prospectus, under the American Constitution flag that was flying at the peak of the ship of state. Under the circumstances, the passengers feel that they have the right to ask the Captain to sail a straight course to the advertised destination, and to break his mates if they tamper with the compass or the charts.

HUMAN RIGHTS AND PROPERTY RIGHTS

By JOHN RUSTGARD

THE right of the savage to the fruit he picked, the fish he caught, or the game he killed, was probably never seriously disputed, except in the spirit in which the highwayman disputes the right of his victim to the money in their pockets. Even animals will maintain the right to what they find or catch or construct. Bees will wage war for the right to the hives they build and the honey they gather; birds will defend their rights to their own nests, and animals to their holes. A dog will even fight for the clothes of his master.

The instinct of exclusive right to what one gathers or produces is innate in all living things, and does not depend on human statutes. Is it profitable for society to endeavor to abrogate or uproot the instinctive right to property?

There is reason to believe that the right to own property was never seriously controverted until man found it necessary to store up the products of his labor for future use, and the difference between thrift and profligacy thus made its appearance. We may well imagine that the one who first cleared a piece of ground and planted the first corn would

have some argument as to whether he had any better right to the harvest than did those who, while he was laboring, lay lazily basking in the sunshine on the sandy banks of the neighboring stream. Still easier is it to imagine that the argument might grow more heated when he, during all subsequent seasons, claimed the exclusive right to cultivate the ground which he by his own labor had cleared, drained and otherwise made ready for agriculture. Even the tools he had made for the purpose might need his defense, at least when he himself was not using them. And when he passed the Styx, the question certainly arose as to whether his children were entitled to the property he left behind. That this last problem was not always decided in favor of the children may be inferred from the fact that among some tribes, besides burying with the dead man his valuables, his animals were killed and his fruit trees cut down.

Under such customs or laws, it is obvious that no considerable amount or mass of property could be built up. But it must also be obvious that as population increased, and especially so in rigorous climates, it became progressively more advantageous and,

finally, necessary to store the products of labor representing the exertions of many successive generations. As man will not take much trouble to help the general population of the future, but will exert himself to the limit of his ability for his own descendants, the right to inherit property or take it by devise or bequest became a necessity, and that necessity expresses itself in the law.

The foregoing may be sufficient to convince the ordinary person that the right to the property one creates or otherwise earns or receives as a gift or by descent or in trade, by exchange for other property, is a natural right, which statutes only confirm, but do not create. If ownership of property is what some people denounce as capitalism, then capitalism is as fundamental as the right to life itself.

We are not at the present time talking about property acquired by illicit means or by methods detrimental to human welfare. That such property should be taboo needs no argument. In fact, it is as essential to dispossess people of illicit gains as it is to protect them in the possession of what is ethically acquired.

(Continued on Page 51)





DRAWN BY FRED RALK

"Am I Keeping You Awake?"

POST SCRIPTS

Higher Education

A POLITICIAN is a fellow who knows all the answers. A taxpayer is the guy who paid for his education.

Ex-Idol

*NO MORE I'll be held
In your charming sway;
For it's not your feet,
It's your head, that's clay!*

—Alyce Hamilton.

Dinner Invitation Idyl

“BY THE way, Bill, what are you and the little woman going to be doing Sunday evening?”

“That’s a catch question, Joe. Now, what you have in mind is inviting us to your house for dinner, isn’t it?”

“Well —”

“Listen, Joe. The way you put it, it was a sort of ambush, wasn’t it?”

“What do you mean, ambush?”

“Well, suppose I answered that we hadn’t planned anything. Then you could ask us to dinner, and even if we didn’t want to come over I wouldn’t have a chance to offer an excuse, see?”

“No, I can’t say that I do.”

“Look at it this way, then: Suppose we wanted to have dinner with you

and I said we hadn’t planned a thing, and you didn’t say anything more, I’d be left dangling in mid-air, wouldn’t I?”

“If I hadn’t intended inviting you to dinner, I wouldn’t have mentioned Sunday evening, would I?”

“That’s just what I’m getting at, Joe. You ask me what we’re doing Sunday evening, without inviting me, which jams me in a corner, see? Now, what I say is this: Why don’t people get the habit of asking questions directly, so the other fellow won’t have to hint or evade or stall around? Get me?”

“I think I begin to understand.”

“Sure, Joe. Now, just to keep the record clear, let’s start all over again.”

“Fine! Bill, if you and the little woman haven’t any other plans, would you care to have dinner with us Sunday evening?”

“That’s the idea, Joe! That leaves it all up to me, see? I don’t have to stutter and fumble around to make an answer. Joe, we hadn’t planned anything special, and we’ll be mighty glad to have dinner with you. About what time would you like to have us drop around?”

“About midnight, you pin-headed bore! By that time we’ll have had dinner hours ago and be sound asleep. And when you ring the doorknob, I’ll lean out a window and drop a chair on your head!”

—CHET JOHNSON.

DUMBBELL
BOGART

DRAWN BY DOUGLAS BOGART



DRAWN BY RANDEL LINN

American Tragedies

JUST a word to warn the women: Lakes and ponds are fine to swim in, But, unless you swim, refuse To ride in gentlemen's canoes.

One would think that book by Dreiser, Would have made you ladies wiser, Yet the lesson went for lost, As some discovered to their cost.

These are parlous times, I'm thinking: Journeys end in lovers sinking; Love's a stuff will not endure, But doth suffer water-cure.

Ladies, just a word of warning: If you'd live to see the morning, Take a life belt when you go With your sweetheart for a row. —Norman R. Jaffray.

Christmas Day

DADDY!" "Don't bother me, son. I'm reading the paper."

"But, daddy, I want you to help me with my airplane."

"What airplane?"

"The model on that Santa Claus brought me. It's not all here."

"Of course, it's all there."

"Well, it's not. The ailerons are missing."

"Huh? All right, I'll take a look at it. . . . Now, what did you say was missing—the motor?"

"No, daddy, the ailerons. Besides, model airplanes don't have motors."

"U'm'm. . . . Now let's see; this piece goes here. . . . Say, son, why did you bend these wings?"

"I didn't bend them. That's the camber. It's supposed to be like that. . . . The wings don't go there. . . . Now, look at it, daddy; you've spoiled the dihedral angle."

(Continued on Page 50)

"Say...
that's going to hit the spot!"



21 kinds to choose from . . .

- Asparagus
- Bean
- Beef
- Bouillon
- Celery
- Chicken
- Cheese-Gumbo
- Cream Chowder
- Consonme
- Julienned
- Meat Fettle
- Mulligatawny
- Mushroom (Cream of)
- Mutton
- Noodle with chicken
- Ox Tail
- Pea
- Pepper Pot
- Printanier
- Tomato
- Vegetable
- Vegetable-Beef



A man's enthusiasm just will "out" when he's served Campbell's Vegetable-Beef Soup. Set a plateful before your husband and watch the smile of real enjoyment that one spoonful brings to his face. Whenever you notice his interest in food lagging, see how magically Campbell's Vegetable-Beef Soup brings it back. As an aid to meal-planning, you'll count it a real "find" indeed!

Campbell's Vegetable-Beef Soup is a favorite with men the country over and this is one instance where your husband won't be "different". See how he goes for those tempting pieces of nourishing beef—so satisfying and tasty. How he'll love the rich beef broth—for where is the man who doesn't like the taste of good beef?

And if he should like the soup just a little better than your own, don't be disappointed. Remember Campbell's is made with the same care and attention you use in your own kitchen . . . each gleaming nickel kettle watched just as you would watch it . . . and the ingredients are the finest in the world. Remember, too, the innumerable hours you're going to save, for Campbell's Vegetable-Beef is a soup he'll want again and again!

CAMPBELL'S ON THE AIR
Wednesdays

George Burns & Gracie Allen
→ 8:30 P.M. E. S. T.
→ 7:30 C.S.T.—9:30 M.T. 8:30 P.S.T.

Columbia Network COAST-TO-COAST

Fridays

"Hollywood Hotel"
starring Dick Powell
sparkling rever—8:10 P.M. (E. S. T.)
Columbia Network COAST-TO-COAST

Campbell's Vegetable-Beef Soup

THE OLD-FASHIONED VEGETABLE SOUP—WITH NOURISHING PIECES OF BEEF

FATHER STRUCK IT RICH

By
EVALYN WALSH MCLEAN

WITH BOYDEN SPARKES



VIII

AMUSEMENT was the sort of precious stuff we tried to mine from all our hours at Friendship. So, when it was revealed on a certain afternoon that Calvin Coolidge was coming out expressly to learn the game of golf, some other golfers decided that they, too, would play that day.

My recollection is that Mrs. Oscar Underwood played with me. I recall that Mrs. Coolidge took her knitting from a bag and smilingly announced that she was going to spend the afternoon in the shade on our veranda. The fourth person in the foursome who had arranged was McLeod, the professional. We waited and then Vice-President Coolidge arrived, having come directly from the Senate, over which he then presided. All our other golfers, such as President Harding, Senators Davis Elkins, of West Virginia; Joseph Frelinghuysen, of New Jersey; and Fred Hale, of Maine, were very dressy on the golf course. So were Ned, George Christian and William Gibbs McAdoo, who, at that time, was being paid \$3000 every quarter by Ned for legal services. I have forgotten just why he had been retained. Well, as I say, those golfers and most of the others were usually



PHOTO BY THOMAS D. MC AVOY
Government Clerks Lunching on Grand Stairway and Setting Watch by Hall Clock in Walsh Mansion at 3090 Massachusetts Avenue. Now Occupied by a Division of Doctor Tugwell's Rural Resettlement Administration

attired as if they were about to pose for some fashion plate to illustrate what should be worn on the golf course. Plus fours that year were flaring much wider than women's skirts, and the hose men golfers wore were woven in designs of chessboard checks or dizzy alternating circles. Their caps were so generously made that I used to ask them, please not to let the breeze waft them up into the trees.

Mr. Coolidge Takes Up Golf

CALVIN COOLIDGE was a different sort of golfer. He had a bag of clubs when he arrived; he had played before, of course, but not enough to justify his playing with the Harding foursome. That day of which I speak he fixed himself for playing by simply taking off his coat. At that moment, in long pants and suspenders, he was almost ready to take a stance on the first tee. His other act of preparation was to take from his golf bag a white cotton hal lined with green. Its brim was turned up closely, saucer fashion. He was quite solemn, and both remembered and applied the morsels of advice tossed to him by the pro. I do not think that he spoke a word himself, however, until we reached the seventh hole. It was there that he addressed himself to me,

"Your dress is wet in the back," he said. "Thought you ought to know it." I thanked him.

As we approached the last hole, I heard a lot of noisy chatter, and then I saw President Harding and half a dozen of his companions lined up as a gallery. I heard them commenting gaily on Mr. Coolidge's suspenders, as if to tease him. They had no luck at that, and finally I heard the President confess that he, too, wore suspenders.

Eventually, through his practice out at Friendship, Mr. Coolidge became a quite fair golfer. Mrs. Coolidge would always bring her knitting and sit on the front porch. If we could induce them to remain for dinner, we were delighted. When our lawns were turning brown with fallen leaves that autumn, I had to give up golf myself, because I was going to have another child.

My fourth child, and only daughter, was born on November 16, 1921. When she was about six weeks old I had her christened; she had a little bonnet with a pink plume, a very long pink chiffon dress, a perfectly lovely thing. The ceremony of baptism was held in the ballroom of the I Street house. I had an altar built in there and the child was baptized by

the Bishop of Washington, the Rt. Rev. Alfred Harding, right on the scene of so many of our splendid parties.

President and Mrs. Harding were the baby's godparents, and there were a score or more of others present, including the Secretary of State and Mrs. Charles Evans Hughes, the Secretary of War and Mrs. John W. Weeks, and Mr. and Mrs. James B. Duke. That was a feast, to get the society-dodging Mr. Duke to pay us a visit. However, Nannie Lee Duke and I had been such good friends that I persisted until she succeeded in persuading Mr. Duke to come.

Right after the bishop cleared out that afternoon, we started playing bridge. President Harding, Mrs. Duke, Secretary Weeks and I played. Mrs. Harding felt—and said so—that her husband had a job to do over in Pennsylvania Avenue. She spoke of this to me, and then she spoke to him a time or two.

"Warren!" she said. "you should be getting back to work." He played an ace with table-banging force, but said no word. Presently she spoke again. "Warren, you really ought to be going back to work." I watched the faces of my guests; the calm, the lovely, unperturbed features of Mrs. Duke, the twitching of Mrs. Harding's lips, and the President's black brows that were becoming tightly knit.

"Five spades," said Secretary Weeks.

"Warren!" Mrs. Harding spoke with undisguised sharpness.

I passed, and then the President turned his head and declared himself. "I am going," he said, "to play all afternoon. . . . Five spades indeed."

A Disarmament Celebration

WITH diplomats and admirals of all the nations gathered in Washington for the Disarmament Conference, I turned some of my attention from my big daughter to a scheme I had for giving a great big party. President Harding and Secretary Hughes had just astonished the people of the earth with a proposal to destroy battleships and limit future naval building in the interests of peace. It seemed to me that that was an excuse for an entertainment.

Pale gold satine with an overcloth of yellow lace was what I ordered for two of my three long dinner tables; each of them was seventy-five feet long. The third table, placed in the

(continued on Page 28)

"GET A LIFT WITH A CAMEL"



"I AM A STEEL WORKER on the Triborough," says Ben Parsons (*above*), as he enjoys a Camel. "When tired, I get a 'lift' with a Camel. Camels have all the full flavor anybody could want."



TUNE IN! Camel Caravan with Walter O'Keefe, Deane Janis, Ted Husing, Glen Gray and the Casa Loma Orchestra. Tuesday and Thursday—9 p. m., E. S. T., 8 p. m., C. S. T., 9:30 p. m., M. S. T., 8:30 p. m., P. S. T.—over WABC-Columbia network.

- Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCO
- Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand.

(Signed) R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, Winston-Salem, North Carolina

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THE TOWERS OF MANHATTAN from a new angle—New York's new Triborough Bridge, which is rapidly being completed. In the foreground: Howard Houghland, McClinic-Marshall engineer, wearing the picturesquely engineers "hard hat," a necessary protection on big jobs. "An engineer's life is packed with action," he says. "It calls for physical fitness and energy to stand the strain. When my pep is low, there's nothing like a Camel, for smoking a Camel chases away all signs of tiredness. I always get a 'lift' with a Camel. I also prefer Camel's good taste."

WINTER SPORTS TAKE ENERGY TOO. But to enjoy the fun you have to be fit. "And that has a lot to do with why I prefer Camels," says Margaret Lyman (*left*). "I know that athletes prefer Camels, as they do not affect their wind or nerves. That goes for me too. And, when I feel exhausted from a long day outdoors, Camels renew my flow of energy."



(Continued from Page 26) middle, was covered with a silver cloth and lace; that one bore the silver service with its great candelabra given me for a wedding present. On the tables with the cloths of gold I placed, on one, the golden service left to us by John R. and on the other the golden service of the Walshes. My father had had that one made to his order, and in the center of each gilt-incrusted plate there is a Camp Bird fashion out of gold. When those tables were set and the Barberini tapestries covered the I Street ballroom walls, the scene was much more lovely than could be imagined.

This Disarmament Conference dinner was the one at which I showed Griffith's movie of the Gish sisters in *Orphans of the Storm*. That was the night that Alice Longworth sat on a gilt sofa between Senator Borah and Balfour. Hidden in his pocket, Balfour had a souvenir that I had given him. Just before leaving the dinner tables, so they could be cleared away, he and Lord Lee of Fareham came and subtly flattered me. They asked what cloth it was that shone with such a yellow luster; it seemed to be, with all the lights turned on, something woven out of Camp Bird ore.

"It's just ordinary sateen," I gladly told them.

Balfour let his scholarly blue eyes review the cluster massed at the doors; most of the men that night wore handsome uniforms, not olive drabs but

taken on the spot. She describes him as having been blazing with indignation at the cruelties.

Well, something else that came from Mr. Borah that night I want to have in my story. The senator from Idaho stood there in the ballroom in his somber evening clothes, surveyed our guests, our servants and the rich furnishings of the I Street house. Then he spoke out loud, and according to my friends, what he said was: "This sort of thing is what brings on a revolution."

When I heard that, I made up my mind that, for a while at least, I would not subject the senator from Idaho to such a hazard. The next time I had a party I wrote to Mrs. Borah saying I knew her husband did not like dinner parties and evening clothes, but that I would be delighted to have her come.

Mrs. Borah, in the first days of our acquaintance, had come to one of my parties and was standing right near me, unaware of my presence. I heard her say my name, and then add, "She is right sweet-looking, and I suppose she would be all right if it wasn't for that awful voice of hers." Just then she saw me and turned another color. I walked over.

"Mrs. Borah," I began as sweetly as I could, "you know I come from the West, a mining camp, so what can you expect of me? I ain't a lady."

Poor Mrs. Borah! I was only teasing her. The truth is, I do not care what people say about me,

if only they will tell the truth and, after all, that voice of mine is kind of rusty.

Later in that winter of the Washington Disarmament Conference, my husband and I were at The Breakers in Palm Beach, awaiting word to proceed with another sort of entertainment we were planning for the President. We had under charter the Nahmehoka, the property of H. N. Baruch, a brother of Bernice, she was a houseboat with four double state-rooms. In Washington, President Harding was no less eager than we to be off on a coastal-canal-and-river cruise in Florida. We had tempted him with comments on the golf courses and the freedom from the constant pressure at the White House.

On February 10, 1922, Ned read aloud to me this letter:

My dear Ned: I have just been having an interview with our friend, the new Ambassador to Belgium [Henry Fletcher]. We talked to him that will be possible to go South for the houseboat trip for a week. It does not seem possible, however, to make this trip before the end of the first week in March. The Secretary of State [Charles Evans Hughes] is leaving on the fifteenth for Bermuda and will be absent for at least two weeks. There is no possibility of the Under Secretary [Henry F. Tamm] being available during that time. It would be rather difficult, certainly disappointing, to make up a party without him. Of course, there is the chance that the whole thing will go by the board, but I wanted to tell you we are still hoping, and I felt that if I told you I was sure we would not come before March sixth, you could probably be making other plans for the houseboat trip meanwhile. I hope you are having a very delightful time of it.

Please give my very best regards to Evelyn.

Very truly,
WARREN G. HARDING.

On March 8, 1922, the President and Mrs. Harding, with a small party of friends, left Washington, and when they arrived in Florida, joined us aboard the houseboat, tied up at St. Augustine. The others in the party were Attorney General Harry Daugherty; Under Secretary of State Henry Fletcher; General Sawyer; the Speaker of the House, Frederick Gillett; and George Christian.

A Cruise With the Hardings

TO MY notion, it was not highly successful as a party, but I think the men enjoyed themselves. Mrs. Harding was not really in good health at any time I knew her. We two spent most of our time aboard the boat, cruising ahead, while the men, after their golf, would follow in automobiles, coming aboard the boat in time, usually, for dinner. Mrs. Harding's meals were supervised by Doctor Sawyer; he kept her on a strict diet. Generally, in the evenings, we all played poker.

After leaving Palm Beach, Ned and I returned to Washington for just a little while, and then we went north to Bar Harbor. Consequently, after the winter vacation, we had seen but little of the Hardings.

On an evening in September, 1922, I remember seeing, as I hastened along a White House corridor, a wall clock with its black hands showing half-past nine. As I paused outside a wide door, some impulse of the clock mechanism made its long hand jump a trifle, so that I was startled. The movement gave me a melancholy feeling that there was not much time left for me or Mrs. Harding.

She was sick. The news had come to me at Bar Harbor and, after an exchange of wires with Sawyer and long-distance talk with Harding, I had started for the capital on a special train. We broke all records to Baltimore, and at Washington I was met by Doris Christian

(Continued on Page 60)



© BY HARRIS & EWING

The Garden at Friendship and, Below, Government File Clerks and Stenographers at 2020, With the Bearded-Up Pipe Organ Behind

richly ornamented fabrics, their breasts all bright with jeweled decorations.

Lord Lee fingered the yellow cloth and murmured that he would try to remember that the word was "sateen."

"You shan't have to think about the word," I said, "because I'll let you have a sample."

A servant brought a pair of scissors, and those two British gentlemen stood gaping as I whacked off for each of them a square of yellow cloth. When I explained how inexpensive sateen really is, Lord Lee said that he would have something to tell his womenfolk when he got home.

In the story of her life, Alice Longworth commented on the contrasting reactions of Balfour and Senator Borah, at one of my dinner parties, to the moving picture, *Orphans of the Storm*. The scenes of the French Revolution were lurid, as Alice says, and the cruelties of the French nobles portrayed something that I know does not exist in the United States. With Alice for my reporter, I know that Balfour, on that occasion, as the picture story was unrolled, murmured near her ear from time to time, "Very moving; very moving." Borah, on the other hand, she says, behaved as if the scenes had been



PHOTO BY THOS. D. MC AVOY

"Up to 23 Miles to the Gallon!"



THAT IS THE STARTLING ECONOMY REPORTED BY OWNERS OF THE NEW LOWER-PRICED DE SOTO WITH ITS NEW GAS-SAVER TRANSMISSION

OWNERS ARE CIRCULATING the news from coast to coast...the big, new, custom-styled De Soto makes other cars seem to be "hungry gas eaters."

You're cruising along around 40...when suddenly a miracle happens. The Gas-Saver Transmission cuts in...automatically. Engine revolutions drop 30%...yet speed is unaffected. A new smoothness and quietness come into the power and flight of your car.

You pile up phenomenal mileage with De Soto's new Gas-Saver Transmission, full-length water jacket,

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In this year of "look-alike" cars, De Soto carries a distinction all its own, from the sweep of its radiator to rear wheel shields. You'll be proud to drive it. See your De Soto dealer today!

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6% TIME PAYMENT PLAN

You can figure it out for yourself.
1. Start with your unpaid balance.
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COMPANION CAR TO DE SOTO AIRFLOW III
PRODUCTS OF THE CHRYSLER CORPORATION

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Above is the Custom Air-stream De Soto Touring Sedan, with large built-in trunk. It's the most distinctive car in America today.

There is the luxury of the world's costliest cars in De Soto's custom-styled interior, both front and back.



THE HURRICANE

(Continued from Page 19)

she could scarcely keep back the tears as we spoke of it. She perceived much more vividly than her husband the full cruelty of the situation. For more than fifty years Manukura and the half-dozen neighboring islands had been Father Paul's world. Never in all that time had he even gone so far afield as Tahiti. No man could have lived a happier, more useful life. Now he was to be deprived of his church, his garden, of his work, in which all his heart was centered, and of his last well-earned pleasure, which he regarded with serene anticipation—being laid to rest by his children, as he called them, in the coral sand of the island he loved.

"But why should he want him in Paris?" Madame de Laage asked. "He shan't go. We mustn't let him go! Eugene doesn't let him know! There must be a way to prevent such an unkind plan from being carried out."

"I have no doubt they have excellent reasons for wishing his return," her husband replied. "What possible justification would I have for failing to deliver to Father Paul the commands of his order? He would not thank me for such mistaken officiousness."

Madame de Laage was silent for a moment. "It is true," she replied wretchedly. "He will have to be told, but don't let it be at once. . . . Captain, you mean to call again here before returning to Tahiti!"

"Yes," said Nagle; "I am going to Mangareva this voyage. I shall be back at Manukura a month's time."

"Then wait, Eugene, until the Katopua returns before telling Father Paul! This will give him one more month of happiness."

"Nothing is to be gained by putting off unpleasant tasks," her husband replied.

"Please, for my sake," his wife urged. "The delay won't matter in least, since he can't get to Tahiti in case until the schooner returns." She pleaded so earnestly that the administrator consented to the delay, but it was plain he was disturbed about it.

A moment later, Arai came to announce that dinner was on the table. She was a girl of sixteen, a younger daughter of Fakahau, and lived at the residency in a relationship peculiar to Polynesia—half servant, half companion and friend, to Madame de Laage. For all their pride of birth, Polynesians are the most democratic of people. No tasks are considered menial, and a chief's daughter could serve at the administrator's table without any loss of dignity or prestige. I learned long afterward that Arai knew of Terangi's return; in fact, all the immediate members of the two families had been informed, but there was nothing in her manner on this evening that could have betrayed the presence of the secret she shared.

It was natural that our talk, during the course of the meal, should have drifted to Terangi's latest escape. The whole island was, of course, discussing it; I had heard but little else throughout the day. The administrator informed us that he had received a communication on the subject from the governor of Tahiti.

"Terangi has been playing the very devil there," he announced gravely. "He has become a thoroughly dangerous and intractable prisoner, and the authorities are determined to capture

him. I am aware, Captain Nagle, that he was once your protégé. It may be that the question is an unfair one; nevertheless, I shall ask it. Do you think there is a chance of his making his way here?"

I have no doubt that Nagle thought, secretly, that there was an excellent chance, but he was not to be caught off his guard.

"You don't believe, Monsieur de Laage, that he would compromise me by stowing away on my ship?" he asked, smiling.

"Never! Madame de Laage put it warmly, 'I know him too well to suspect that!'

"I am certain that he could never do it with your consent," Do Laage replied, "but I can't share your belief in this young man's delicacy of feeling. Your sailors are all Manukura boys. They would gladly conceal him aboard, if they could do so without your knowledge."

"The police on Tahiti share your belief," Nagle replied dryly. "They made a thorough search of my ship before we left Papeete. It isn't the first time by any means. They even examined my large sea chest and the drawers under my bunk."

"Don't imagine for a moment that I suspect that you would connive at the business. You would do me a great injustice if you supposed that. I am thinking of the natives of the Tuamotu. They would shield him on any of the atolls. Granted that he could not hide in the Katopua, it strikes me that he might work his way out here little by little, traveling from island to island in cutters or sailing canoes. He would certainly attempt this if it were at all possible."

Captain Nagle shook his head. "He would have come long since if there had been any chance of it," he replied.

I observed that Arai, who was serving the fish course, was listening with all her ears. Madame de Laage gave her husband a glance that missed its mark, for he went on:

"The governor wrote to put me on my guard. It's astonishing where Terangi can have got to. He escaped more than three months ago and Tahiti has been searched from end to end without result. Not only Tahiti, all the other islands of the Society group have been thoroughly combed without a trace of the man being found. The police believe that he has somehow got clear of the archipelago. They suspect that he is already somewhere in the Tuamotu and that Manukura is his goal. They've had more than enough of this incorrigible fellow. He has made a mock of all lawful authority. I thoroughly agree with them. Such things can't be permitted. Cayenne is the only place for such characters. The governor informs me that he is to be sent there when he is taken again."

An awkward pause followed. De Laage realized of a sudden that his zeal had led him to say more than he should have in Captain Nagle's presence. He took advantage of the silence to fill the glasses once more, and we were soon speaking of other matters.

VII

MANUKURA village was deep in the profound slumber of the hour before the dawn. The booming of the breakers along the outer reef, now loud,

now muted in the flaws of the light breeze, thundered an unceasing accompaniment to the people's dreams, a sound of which they would only have become aware had it ceased. High among the fronds of the palms, noddy terns perched with their young, croaking with long-drawn, muffled tones. Here and there, back of the outdoor kitchens, swine grunted softly, rooting in the soft coral sand for leftovers from the evening meal. A flock of curlews, on their annual flight to their Arctic breeding grounds in Asia or North America, passed overhead with lonely piping cries. Presently, far off at the horizon, and on the island side, the crowd, and cock after cock took up the challenging call. The colony of mama birds roosting in the *purau* tree back of the De Laage's dwelling wakened all at once and burst into a chorus of whistles and twitterings. Slowly the gray light from beyond the horizon gave place to the flush of dawn.

In two houses of the settlement there had been little sleep that night. Both the chief and his brother Tavi had been busy with the preparations for Terangi's departure. There had been need for the greatest secrecy in this matter and the work of collecting the supplies had taken place in the small hours of the morning; they were stored, well concealed, in the canoe-shed belonging to Fakahau. All the preparations were now completed. It remained only to wait for another night, when Mako would sail the great canoes to Motu Tonga. By dawn of the third day, Terangi, Marama, and their daughter would be at sea, their canoe well below the circle of Manukura's horizon.

For all his sleepless night, Tavi was at his place behind the counter of his shop at the usual time. Trade was always brisk after the Katopua's arrival, and to-morrow it was as much as Tavi and his older children could do to take care of the eager press of customers. Tavi was a huge man, like Fakahau, with thick black hair lightly sprinkled with gray. He was a true cosmopolitan, having left Manukura in boyhood. He had spent many years at sea, and there were few large ports, the world over, that he had not visited; but he had returned home at last to marry a Manukura woman, well content with what he had seen and learned of the ways of other peoples. He was a man of fine intelligence, a shrewd observer, and could have missed little, during his roving life, worthy of attention.

On man on the island took a greater interest in Terangi nor had been so thoroughly pleased to learn of his many escapes from prison and the ceaseless trouble he had given to the police of Tahiti. He was as proud of his niece's husband as though he had been a blood relative, and Fakahau himself was not more determined that he should never again fall into the hands of authority. On this morning, when the press business for the day was over, Tavi set out in the direction of the lagoon.

The houses of Manukura were scattered for a mile or more along a single wide roadway that followed the curve of the lagoon beach. There was not a prettier village in the whole of the archipelago, nor one in which the inhabitants took greater pride. They kept it scrupulously clean; fallen

fronds and leaves were carefully swept up and burned each day, and, owing to the sparseness of the undergrowth, one had a series of charming views. The residency was at the far western end of the village, near the passage into the lagoon. It stood in its own grounds a hundred yards from its nearest neighbor, Tavi's store and dwelling, a low square building of wood, with a veranda in front, faced the lagoon beach near the coral pier where the schooner was moored. Some little distance farther to the east was the chief's house, and across the road from it the littleatched home of Mama Rua. Beyond the beach lay a depression in the land which crossed the islet from north to south. It had been made, evidently, by some great storm in the past, and as the ground was moist and swampy there, a footbridge had been erected over it. On the opposite side stood the church, and here another path branched northward to the cemetery.

Manukura's dead slept in a lonely plot of ground by the outer beach, three hundred yards distant from the church. The place had been a sacred one long before Commodore Byron's discovery of the island, for the temple of the old god, Tangaroa, stood there, and three ancient *pukao* trees near by had been planted in his honor. No trace remained of the heathen temple; its stones were now incorporated in the walls of the church, but something of the ancient atmosphere of sacredness seemed still to linger in the air, as if the heathen god's presence were tolerated by the God of Father Paul.

The fringing reef was little more than a stone's throw distant, where all day long the smoke of the breakers drifted away to leeward, shot through with rainbow light, falling like a mist over the tall white pines, the old trees and the greenish gloom beneath them, the burying ground was all white—the coral sand, the low wall that surrounded it, the blossoms of the flowering shrubs, the headstones of the dead—even the ghost terms that sailed back and forth like tiny voices—were as white as snow. No sound of life in the village reached this place. Here, in the cool of the early morning or evening, husbands or wives or mothers would come to spend an hour beside some grave, deriving pleasure from a sense of the physical closeness of those they loved. Despite the thunderous silence and something eerie in the air, Manukura cemetery was not an unhappy place.

Tavi found Fakahau standing with Mama Rua at her family burial plot, directing the labors of two young men. They had finished digging a grave and were now erecting above it a little roof, supported on four posts, to keep out the sun and rain. Close by, sheltered with a roof of corrugated iron, long since red with rust, was the tomb of Mama Rua's husband. The headstone was a slab of white-washed cement, inscribed: "Nui Marama 1868-1919."

The headstone of another grave was weathered so that the inscription was barely decipherable. "Terangi Ma-TOKIA, born 1881. Terangi's grandfather lay here, born in pagan times when no man knew his age. Three or four women were buried in the same plot, as well as two children who had died in the influenza epidemic of 1918."

Tavi joined the little group in silence, looking on as the chief directed the work of the two young men. A European unacquainted with Polynesians would have found something fantastic in the scene, had he known the circumstances, but none of those present considered it in that light, nor did the rest of the Manukura folk. All knew by this time that the spirit of Mama Rua's husband had appeared to her in a dream, telling her of the imminence of her death, and they no more doubted that the prophecy would be fulfilled than they doubted the rising of tomorrow's sun. It was fitting that the members of her family should proceed at once to make ready her last resting place.

"Let the posts be painted white," Mama Rua was saying; "and it is time that the roof over my husband's grave was changed. You will see to this, Fakahau?"

The chief nodded as he laid a hand on the old woman's shoulder. "Come and sit in the shade, Mama. The sun grows overwarm."

"Nuh has waited long for you, Mama," said Tavi. "Can he not wait a little longer?"

She shook her head as they walked slowly to the nearest tree and seated themselves there, out of hearing of the men at work on the grave. "No," she said. "I have seen my boy, as I was told that I should. My time is at hand. I would see him once more, if I could," she added wistfully. "It is hard having so little time with him, after all these years. A few hours—no more! I must be content with that."

"Shall we wait another day?" Tavi suggested. "I could send a small canoe tonight, to fetch him over. You could meet him at the far end of the islet when all are sleeping."

The old woman shook her head. "The risk would be too great," she replied firmly. "They must go tonight, as we have planned. . . . Fakahau, I should like the singing to be at your house."

"It shall be done," said the chief. "Where is Marama? She has Tita with her?"

"She will not let the child out of her sight. There will be little danger on that account. It is your son I fear, Tavi. Mako has the secret in his eyes!"

"I have cautioned him well," said Tavi. "He is not to leave the house this day."

"Coffee! Was that on the list?" Mama Rua asked abruptly, after a moment of silence.

"Yes," said Tavi. "Nothing has been forgotten, Mama. Set your mind at rest. The coffee is with the other things, well packed in a small cask."

"There is room and to spare in the big canoe," said Fakahau. "Every tool they will need can be taken. Sugar, rice, flour—they will not lack even such things for many months."

Mama Rua sat with her hands clasped lightly in her lap, gazing to the north across the great empty desert of the sea. She sighed and shook her head. "It is a hard choice for them," she said. "I am thinking of your daughter rather than my son. A lonely life it will be for her and Tita."

"My daughter's place is with her husband," said Fakahau. "We must not grieve for them. They are young and strong. They have their child, and others will come."

"On the way you have not thought of Tavi," said Mama Rua. "Let Marama's frigate bird be taken with them. When it returns we shall know that they have arrived safely."

"Aye, that will be well," said Tavi. "I will catch it when I return to the village."

They broke off their talk as they observed Madame de Laage approaching. The chief stood up to greet her. She seated herself beside Mama Rua, who took her hand between her own, stroking it gently. For all her years on Manukura and her knowledge of its inhabitants, Madame de Laage had never been able to accustom herself to the native attitude toward death. The realization that Terangi's mother, bright and active for her years, had decided to die and was supervising the preparation of her own grave inspired in her an emotion bordering upon horror. She had seen others, old men and women, apparently in the best of health, do the same. The sudden cessation of the will to live, and the calm acceptance of what they believed was their fate, were incomprehensible to a European. Strangest of all, there was nothing more in the native character, certainly, despite the teachings of Christianity, than the way they shrank shamed by the problem of evil nor by reflections concerning the cruelty and the futility of life. Mama Rua wanted to be with her husband, that was all. Now that he had called her, she would go, and willingly.

"You have your husband," she said, as she continued stroking Madame de Laage's hand. "Should he go before you, you will understand."

Her old friend's gentle voice and the touch of her hand brought a sudden dimness to Madame de Laage's eyes. "Aye, Mama," she replied, softly; "tei zaa'd. You know what is best. Perhaps I understand a little."

She then spoke quietly of other matters with those old friends, but soon rose to go, perceiving with her woman's intuition that they wished to be alone. As she walked slowly back along the path to the church, a realization came to her of the immense remoteness of her life from that she had known, as a girl, in Europe. What would her sister in Paris think of such a scene as that she had just witnessed? How fantastic life would seem to her in these scattered island worlds! But not more so than the islands themselves, minute ringed shoals, microscopic in size, compared with the vast ocean roundabout.

She halted before Father Paul's small coral-lime house, which stood not far from the church, built against the wall that surrounded his garden. The door to his little reception room stood open; there was no one within. She went on to the gate leading into the garden and looked in.

Madame de Laage loved this place. The garden was, indeed, a truly remarkable one to be found on a low island. The work of creating it had been a labor of love with Father Paul over nearly half a century. Tropical fruits and flowers common to the high islands will not grow on the atolls unless planted in high-island earth. Little by little, with extraordinary patience and skill, the father had fashioned a little paradise, two acres in extent, sheltered from the winds by a wall eight feet high. Captain Nagle had given him his share in the work; he never came to Manukura without bringing the priest two or three tons of rich volcanic earth, in copra bags, from Tahiti or the Marquesas. Mixed with humus and coral sand, this made the best of soils. It was like entering another world to pass from Manukura in its natural state into Father Paul's

garden. He was a born horticulturist. His breadfruit, lime and orange trees were as fine as any that may be seen on the high islands. He had laid out paths, shaded with bananas and papayas, flower beds, small lawns, and arbors covered with flowering vines whose fragrance had never before perfumed the air of a low island. There was nothing throughout the archipelago to be compared with this garden, and it was typical of its creator that its fruits were reserved for his parishioners—the children, the old, the sick. His reward—and he found it ample—had been the joy of making it, and continued to be the joy of improving it.

Madame de Laage found him hard at work there, his rusty old scutane tucked up under his cord, helping as well as overseeing some boys who were mixing a heap of earth reddish-brown with decayed coconut husks and coral sand to fill a five-foot hole that had been dug near the wall.

"Here you find me, my child," he said, looking up at her approach. "See what a fine cargo of earth Captain Nagle has brought me. I am planting a young avocado in this spot. I have never yet tried one on Manukura."

"It is certain to thrive, Father, under your care," Madame de Laage replied.

"Let us hope so. If it does half as well as this mango, I shall be content. Have you seen finer fruit than these on Tahiti?" He pointed to a basket containing half a dozen fruit on a bench near by. "They are for Tavi's daughter—who will soon have her child. Will you take them to her on your way home? But keep one for you."

"She shall have all. There could be no kinder gift. Women's appetites are fickle at such a time. You are always thinking of others, Father."

"Nonsense! I have had more pleasure in growing them than you or you could have in eating them. Come, sit down, my daughter. My old bones are stiff; I need rest. You look sad, or do I imagine this? You have had no bad news in your letters from France?"

"I have come from the cemetery," Madame de Laage replied. "Mama Rua is there, with Fakahau. Her grave is ready. Will she die, Father?"

"But it is certain," the priest replied quietly. "You have seen it happen with our old people before."

"I know; but it is so strange, so unnecessary, so ——"

"So unnatural, you would say. I do not think so. What is natural is not only what we Europeans know. I have lived on Manukura too long to believe that."

"But she is so full of life. I can't believe it possible that we are to lose her."

"She knows, and she will go as she says. The thought of death troubles you now. It will not be so when you are old like Mama Rua and me. I, too, have my grave ready." He smiled as he pointed to the stem of his long pipe in a shady corner of his garden pipe. In fact, Father Paul's pipe had long since been made. "You see? I am a true native; I ought to be after so many years. Like the others, I wish to be prepared. But I shall not go soon. Not yet! Not for many years. I shall live to be one hundred. And I should wish to live one hundred more!"

"You have no desire to go home again?"

"Home?"

"To France. To see our dear country once more."

The old man shook his head quietly. "What should I do there, my child? I should die of homesickness at home, as

you call it. No; the wish of my heart is to close my life here where I have labored for fifty-five years. But what a talk of graves and dying we have had! And here is my fine young avocado tree to plant!"

The administrator had spent all of that day at his desk. Over the large, immaculate table where he worked hung a portrait in oils of his father, a veteran of the Franco-Prussian War, in the uniform of a colonel of infantry. The old gentleman, who bore a striking likeness to his son, stood with his hands clasped behind his back, and the figure in sharp relief against a curtain of velvet, looped back to give a glimpse of a smoke-dimmed battle scene. Do Laage had commanded a battalion of the same regiment in 1918, and on the opposite wall his own photograph in his uniform faced the father's portrait, painted in a more romantic style. There was only one other picture in the room—a double-page in color from *L'Illustration*, in a narrow frame of dark wood. It was entitled, *The Café de la Paix in Wartime*, and imparted to me, at least, the very breath and spirit of those days. It was one of those hazy autumn afternoons at the hour just before the lights began to twinkle on the streets. The knock of a news vendor was in the foreground, with the crowded pavement and the famous terrace beyond, where soldiers of all the Allied armies were sipping their drinks at the little tables.

Whether or not this picture aroused any emotion in Do Laage, I can't say. I never heard him speak of it. In his office, his mind was, I think, wholly engrossed in his work. He took deep pleasure in making his reports, worded in polished, academic French, and written without a blemish in his fine, regular hand. His returns on vital statistics, on the imports and exports of the archipelago, on transfers of land and the proceedings of the various land courts over which he presided, were positive works of art. He may have known that the fate of these masterpieces was but transitory: to be glanced at by some clerk who would jot down a hasty notation before consigning them to the central archives. If so, the thought was not permitted to interfere with the satisfaction he derived in composing them. His office was a refuge from disturbing reflections of whatever kind. When he closed the door and glanced about him at the row of manuals on their shelf, his letter presses, the chairs for visitors aligned along one wall, the files where at a moment's notice he could lay his hand upon any one of a thousand papers, and the inexhaustible supply of official forms and writing materials stowed away in drawers for each size and kind, he felt the pleasure of a creator contemplating the small, ordered world he made.

Outside of his office, unoccupied with routine tasks, he was less sure of himself. There were decisions to be made, judgments to be given on matters still in their fluid state, that had not yet solidified for comfortable handling in reports of things past and done. The bishop's letter concerning Father Paul was such a matter. Neither he nor his wife referred to it again, either at dinner or later, during their evening on the veranda, where he smoked his cheroot while she played through the new music she had received from France. Nevertheless, the conviction that he had been remiss in his duty worried him profoundly. He should

(Continued on Page 33)

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THE MOST BEAUTIFUL THING ON WHEELS



(Continued from Page 31)

had informed Father Paul at once, as the bishop had requested, but he had promised his wife to withhold the news until the Katopua returned. His word to her would have to be kept.

He retired at ten, slept badly for an hour or two, and found himself wide awake once more, still thinking of Father Paul. Liking and respecting the priest as he did, every day of delay would make the task of telling him the harder, and he was deeply grieved, as much upon his wife's account as upon his own, at the thought of the change that would be brought into the life of their little community by the departure of the priest. Who would be sent to replace him? One thing was certain: Whoever came, he could never fill the place of Father Paul.

Endeavoring to dismiss these unpleasant thoughts from his mind, he fell to thinking of Terangi and what the governor had written concerning him. Was it possible that the fellow might find his way back to Manukura? He would try, certainly. All his people were here. Nagie was the thoroughly honest man. It wasn't likely that Terangi could succeed in stealing away on his own account, but all the Tuamotu people were making a hero of him; a cutter would be placed at his disposal at any island of the group. It would be a simple matter to land a solitary passenger on one of the remote Manukura islets and sail away, leaving no one the wiser. Compounding a felony meant nothing to these people where one of their own race was concerned.

It was bad, this lack of respect for the law; due, no doubt, to slackness in administration. De Laage tossed restlessly in his bed, wondering whether he himself were not in part responsible for the native attitude toward authority. Had he been too easy-going in his own administrative policies? That certainly had been the case on Tahiti with respect to the enforcement of police and prison regulations. Terangi's numerous escapes, apparently at will, offered convincing proof of the fact. Justice should be well tempered with firmness in dealing with the inhabitants of all these islands. They were only too ready to take advantage of what they considered weakness on the part of the authorities.

De Laage found himself very wide awake as he considered these matters. He consulted his watch by the light of his flash lamp. It was past one o'clock. He rose, dressed, stepped out on the veranda, and then proceeded along the path that led along the outer beach, away from the village. It was a beautiful night, cool and cloudless. He hoped that a three-mile walk to the eastern end of the islet and back along the lagoon beach would insure a sound sleep upon his return.

The path was a lonely one; there was not a house of any sort along the outer beach, from one end of the islet to the other, but on so small a place there were trails everywhere, and this one was used by the men when fishing along the reefs, and often by the women when going to wash clothes, after a rainfall, in the pools of fresh water among the rocks. The moon was well down toward the horizon and De Laage was conscious of a feeling of sombre pleasure as he watched the silvery light flashing along the concave mirrors of the combers as they rose to crash down on the reef. There was a certain beauty in a low island land and sea-scape on such a night—that he admitted—but there had been opportunity, during his eighteen years of

atoll service, to enjoy it well past the point of weariness. How many times had he taken this same walk on just such nights? Not often in late years; that was true. In fact, considering the matter, he could not remember having left the grounds of the residency after dinner during the past year and more.

In half an hour he had almost reached the end of the islet. Crossing over to the lagoon side, he seated himself on the beach to watch the setting moon, and remained there for some time, enjoying a vacancy of mind refreshing and soothed after his troubled reflections of the earlier part of the night. Turning his head presently for an idle glance across the islet, he observed that someone was approaching from the direction of the village. It was a lad who moved at the quick, shuffling trot of the heavily burdened, and who carried a pole over his shoulder with a five-gallon kerosene tin hanging at either end. The administrator straightened his back and turned to regard the intruder with an intent stare. The policeman in him was suddenly on full alert. What could this young fellow be doing at such an hour? What was he carrying in those tins? Water, of course—they were used for nothing else—but who could want water carried here?

The lad passed in the moonlight without perceiving the watcher, and disappeared in the shadows of a thicket farther along the beach. De Laage arose and followed him.

He came upon him as he was setting down his burden alongside a large sailing canoe, moored among the trees at the water's edge. Suddenly aware that he was not alone, the boy gave a violent start and seemed half minded to make a run for it. His expression of terror further aroused the administrator's suspicions. He glanced at his face, revealed in the moonlight, and recognized him at once. It was Mako, the young son of Tavi, who had for some time been acting as the sailor and deck hand on Father Paul's cutter.

"What are you doing here?" the administrator asked. The boy made no reply. De Laage bent forward to look into the canoe. It had been packed with supplies of various kinds—axes, fishing spears, cooking utensils, bedding, with boxes and bundles carefully stowed away in all the available space.

De Laage struck a match to examine the contents of the canoe more carefully. It contained a surprising assortment of things. He turned brusquely to the boy and repeated:

"What are you doing here?"

Still there was no reply.

"Can't you speak? Tell me where you are going?"

Mako hesitated and finally said, without raising his eyes: "To Motu Atea, monsieur."

The administrator stared down at him. The copra cutting on Motu Atea had been finished well before the Katopua's arrival and the people had returned home. Why should this boy be preparing to go there at such an hour and with such a cargo?

"To Motu Atea? For what purpose? Why are you going there?"

Mako made no reply, but continued to stand with his head down, staring at the ground between his feet, impatient at his stubborn and nervous silence. De Laage ordered harshly:

"Come with me!"

He went along the path at a rapid walk, the boy following. It never so much as occurred to De Laage that he might run away, nor, in his terror and

anguish of mind, did the thought occur to Mako. His awe of the administrator was far too great to permit the slightest disobedience of his orders.

De Laage's mind was busy as he walked. A strange business, this. What the devil could the boy be up to? The chief himself had told him that the last of the copra makers had returned from Motu Atea the week before. Why, then, should this boy be going there? He was lying, evidently; but for what purpose? What reason could he have—
All at once a stupefying thought crossed his mind. Terangi! By heavens, could it be possible? Was the fellow on Manukura, concealed on one of the islets? Why not? His wife was here, as the people were here. Who would be so glad to shield him? There had been a time, after these many weeks, for him to reach home. His complete disappearance from Tahiti could only mean that he had got away.
De Laage felt a shiver passing down his spine. If this were true, thus might make him the laughingstock of the colony—an administrator ignorant of the fact that a notorious criminal was hidden at the very seat of government, on an island whose land area was scarcely greater than a large farm!

The village was profoundly silent as they passed its scattered houses. Here and there a dim light shone through the chinks in the thatch, from a kerosene lamp turned low, left burning as a protection against evil spirits, but the inmates were sleeping. Not so, however, in the house of Mama Rua. Marama was crouched near the door, left slightly ajar, watching for Mako's return. Hearing footsteps crunching over the coral gravel, she opened the door an inch or two wider. The forms of the two passers-by were indistinct in the starlight, but as they passed the house she had them in clear relief for an instant against the surface of the lagoon. With her keen sight she recognized them at once. She gave a little gasp of horror as she closed the door softly.

"Mama!" she exclaimed in a whisper. "Aüe, Mama!"

The older woman crept forward in the darkness to her daughter-in-law's side. "What is it? Who passed? There were two."

"Monsieur de Laage! He has Mako with him!"

"Eaha!"
"It was Monsieur de Laage! I couldn't mistake him!" She sprang to her feet. "I must tell father!"

Mama Rua gave an exclamation of anguish, pressing her hands tightly together. "Wait, child! I may know nothing. Follow them! Keep well hidden! Hide by a window and listen. Make haste! I will tell your father."

Next moment Marama was gone, running lightly in the shadows alongside the terraced Mako.

Followed by the terrified Mako, De Laage reached his house, stepped softly on the veranda, entered his office and lit the lamp. He placed a chair for the boy, so that the light would shine full in his face and motioned him to sit there.

He seated himself in his swivel chair with his back to the lamp. The lad gave him a brief, terror-stricken glance and then sat with his hands tightly clasped, gazing on the floor.

"Your name is Mako, eh?" the administrator began, in the dry, inquisitorial manner he knew so well how to assume. "Now, Mako, I want the truth. Where were you going with that canoe?"

The lad made no answer.

"You shall not leave this room until you have told me; understand that." De Laage went on; "and it will be the worse for you if you keep me waiting long. Answer me! For whom were those things in the canoe? Who told you to put them there?"

An agonized silence was the only reply. As the administrator sprang to his feet, feigning more anger than he felt, the door opened and Madame de Laage appeared in her kimono.

"What is it, Eugene?" she asked.

He explained briefly, and then said: "Since I have had the misfortune to awaken you, perhaps you will stop for a minute and help me. It may be that this boy understands less French than I supposed. Be good enough to ask him, in his own language, where he was going. Tell him that is no good in his language. I will have the truth!"

Madame de Laage turned to Mako, smiled encouragingly, and questioned him in a gentle voice. He tried to meet her eyes, but could not, and answered briefly, in a whisper almost inaudible. "He says he was going to Motu Atea."

"Nonsense! So he told me. I'll have no more of this! He understands French as well as yourself. *Tiens!* I'll soon have the truth!"

Swinging about in his chair once more, he faced the boy sternly.

"Look in the face, Mako! Look up, I say!" Slowly the lad raised his head. "For whom were those things in the canoe?"

Mako opened his mouth, but no words came. He tried to lower his gaze, but the administrator's eyes held him in a kind of hypnotic spell. The expression on his face, revealed in the full light of the lamp, was pitiful.

"Shall I answer for you?" De Laage asked sternly. "Shall I tell you for whom they were designed?" He paused, subjecting the lad's face to a merciless scrutiny. "For Terangi! He is here! You know it!"

The expression on Mako's face was enough. If the boy had written and signed a statement of all he knew, of all he had hoped to accomplish, the confession could scarcely have been more complete.

Marama, who had been crouching outside the open window, sank down with her head in her arms at the mention of Terangi's name. In an instant she had overcome her agitation. She stole down the veranda steps, passed through the gate like a shadow and ran toward her father's house at a pace few of the young men of the village could have equalled.

The administrator glanced at his wife. Her face was impassive; what went on in his mind was another matter.

"When did he come?" he then asked. "Answer me, boy! How did he get here?"

Mako was at the end of his possession. He mumbled in a voice terrified and indistinct: "On the cutter."

The cutter? Whose cutter? Germaine, what cutters have come in since I have been away?"

"Only Father Paul's."

De Laage gave a grasp of dismay. He turned sharply to Mako, taking the boy firmly in his hand, raising his head until he could look him full in the face. "Mako, do you mean to tell me that Terangi came here with you on Father Paul's cutter?"

The lad made no reply.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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✓ **com·plete'** (kōm-plēt') a. 1. With no part, item, or element lacking; free from deficiency; entire. —Webster's Dictionary

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THAT OLD GRAY MARE

(Continued from Page 15)

came? After all, the lawyer asked himself, was there so much difference between them? Were the tricks of Doc's trade any worse than his own? He had pulled some pretty rough ones in his time, even if they had always been in the cause of justice. Had he been a horse trader instead of a lawyer, might he not easily have found himself in precisely the same unfortunate situation as Old Doc?

"There, but for the grace of God, goes Ephram Tutt," he muttered, paraphrasing the famous exclamation.

"By jumping Jehoshaphat! If I can do anything for that old fellow, I will. I only wish I could."

But although it wasn't and the trout had suddenly begun to rise again, Mr. Tutt could not bring himself to go fishing on the day of Doc's trial. He could see at first glance, as he entered the courtroom, that the stage was set for a legal lynching. The jury, composed largely of the Sacred Camels of King Menelik, had already been sworn, and the district attorney, the Honorable Abner Pettingill, was about to open the case. He was a pale-faced, chinless, pimply young man, renowned for his eloquent oration, with political ambitions, a cockatoo's comb and a roving Adam's apple. Old Doc Robinson, sitting beside Squire Mason and wearing a look of helpless resignation, was going to be railroaded to make a Roman holiday. With his drooping mustaches, he was the counterfeit presentment of the woodcut upon the label of his own bottles of horse medicine.

"You may proceed, Mr. District Attorney," said Judge Tompkins, and the Honorable Abner, shaking his forefinger in the direction of the counsel table, burst into a torrent of invective against the prisoner. The defendant was, he declared, the meanest of all criminals—a horse thief. Had God given the horse strength, had He, in the words of Job, "clothed his neck with thunder," in order that a quack, a crook, a rogue, like this miserable specimen at the bar, might make use of that noble animal to defraud his unsuspecting fellow men? The Almighty forbid! No horse in Somerset County, at any rate, was to be put to such base uses unless the miscreant paid the full measure of the law.

The defendant had been indicted for grand larceny in the second degree—there was, to be sure, a count for petty larceny, but the jury could disregard that for the time being; for stealing property worth more than a hundred dollars, to wit, one gray mare. The crime was one of peculiar boldness and duplicity. This wretched thief had sold the mare in question to Jake Sowerbutt, an honest Republican farmer over Corinth way, and had gone back that very same night and stolen it out of the barn. Pretty sleek, eh? Took a professional to do a thing like that, eh? Almost kinda funny. Like the story of the feller who hired his small boy to go to bed without his supper and then, when the kid was asleep, had gone upstairs and stole the money. Hah! So the defendant was smiling, was he? Well, let him smile! He'd smile on the other side of his mouth before this trial was over! Did not the "immortal bard"—the Honorable Abner referred to as the great author, William Shakespeare—say that a man

"may smile, and smile, and be a villain?" He certainly did!

Perspiring, the Honorable Abner flung his hand heavenward in a final appeal to the Goddess of Justice and called Jacob Sowerbutt, the owner of the mare, to take the stand.

Mr. Sowerbutt, a small man with a husky voice, arrayed in a costume skin to that of a Coney Island barker, thereupon came forward and solemnly swore upon Holy Writ that he truly, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, so help him God. And he stated, being seated in his front porch about seven o'clock, after dinner, when this fellow, pointing at the defendant—had come driving along, accompanied by a nigger boy in a democrat wagon to which was hitched a gray mare—a kind of whitish-gray, with a white mane and white bobbed tail—and asked if he'd like to buy it. Dint Mr. Sowerbutt know this man? Sure he knew him; the feller'd been comin' through that part of the county fer years. Wa-al, they got to talkin', and the upshot of it was that, since his own hoss had just died of the colic, he tried out the mare for a mile or two and bought her for ninety-eight dollars cash money, put her in the barn, and the defendant went away.

Wa-al, that night after supper he had to go over across the road, and while he was behind the woodpile he heard someone come along and kind of slow up. He peeked over the top and seen what was Doc Robinson with his nigger boy in the same democrat wagon, and he heard Doe say, "That's the place! That's where the mare is!" Then they drove on. Next morning he found the barn door open and the animal gone.

"Did you ever see that mare again?" inquired the Honorable Abner in a portentous voice.

"You bet I did!" retorted Mr. Sowerbutt eagerly. "I knew who'd stolen her, all right. So I got Sam Hinky, one of my neighbors, to drive me over here in his automobile. We went straight out to the far grounds to where the horse had pull up his tent. I didn't see him nowhere, but there was another nigger loafin' around, and I asked him could I look at the horses. He said sure, so we walked around, and at first I didn't see nothin' that looked like my hoss—only a lot of roans and bays. Then all of a sudden I caught sight of a head stickin' out of a shed. I could see the nigger didn't want me to go over there, but I walked right up and threw open the door, and there was the gray mare."

"Your hoss?"

"My hoss."

"Are you proof positive it was your hoss?"

"Absolutely. At first I wasn't quite certain, because this here hoss had a long white tail while the mare I had bought had only a stub. Then I noticed something queer about the rump—some sticky stuff around the top of the tail. I was just goin' to feel of it when in comes the defendant."

"You better not touch that mare," he says to me. 'She's sick—got the glands.'

"Oh, has she?" I says. 'She seemed all right when you sold her to me.'

"What do you mean, sold her to you?" he says. 'I never sold you that

mare. The mare you bought was a different one.'

"It looks mighty like her to me,' I says.

"They was a team of matched grays," he says. 'I bought 'em down in Herkimer way. I sold you the off mare. This is the high one.'

"Seems kinda funny," I says, "if this was a team of matched grays, how this one has a tail and mine didn't."

"There was just somethin' of the owner's he got. He bought 'em that way. They passed the law agin' bobbin' horses" falls just about that time. He had bought the mare I sold you before that; then he found this one, which was a perfect match except for the tail, but he couldn't cut it off on account the law."

"That was too darn bad," I says, reachin' out behind me for the tail, and before he could stop me I gave it a yank an' off it come! It was Holler and fit right over the stump, but the glue wasn't quite dry, stumb."

"The tail come off?"

"Yes, sir. Off it come!"

The Honorable Abner bent over and lifted up what appeared to be the long white tail of a horse.

"Is this the tail to which you refer?"

Mr. Sowerbutt examined the tail with conscientious care.

"That's the tail," he declared definitely.

"I offer the tail in evidence," said the district attorney.

I received. Mark it People's Exhibit A," nodded the judge.

"Wa-al," continued Mr. Sowerbutt, "that was enough fer me, as I guess 'twould a beenfer anybody. So I swore out a warrant and had him locked up."

"What became of the gray mare?"

"The sheriff impounded her as evidence."

"Do you know something about the value of horses?"

"I've bought and sold 'em all my life."

"What, in your opinion, was the value of the mare you bought from the defendant?"

Mr. Sowerbutt frowned with the intensity of his cerebration.

"In my opinion, that mare wasn't worth a cent less than a hundred and fifty dollars."

"You got her cheap?"

"That's the idea. I got her cheap."

The Honorable Abner paused and cleared his throat.

"If Your Honor please," he said, "the mare for the stealing of which the defendant is on trial is now outside the courthouse. I should be glad if the jury could be given opportunity for a view, to aid in determining the animal's value."

"If the jury wish to examine her, they may do so," agreed Judge Tompkins. "We will adjourn court for ten minutes for that purpose. . . . Mr. Sheriff, you will keep the jury together and not permit them to converse either among themselves or with strangers."

The spectators poured out of the courtroom, and the jury, accompanied by Sheriff Higgins, Squire Mason, Mr. Tutt and Doc Robinson, followed them into the open air and joined the circle of Pottsvilleans gathered about the ejected creature, which, with lowered head, was standing in the middle of

the village square. Pot-bellied, sway-backed, with thick fetlocks, an obvious spavin on the off hind hoof, well-defined collar marks on the chest and withers, and projecting yellow teeth, this old gray mare was clearly not what she used to be, whatever that may have been. As David Harum might have said, the only evidence that it was a horse was the fact that it was not something else.

"She's fifteen years old if she's a day! Durn if I'd give twenty-five dollars for her!" declared Tugger Bill Gookin, who, having once owned a part of a trotting horse, regarded himself as an authority.

"Shut up!" shouted the sheriff.

" Didn't you hear what the judge said?"

"I ain't talkin' to the jury!" reported Tugger. "He said you wasn't to let the jury talk to strangers. Besides, I ain't no stranger."

This floored the sheriff.

"Wa-al," he said, "looked at her enough? I reckon it's ten minutes. I'm going to take ye all back, anyway. Come along now. Step lively."

So they all filed in again, Mr. Sowerbutt took the witness chair, and Squire Mason arose to cross-examine.

Did Mr. Sowerbutt regard himself as an expert on horses, he inquired. . . . Mr. Sowerbutt allowed he knew quite somethin' about 'em. . . . Was there any particular way that the witness could identify this hoss as his hoss? . . . Yes, sir, there was! He could 'a' told that mare anywhere by the spavin on the off hind hoof and the collar marks, let alone her size, conformation and general appearance. . . . Only owned her a few hours, didn't he? . . . Yes, but that was enough! . . . Squire Mason wiped his forehead and made one last effort. How could the witness be sure that the horse hadn't walked out of the barn by itself? Mr. Sowerbutt retorted that he had put the hoss across the door and then gone out by the rear. In the morning the hoss was down and, although Mr. Sowerbutt had seen some pretty smart horses, he'd never met one that could take down a bar. This sally was received with loud guffaws from the jury.

"No more questions," gloomed the squire.

"The People rest," chirped the Honorable Abner.

It had been quick work.

"Mr. Robinson, please take the stand," directed Mason, adjusting his spectacles and clearing his throat.

Old Doc's defense, which he gave with an air of bewildered innocence, consisted of the same explanation that he had made to Sowerbutt when the latter had accused him. He had bought a team of bobtailed grays from a farmer in Herkimer who was closing out his stock preparatory to moving to New York. He could not just remember the man's name—Smith, he thought it was. The mare he had sold to the complainant was the off mare, the one outside in the square was the nigh mare, a different mare altogether.

The Honorable Abner gathered himself to tear the witness to pieces.

"Where were you born?" he challenged, as if to imply that the witness might never have been born at all.

(Continued on Page 38)

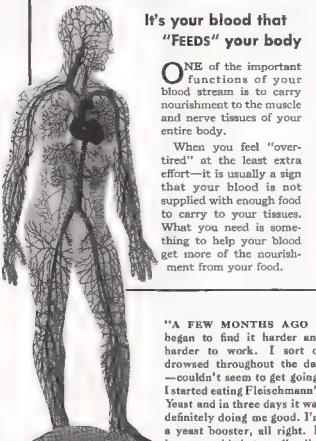
I'm sorry, Brown —
but we need a **HUSTLER**
on this job!



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"FEEDS" your body

ONE of the important
functions of your
blood stream is to carry
nourishment to the muscle
and nerve tissues of your
entire body.

When you feel "over-
tired" at the least extra
effort—it is usually a sign
that your blood is not
supplied with enough food
to carry to your tissues.
What you need is some-
thing to help your blood
get more of the nourish-
ment from your food.



"A FEW MONTHS AGO I
began to find it harder and
harder to work. I sort of
drowsed throughout the day
—couldn't seem to get going.
I started eating Fleischmann's
Yeast and in three days it was
definitely doing me good. I'm
a yeast booster, all right. It
keeps you hitting on all cylinders.
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work—now I can 'take it'!"

R. C. Ellis, Atlanta, Ga.

*— corrects Run-down condition
by feeding and purifying the blood*

Always tired...his work lagging ...other men forge past him

Feeling "all in" is usually an
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run-down condition—

WHEN you feel tired-out and de-
pressed all the time, it shows up in
your work. It's bound to! And no amount of
desire and struggle to get ahead can
put you where you want to be.

That fagged-out feeling, your doctor
will tell you, is usually a sign of a run-
down physical condition.

When this happens, it means your
blood is underfed, not absorbing the
full amount of nourishment from your
food. Your nerves and muscles suffer—
your whole system is less vigorous.

Fresh Yeast Feeds the Blood

Fleischmann's fresh Yeast stimulates the di-
gestive organs to new activity. As a result,
more nourishment is taken up by the blood—

and passed on by the blood to the nerves and
muscles throughout your body.

You soon lose your tired, run-down feeling;
and begin to know once more the force,
energy and the enthusiasm that take a man
way out in front and keep him there.

Fleischmann's Yeast does the most good
when eaten regularly—3 cakes a day, before
meals. Eat it plain, on crackers, or dissolved
in a little water, or fruit juice. Start today!



YOUR WORK GOES WITH A SWING when you
feel well. And you're ready for play when evening
comes. But when you're all tired out you slow
down. Keep well—get the most out of life!

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(Continued from Page 36)

"I don't know," answered Doc. "My folks traveled with a circus."

"Got any address?"

"Not exactly. I turn up in the same places 'bout every year or so."

"Have you a license to practice veterinary medicine?"

"No, sir."

"You hold yourself out as a doctor, don't you?"

"No, sir."

The Honorable Abner brandished a bottle of Doc Robinson's All-Healing Saine.

"This is one of your bottles, ain't it?"

"Yes, sir."

"What does the 'Doe' stand for?"

"Just Doc. What everybody calls me."

"Don't you sell this stuff to anyone who will buy it?"

"Yes, sir. And it will cure everythin' the label says it does."

"And don't you go around doctoring horses for money?"

"No, sir. I just sell the medicine, but I know a good deal about sick animals and I give my customers the benefit of it."

"You're a horse trader, aren't you?"

"Yes, sir," answered Doc simply.

"I've swapped horses for nigh onto fifty years."

"Make a good thing out of it?"

"No, sir. Hardly a living..."

"Where were you the night Mr. Sowerbutts' mare was stolen?"

"Right here all the time, except when I drove by his house a little after sundown, just as he says, and called my boy's attention to the fact that that was where we had sold the mare; but we didn't stop and we didn't go back."

"And you haven't any idea who stole the mare you sold to Mr. Sowerbutts?"

"No, sir. Some horse thief, I guess."

"Some other horse thief, you mean?" Jeers from the spectators and a rap for order from the judge. Excluded.

"Why did you put a fallin' tail on?"

"To keep him from better."

"To fool some innocent buyer?"

Old Doc straightened up.

"I don't reckon it would fool many of the folks in these parts. There ain't none slicker at a horse trade anywhere I know of."

"So you had two gray mares when you passed through Corinth only three weeks ago?" cooed the Honorable Abner.

"Yes, sir."

"Have you brought anyone here to court to testify to that fact?"

"No, sir."

"Why haven't you?"

"I didn't imagine anyone would be likely to remember. They'd only just recall I had a bunch of horses."

"You also came through Myrtle Grove and Wayland and Grafton with your two gray mares, didn't you? Couldn't you find somebody to come here and say so?"

"I don't believe so," returned Doc helplessly.

The Honorable Abner glanced significantly at the jury.

"You don't, eh? That's all!"

Old Doc climbed down and was followed by the two Negro boys—one a spindling with a peanut-shaped head and the other a roly-poly gnome, who admitted to having been in the reformatory. They corroborated

Doe's testimony in every particular. The Honorable Abner waved them dismally from the stand. Case closed.

"You may go to the jury, gentlemen."

They went—Squire Mason, in a halting, ineffectual argument based on the well-known possibility of mistaken identity, and the district attorney on the basis of an impulsive proposal calculated to land him in, trailing clouds of oratorical glory, in the senatorial chamber of the state capital. In conclusion he begged his fellow citizens not to be misled by sympathy into rendering a verdict for mere petty larceny as a result of which the defendant might become a guest of the county for an entire year, whereas, if convicted of grand larceny—to wit, of property more than one hundred dollars in value—he would be sent to state prison, thus relieving the local taxpayers of the necessity of his support.

Sowerbutts was a good judge of horseflesh and he had testified that the mare was worth a hundred and fifty. Even should the jury accept the price paid—ninety-eight dollars—as evidence of value, they must bear in mind that the defendant had stolen a horse, blanket and four harnesses as well, which taken together, would make up the required amount.

Judge Tompkins then charged that the trial was well established that possession of property recently stolen creates an inference that such possession is a guilty one and casts upon the defendant the burden of explaining it to the satisfaction of the jury—see People versus Rogan, 223 Appellate Division 242—and that the question as to whether possession of stolen property by a person accused of larceny establishes his guilt is one of fact for the jury—see People versus McCallum, 103 New York 587—and their verdict would be either guilty of grand larceny in the second degree, guilty of petty larceny, or not guilty. "You may return to your seats."

The jury struggled out. Judge Tompkins vanished into his chambers, old Doe was taken back to the prison pen, and the spectators drifted into the

square, from which the gray mare had already been removed to the livery stable.

Mr. Tutt was left alone in the otherwise empty courtroom. A verdict of guilty was a foregone conclusion. Yet, in spite of the evidence and Doe's exceedingly vague defense, the old lawyer still clung to his innocence. He might have solemnly argued his case to the last, but he could not bring himself to any sharp trick in a horse trade—and let him who was without sin cast the first stone—but at bottom he loved animals, and no man who loved animals ought to go to jail. Lighting a cigarette, the old man strolled into the corridor upon which the jury room opened and where Sheriff Higgins sat on duty. Sounds of altercation floated through the open transom. A verbal riot, was in progress.

"Sh-h-h!" whispered Mose. "They won't be long now. They've found him guilty already, but they can't decide on the degree."

"That old bonebag ain't worth fifteen dollars!" came the shrill voice of Pen Colson, the groceryman. "I'm fed up with Petty larceny."

"And have him roostin' over in the jail for a whole year at our expense? Not by a damnsight!" yelled Meecham, the foreman. "Grand larceny!"

"But we've got to give him the benefit of the doubt, ain't we? Well, I got one! Petty larceny!"

"Tell ye what!" proposed Meecham. "We're 'bout evenly divided. Let's roll for it. Fust feller gets a natural kin key the say. How about it?"

The proposition apparently met with approval, for silence descended, presently followed by the sound of rolling dice.

"I win!" shouted Meecham. "Grand larceny in the second. All agreed? Then it's a verdict!"

There was a pounding upon the other side of the door.

"Y' better beat it afore they come out!" admonished the sheriff, and Mr. Tutti beat it.

"Have you anything to say why judgment should not be pronounced

against you?" inquired Judge Tompkins two days later, looking down over the rim of his spectacles at Old Doc Robinson, who stood at the bar of justice.

Mr. Tutt took his place beside the prisoner.

"If the court please," he said, "Squire Mason has very generously consented that I be substituted for him as attorney for the defendant. Will Your Honor kindly make an order to that effect?"

"I see no objection, if that is the defendant's wish," replied the judge.

"It is," answered Doc. "If I kin hev Mr. Tutt, I want him to look out for me from now on."

"So ordered. Are you ready for sentence?"

Mr. Tutt stepped inside the rail.

"We are not, Your Honor. I wish to make a motion in arrest of judgment and for a new trial on newly discovered evidence. I ask the court to set this day week for the hearing and to issue a subpoena for the witness, Jacob Sowerbutts, returnable upon that day."

The Honorable Abner, who had fully expected that by that time Doc Robinson would be on his way to Dannemora, sprang to his feet.

"This defendant was convicted of a state-prison offense after a fair trial!" he snapped. "On the face of it, Mr. Tutt can't have any new evidence. If he has, let's hear what it is. I don't see why this defendant should be quartered on the town any longer, so that counsel can dig up more excuses for delay."

"Mr. Tutt has just come into the case," replied Judge Tompkins. "I shall grant his request. The prisoner is remanded until this day week. Mr. Clerk, you may issue as many subpoenas as Mr. Tutti desires."

Mr. Tutt's self-projection into the courtroom was considerable misgiving in the Honorable Abner, who could not help feeling that he had, somehow, gone rather far in his appeal for a verdict of felony upon economic grounds. It was true that Squire Mason hadn't entered any objection to his remarks, and exceptions must be taken at the time to have any legal validity. All the same, he felt sure that Old Man Tutti would find some way of making trouble for him. He felt more sure of it when Mr. Tutt entered his office after the court's adjournment that afternoon, sat down, tendered him a stogie and said:

"Mr. Pettingill, I must congratulate you on the skill with which you conducted the case against my client. Your address to the jury was a masterpiece. You should go far, young man! Very fair!"

"Oh, I dunno," cautiously returned Abner. "I did the best I could."

"On the other hand," continued Mr. Tutt meditatively, "nothing helps a man in a public career so much as a reputation for safeguarding the rights of the underdog."

"I guess that's true," agreed the D. A.

"In that connection, have you considered what a favorable effect it might produce if you should consent to have the verdict against Robinson set aside and the indictment against him dismissed?"

(Continued on Page 40)

SEASIDE SERENADE

IT BEGINS when you smell a funny smell,
And it isn't vanilla or caramel,
And it isn't forget-me-nots or lilies,
Nor new-mown hay, nor daffy-down-dillies,
And it's not what the barber rubs on
father,
And it's awful, and yet you like it
rather.
No, it's not what the barber rubs on
daughter,
It's more like an elderly manna haddie,
Or she'll say, an electric fan
Blowing over a sardine can.
It smells of seaweed, it smells of clams,
It's as fishy as first-night telephone,
It's as fishy as millions of fishy fishes,
In spite of which you find it delishes,
You could do with a second helping,
please,
And that, my dears, is the ocean breeze.
And pretty soon you observe a pack
Of people reclining upon their back,
And another sight that is very common
Is people reclining upon their abdomen.
And now you lose the smell of the ocean
In the sweetish vapor of sunburn lotion,
And the sun itself seems pale and colder,

Compared to vermillion face and shoulder.
Athletic young men uncover their torso
In the virile way that maidens adore so,
While paunchy uncles, before they bathe
them,
In voluminous beach robes modestly
swathe them.
The beach is peppered with ladies who
look,
Like pictures out of a medical book,
Like bikini queens, like bikini dancers;
Their clothes are riddles complete with
answers.
Last, not least, consider the kiddies,
Chirping like crickets and katydiddies,
Splashing, squeaking, slithering, crawling,
Cheerful, tearful, boisterous, bawling.
Kiddies in clamorous crowds that swarm
Heavily over your prostrate form,
Calicos kiddies who gallop in myriads
Twirl ardent Apollos and eager Nercls,
Kiddies who bring, as a priceless cup,
Something dead that a wave washed up.
Well, it's each to his taste, and a taste to
each;
Shall we saunter down to the bathing
beach?
—Ogden Nash.



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CITY _____ STATE _____

CREATING THE IDEEL

(Continued from Page 7)

fragile, restless-looking, thinly pretty, and what she was of a delicate prettiness, too; a dress of ivorine silk, a hat of cream and old rose—colors that were echoed in the frail rose-and-ivory wrap drooping from the back of her chair. Mr. Rumbin moved deferentially between her and the displayed picture; he seemed unaware of his assistant's entrance.

"Not two people in a million," he was saying, "not two people in t're million would right away said like you this great seventeenth century Dutch School Italian landscape it's too dark. In some people it's an instinct to be a connoisseur; it's born. Mrs. Kingsford J. Hollins, I congratulate you!"

"Oh, I don't know," Mrs. Hollins said. "I only know I know that picture's too dark."

"The dark is right! Look!" The dealer made a gracefully negligent gesture toward his new employee.

"Look, it's a young *Herr Doktor* from the university, the *Gallerie's* Head Assistant. Even he ain't never noticed it's too dark. Me? It shows I could be twenty-five years a art dealer and still got something to learn. It's miraculous!"

He removed the landscape, set it against a wall; and Howard, inwardly upset at the doctor's degree just conferred upon him, placed the Follower upon the easel.

"There!" Mr. Rumbin cried. "My great El Greco. You like?"

"Murder, no!" Mrs. Hollins said. "I should say not!"

Mr. Rumbin's enthusiasm for her was unbounded. He appealed to Howard passionately. " Didn't I tell you she's a collector? Simply, it's proved!" More calmly, he addressed the client. "You're right it ain't no positive El Greco. Mrs. Kingsford J. Hollins. More it's like a Follower. If I had Mrs. Kingsford J. Hollins' eye for collecting, I wouldn't been no art dealer; I'd be a Museum Director." He spoke again to Howard. "Bring my great Diaz flower piece."

"Wait. I don't like pictures of flowers," Mrs. Hollins said disconsolately. "Have you got anything by Leonardo da Vinci?"

"By who?" Mr. Rumbin's ample voice was suddenly small; he seemed enfeebled. "Who?"

"Leonardo da Vinci," Mrs. Hollins repeated. "I like his Mona Lisa immensely. Haven't you?"

"Frankly, no," Mr. Rumbin, swallowing, confessed. After a quick, "Frankly speaking, I ain't never carried a painting. Leonards they're more or less scarce; some people think there ain't no masterpiece." Completing his recovery, he beamed upon her again. "It's good taste, though. Wonderful taste!" He spoke hurriedly to the Head Assistant. "Leave out that next picture, the flowers."

"Yes, sir," Howard intelligently returned to the stock room, came back to the *Gallerie* bringing the third picture of the program, not the second. He placed it upon the easel from which Mr. Rumbin had removed the Follower. The new offering was an aged wooden panel with a surface of colors once violent, but now dulled into a dingy harmony.

"Adoration of the Magi by a Pupil of the Master of the Holy Kinship of Cologne." Standing beside the easel,

Rumbin moved his right thumb in exquisite curves as though using it to repaint the ancient picture. "Them Madonna's robes! Sweetness! Them beards on the Wise Men! Mackinifcent Flemish influenced prim!"

"Not as a gift!" Mrs. Hollins said. "You must think I'm crazy." She looked at a diamond-bordered wrist watch. "Listen. Kingsford J. and I're going on a three weeks' motor trip tomorrow; I can't sit around here all day."

The new assistant, who was beginning to understand programs a little, was certain that this one had gone too far in discouraging the client and that she'd passed the precise degree of fatigue after which she could be made to get excited. He had not yet learned that his employer was himself an artist.

"Mrs. Kingsford J. Hollins," Rumbin said, in a low and breathless voice, "it makes me feel senseless. Simply, it shows a *grande dame* can also be a *connoisseur*. One look and you recognized a Flemish influenced primitive ain't tasteful for your apartment. Ah, but wait!" He became dramatically commanding. "Bring my great Rosa Bonheur."

"Yes, sir," Howard said, and turned to go, but, behind Mrs. Hollins' whisper, Rumbin strode to him, whispering fiercely.

"Ask Georchie!"

Instantly the dealer turned smiling to his client. Howard went out to the shop and approached Miss Horne. "I think he must be mixing up the program. He told me to bring his great Rosa Bonheur."

"It's side of a house; you'll need help," she said. "Come on."

She led the way into the stock room, and there went to an enormous picture, the largest of those that leaned, backs outward, against the wall. Coincidentally there began to stir within Howard Cattlet, as he followed the competent young figure, a new and pleasurable feeling. It seemed to him that he might become warmly interested in his new calling on its own account. An art dealer's life, he perceived, could be absorbing.

"What's he want to show her this one for?" he asked. "She's beginning to be pretty sore; why doesn't he spring the one that he really wants her to buy?"

"He's still preparing her mind for that climax." Miss Horne took a soft cloth from a shelf and applied it carefully to the edges of the big picture's frame. "He knows, of course, she'll say this Rosa Bonheur is proportionately too large; that's just what he wants her to say. Then he'll suddenly show her the Clouet, the portrait of a handsome Valois gentleman in jewels and velvet—a lovely small size and a really beautiful picture too."

"Clouet? He was French, wasn't he?"

"Flemish and French," Miss Horne said, continuing to wipe the great gilt frame. "Of course, there aren't more than ten or eleven fairly certain Clouets—the French Revolution wiped out so many records and pictures, too, you see—but likely enough one of the Clouets painted Mr. Rumbin's Clouet."

"One of them? One of the—"

"Yes, or one of the shop staff of one of the Clouets. Of course, though, it

just might be a sixteenth-century police portrait."

"Sixteenth cen——" Howard looked at the shelves laden with baffling and oppressive pictures. "Police what?"

"They didn't have photographs in those days," she explained. "Pretty often they sent around copies of portraits of somebody who was wanted or escaped. Then take all the copies they gave their friends, and naturally you hear a good many small French portraits being called Clouet or Corneille de Lyons or —"

"Corneille—Corneille de who?" He looked at her humbly. "Do you have to know all these things about every picture in the world? How does anybody ever learn such a business?"

She gave him a glance in which there may have been some compassion; then was brisk. "You'll pick up a good deal from Mr. Rumbin—if you stay. We'd better be getting ahead with the Rosa Bonheur; he's had about as much time as he needs for talking between. I'll only go so far with you as the door to the Galleries."

One at each end of the heavy picture, they lifted it, carried it from the stock room and across the shop. Miss Horne proved to be one of those surprising girls who don't look very strong but she was also capable extremely. Near the door of the Galleries she whispered, "Stop here," and the two stood still. Mr. Rumbin could be heard speaking apathetically of paintings of animals—of Paulus Potter's immortal Bull, of superb cows by Troyon, of Monticelli's jeweled fowls, of mellow casts by Nicolas Masse, of splendid goats by Salvador Rosa. Other great names rolled out from the unctuous voice; and Howard Cattlet, beginning to be fascinated, wished he knew something about them. Also, he hoped they were impressing Mrs. Hollins, and thus almost unconsciously had the first symptom of a loyal apprenticeship.

Miss Georgina Horne coughed rather loudly; her employer interrupted himself. "Ah! She arrive," my great Rosa Bonheur!"

He came hurrying forth, took Miss Horne's place; and then, as he and his assistant brought their burden into the Galleries and placed it before Mrs. Hollins, received her gaily. "Ah, there's young *Herr Doktor*! Never thought you'd lift such a picture alone! Why don't you call Schmidt or Raoul to help you?"

"Sir?"

"Never mind," Rumbin said hastily. "She's too pig to go on the easel, set her down on the floor; we each hold her up at a corner. There!" Mrs. Kingsford J. Hollins, the greatest of all animal painters, Rosa Bonheur! You seen her works in the Louvre, in the Metropolitan. I ask you as a connoisseur, which? Them or this, which?" He used his free thumb as if repeating again. "This left ear of this horse! That little passage there! Organization! Seven horses—four great grand foreground horses putty near life size, and t'red behind in the background—altogether seven horses. Action! Simply, it's majestic!"

Howard looked at Mrs. Hollins expectantly, awaiting her denunciation of the seven horses; but, to his astonishment, her mood of bored annoyance seemed to change. She stopped smoking.

"Listen!" she said. "Why didn't you show this one to me in the first place? I got an uncle used to have horses like that on his stock farm. I always did like horses. Yes, sir; that's a right good picture." Her appreciation increased; she nodded decisively. "I'll take that one," she said.

"Madame?" Mr. Rumbin stared at her, chopfalen. "You say—you say you wish to acquire this great pig Ross Bonheur?"

"I'll take it," she said, rising. "I'll take it if you can find a nice place for it in my apartment. Send it up this afternoon." She turned to Howard amiably: "Doctor Um, do you mind telling my chauffeur to bring up the car?"

Howard went out to the street and found a glossy cream-colored touring car already before the door. He spoke to the chauffeur who descended and stood by. Mrs. Hollins stepped from the shop; Rumbin accompanied her, volubly upon the lifelong joy she'd had in her great Rosa Bonheur and the honor her visit had done him. Bowing from where his waist should have been, he kissed her gloved hand, bowed her into the car and bowed thrice again as it moved away. Then, with a stricken face, he rapidly preceded his assistant into the shop.

"Georchie!" he cried hoarsely to Miss Horne, who was replacing the Italianate Dutch landscape in the window. "Georchie, complete hell she knocked out of the program! The Clouet she never even seen, buys the Rosa Bonheur, never asks the price. I'm ruined!"

The lament of his, one sustained outcry, he uttered as he strode tragically through the shop, and the last and loudest of it, "I'm ruined!" was heard from within the Galleries, where he seemed to wish to seclude himself with his anguish. To his assistant, art dealing appeared to be utterly confounding. Here was the very largest picture in the place sold—and the fortunate dealer expressing agony in a Latin manner! Howard again sought enlightenment from the serious, gray-eyed secretary.

"What on earth's he mean? How's he—he?"

"Ruined?" she said sadly. "It might be. It's a long time since we've made a sale. He really hasn't had any client at all and he'd set all his hopes on getting her down here today; he was pretty sure it was his last chance. It's a pity. He's an extraordinary man and lovely to work for. I'm afraid you ought to know, Mr. Cattlet, because maybe you'd better not count on—on —"

"On my wages?"

"Yes. He mightn't be able —" "Yours, too?" Howard asked. For a moment the two young people looked at each other in comradely concern; he had a sympathetic inspiration. "You haven't had yours for a long time, have you, Miss Horne?" Then, as she didn't reply, he protested, "But since he's just sold that big picture, why on earth —"

"It's because —" She got no further; Mr. Rumbin, looking as haggard as a heartily healthy fat man can, came striding vehemently from the Galleries. "Try to sell her a white moccie; no, she buys an elephant!"

(Continued on Page 43)

DODGE

Economy Leader for 1935

Announces AMAZING NEW

1936 TRUCKS

With "PRE-PROVED" ECONOMY.. "FORE POINT" LOAD DISTRIBUTION



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(Continued from Page 41)

Buy's a work of art because she likes horses! Menachers I could sell. Old masters? No! I'm a animal seller!"

"Don't give up," Georgia said.

"Mr. Rumbin, it isn't certain."

"Certain? It ain't certain I'm bankrupt, either; it just look like it."

The dealer sank into a chair, wiped his forehead.

"In the first place, how would I make a price? Year eighteen

eighty-five—a Rosa Bonheur, sold

twenty-one thousand dollars Christie's.

Nineteen twenty-nine it sells again,

the same picture identical, at Christie's,

forty-six pounds; it's two hundred

twenty dollars. Anybody rich under

ten thousand dollars for a picture that

size, they think it's no good. If I ask

Mrs. Kingsford J. Hollins twenty

two thousand dollars, somebody comes in,

tells her, "I seen a Rosa Bonheur good

as yours, two hundred twenty dollars."

Right away she says me!"

"No, she wouldn't," Miss Horne

said. "She wouldn't want her horse

know she'd been that foolish."

"Georgie, what's the use talking

the price of a mountain that starts her

screeching. Take it back out!" soon as

it's inside her apartment where I

would go to hire an architect to block

window to—"

"Mr. Rumbin, you don't know there

isn't way. You haven't seen Mrs.

Hollins' apartment. Aren't you even

going to try?"

"Try? Am I going to try?" A

A change almost startling took place

within and upon Mr. Rumbin; he rose

grimly Napoleon. "Them seven horses

goes into Mrs. Kingsford J. Hollins'

apartment! The price it's t'reen

thousand eight hundred fifty, sued or

not. Georgie, get me Schwankel's

truck on the phone. . . . Howie, put

on your hat; me and you ride in the

truck with the Rosa Bonheur. It safes

a taxi and teaches you handling pic-

tures. I need Mrs. Kingsford J. Hollins

into my ideal client if it kills her!"

One item of this desperate declara-

tion the apprentice found warranted.

After getting the Rosa Bonheur into

and out of the freight elevator at the

Park Avenue apartment building, and

moved from one to another of Mr. and

Mrs. Hollins' costly rooms. Howard

Cattet added had learned something

about the handling of pictures. The

more skill he acquired, however, the less

hopeful dared he be that Miss

Horne's arrears of salary might be

paid—he put this first—and that he

could establish himself permanently as

an Art Dealer's Assistant.

It was his chief who snuffed out the

last glimmer. The two were silent all

together by Mr. Hollins' valet, who

had accompanied them throughout

most of the laborious tour. Mr. Rum-

bin descended from a stepladder, a

tape measure dangling from his flescid

hand.

"It's over!" He spoke in a husky

whisper. "The last chance—and she'd

stick out nine inches across them

window curtains!" His voice grew

somewhat louder and much bitterer.

"The both drawing rooms, the recep-

tion room, the music room, dining

room and Mr. Hollins' den—if it ain't

a door, it's a window, and if it ain't

a window, it's a fireplace, and if it

ain't a fireplace, it's a alcove. Look!

Decorated by Moultons; I'd known em

anywhere else, white silvers, chos-

lates, overstuffed brocades, new golds,

silver-gilt frames, black marble

shiny Egypt eats—it ought to be

against the law! What Moultons

must stuck 'em, anyways a hundut

tousand, I know their prices, they're

high, it's criminal!" He dropped

again, smiled pitously. "Howie, I

might commended like you some-

time. The cutaway worked good too.

"I'm sorry you ain't going to have no

choice with me. I'm finish." It's a re-

ceiver.

Howard had an innocently barba-

rous bright idea. "Mr. Rumbin, why

couldn't you trim off part of this

picture and—"

"Orcaus would; he's a scandal."

The dealer shook his head. "No, any way

you try to cut this picture down it

leaves part of a horse. Even a chaf-

feur would get upset to look at it."

Thus the end seemed to have come

definitely. Master and apprentice stood

silent, sharing calamity and listening

to approaching voices.

Mrs. Hollins came in, accompanied

by a bored little girl of thirteen, recognizably her daughter; and Howard de-

spondently observed that the mother

had changed her clothes, but not her

colors, and that the daughter's gar-

ments were similar in tint. Mrs. Hollins at the Rumbin Galleries had worn

a silk dress, cream or old ivory, with

a hat and wrap in which the colors

were patterned with tones of rose. Hatless she now wore a chiffon dress

of palest rose, pink socks,

light tan slippers and a tan blouse em-

broidered in rose. The young assistant

hadn't much of an eye for ladies' dress

and he was gloomy; but the irrelevant

thought came into his mind that Mrs. Hollins' taste must run strongly to those two colors.

"Well, Mr. Rumbin," she asked

brightly, "have you found a nice place

for my horse picture to go?"

"You don't get it!" Again Howard

was startled by a change in his em-

ployer. Stooped in despair but a mo-

ment ago, the dealer stood erect; his

voice was commanding, his look impre-

cious and stern. "Mrs. Kingsford J.

Hollins, you are a connoisseur and I am

a connoisseur; I wouldn't sell you my

Rosa Bonheur for a hundred thousand

dollars!"

"What? What's the matter?"

"Mat'er? What's the matter?" Rumbin's

steernerness increased to a passionate

severity. "How long have you had this

contraption, all hot rods, cold whites,

hot chocolates, cold silvers, hats next to

cold hats, overstuffings, gilt phones,

marble eats? How long?"

"What?" She was annoyed but

puzzled. "About a year. What's that

got to do with it?"

"A year!" Rumbin seemed to swell

with a noble fury. "A year and already

you are sick of it! I know it. What

connoisseur such as you could endure

this rhomboidon of colors? I don't

ask who you let decorate or what you

got charged; but if it was t'rey

thousand dollars it was a murder! For

exactly half that much in t'ree weeks

I would make this apartment so

pyootiful it would look like connois-

seurs and angels dreamt it and Mrs.

Kingsford J. Hollins lived in it. Fif-

teen thousand dollars, t'ree weeks while

you're away, and it's heaven!"

"Nonsense! If you aren't going to

hang up that picture—"

"The Rosa Bonheur?" he cried.

"Never! I sell myself what they ought

to have; Rosa Bonheur you shall not.

Pictures come after not before. What

you shall have, it's this apartment all

over—every room, all, all the whole of

it—in just shades of two colors and no

more."

Mrs. Hollins frowned. "What two

colors?"

"Rose! Rose and ivory!" he said

smiling. "Old rose and old ivory,

walls, curtains, draperies, carpets,

everything! No reds, no whites. Just

rose and ivory, and ivory!"

Mrs. Hollins' lips parted; her star-

ting eyes grew large. Like a magician,

Rumbin, glaring, held his fixed gaze

with his, while the little girl, bored

suddenly gone, jumped up and down.

"Mamma, it sounds perfectly de-

vine!" she squealed. "Mamma, all we

got to do is tell Papa it'll get you nervous

again if he don't like it. Let's do it!"

"Listen," Mrs. Hollins said. "I be-

lieve it'd be right pretty. Kingsford J.'s

just come in and gone to his set. Yes,

she believe I'll go tell him. It sounds

good. . . . Come on, Lulu; we'll

spring it on him!"

"Rose, Mama! The little girl,

screaming with pleasure, ran out of the

room and her mother followed. Rumbin

called after them.

"Rose and ivory! All in shades of

rose and ivory! It stays. All the rest rose

and ivory. All finished done complete

when you get back from your t'ree

weeks' motor trip you start on tomor-

row. Rose and ivory!"

He strode up to a glossy oval table,

picked up an instrument of silver gilt

and placed himself in communication

with the Rumbin Galleries. "Georgie,

tomorrow morning I get me t'ree weeks'

more lease life again from the be-

ing. Forget it. I got a deal fifteen thousand

dollars costs me twenty; I lose five.

If it comes off t'ree weeks from now,

Georgie, we move to Fifty-seven Street.

If it don't, your salary's maybe not

and I'm stuck in chail!"

Howard Cattet, listening, comprehen-

ded that he was still—though only

by a hair—an Art Dealer's Assistant.

He perceived also that the Rosa Bon-

heur was a dead issue; that his em-

ployer, penniless, intended to redecor-

ate Mr. and Mrs. Hollins' apartment

in rose and ivory at a cost to himself

of twenty thousand dollars, for which he

would receive fifteen thousand—and at

this point he was to be failing. Mr. Rumbin,

then, made no explanation as they

returned with the seven horses in

Schwankel's truck to Seventeenth

Street; nor did Miss Georgia Horne

enlighten Howard at the Galleries, ei-

ther then or later. She couldn't, be-

cause she didn't know.

"There are times," she said, "when

Mr. Rumbin hardly dares to let him-

self know what he's up to. He never

does like questions much, anyhow;

and we must just remember he's a re-

markable man." She paused, then ad-

deded conscientiously. "That is, I

mean if you feel you'd like to stay—

and can take the risk of being found

out. Now he owes twenty-six thousand

dollars more!" She took from a box

of statuettes a faintly gleaming, almost black bronze,

and placed them upon the marble

mantel. With a twinkle, she said,

"Look! Italian Renaissance is pleasant

de St. Agata. I wonder—"

"Wonder what?"

Georgina seemed to struggle with

the pressure of her loyalty; then she

burst out. "I've guessed his idea—I

mean I'm afraid I have. It's just too—

well, people do lose their minds and

still go about talking rationally and

and—"

"Georgie!"

to learn anything except how to hurry unnaturally. During the whole of the vital period, his association with Miss Horne was fragmentary, flitting and never anything like intimate.

He had an intimate association with Schwankel's truckmen, however, moving the furniture, carpets, rugs, curtains and ornamental garnitures of the absent Hollins family out of their apartment and into a storage warehouse until a trace of Moultons was left, except in Mr. Hollins' den. Also he brought to Park Avenue momentous truckloads from the Galleries, and crates from auction rooms wherein Rumbin had plainly been plunging. At the apartment, the assistant, jostled by workmen, measured floors, ran errands, mixed buckets of paint and carried them up step-laden to a fevered chief turned painter and working passionately to obtain exquisite accuracies in color.

Rumbin had been looking like a thin fat cat. On the last morning of the Hollins family's absence, he came into the Galleries pallid, having worked at the apartment all night, alone.

"We take my great Clouet in a taxi, Georgie," he said. "You get a sandwich with your left hand for lunch and dinner. You come, too, today. She wires me from Gloucester; they're home eight o'clock this evening. Up to date, twenty-four thousand dollars sixty cents, and noon comes the second drawing room's carpet eighteen hundred fifty. Hurry, Georgie!" Thus the assistant, unrolling a beautifully faded Aubusson rug, had the pleasure of seeing morning sunlight momentarily gild the fair head of the secretary as she came into the apartment and passed a window in the hall. Until late in the afternoon he had only glimpses of her, mostly through doors; then, when Mr. Rumbin sent him to help her hang the Clouet above the narrow mantel in the reception room, and they were alone together.

"Even I can see it's a grand little thing," said from the step-ladder. "It's an illusion, a small picture, an allusion to the growing small picture she liked to have; it's big enough for fifteen thousand, too, doesn't it? Either he's crazy or I am."

Georgina was pale. "Even at auction this Clouet ought to bring four to seven thousand dollars. He's put the Largillière Duchess over the mantel in the first drawing room and the Francis Cotes Lady Blount over the mantel in the second, with the English eighteenth-century furniture. He's got the Troyon in the dining room, and Thomas Sulley's Madama Malibran in the music room. They're by far his five best pictures. Besides that, he's brought up here most of the best objets d'art and every bit of the furniture that's really good! He'd already borrowed over the limit on everything he owns, long before this began. Now he owes twenty-six thousand dollars more!" She took from a box

of statuettes a faintly gleaming, almost black bronze, and placed them upon the marble mantel. With a twinkle, she said, "Look! Italian Renaissance is pleasant de St. Agata. I wonder—"



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Common winter ills may not be serious, but they are certainly uncomfortable to have. And this is one of the peak months for them. Experts say that they occur more frequently, and last longer in January and February than any other time.

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The increase in common ills during the winter months is graphed here. Data taken from figures at U.S. Public Health Dept.



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Rumbin summoned her to him in the broad hallway and set her upon a task there. He came into the reception room, had the Clout lifted an inch, then gave Howard the key to the locked-up Galleries and sent him all the way to Seventeenth Street for a tiny patch box, eglomisé mounted on ivory, that had been overlooked.

When the young man returned, the workmen were gone and Mrs. Hollins' staff of servants had begun to come back to the apartment and start to turn Rumbin and Georchie were still busy.

Rumbin stopped at last. "I can't do no more; I can't tell what I'm doing. If I got them crystal chandeliers and crystal sconces cleaned enough, I don't know. It's o'clock seven-twenty. Georchie, in them boxes on the hall Directoire consoles, it's four dozen pale pinky roses, four dozen pale yellow; you place 'em, Howie. I borrowed from the butler one guest rooms; the suitcases they're in there—we put on our tuxedo suits. If we get drowned, anyhow we go under dressed up!"

In the process of dressing, however, even this consolation seemed not to console. He sat sagged upon the bed, spoke hollowly from the inside of the shirt he drew over his head. "Howie, what's a art dealer's life?"

"Sir?"

"It's an egyptian!" Rumbin's head emerged; he began with feeble fingers to insert small gold studs in the shirt. "It's an egyptian of always strutting to create the ideal. Clients got to be made; they ain't born. Howie—"

"Sir?"

"Used to have NRA on the show window, Howie," Rumbin said. "It meant I Put running Any. Comes tomorrow I put up some more letters, different. I make it 'Rumbin Galleries, S. I. G.'"

"S. I. G., sir? What—?"

"Soaked in the Jaw," Rumbin explained. "Howie, you and Georchie come see me sometimes when the U. S. Government sends me to Leaven-worse." He rose, completed his change of clothing, looking dreamily in a mirror, and then, shifting his gaze to his assistant, showed a little interest. "Listen, Howie, when Hollins come, you stand around looking at 'em just like that—like you know you're more fashionable than them, but wouldn't say so. That cold solemn look you got, it's good; it's a big effect."

Howard grew red, spoke impulsively: "I don't feel cold. I—I wish I could do something, I don't understand at all; but—I do wish I —"

"No, don't break it," Mr. Rumbin said sadly. "Just keep looking natural; it's good. Come on; let's go get arrested."

Returned to the drawing rooms, fine vistas through the suite seemed to please him mournfully, not making him more hopeful. "Space," he said. "Looks anyhow twice as large as Moultons done it. Space and coolness, no hot tones—all cool tones of rose—some berries a little warmed, for richness; it's rich but yet cool. Georchie, you got just the right spots to polish

roses. Flowers lifts a place to life. It's all pyootiful; but does it happen?" There was a sound of little bells, servants hurried through the hallway, and Mr. Rumbin crumpled, yet even in despair was practical. "Georchie, keep in the background; you look like you been working. My Lort, I got not the muscle of a kitten!"

With rolling eyes he sent one spasmodic glance about the great place he'd so utterly transformed; upon the instant, smiling, he stood and distended, his gaze beaming, his whole person bold, confident and sleek. Indulgently, sure of praise, he waved both hands in wide and gracious gestures.

"Welcome home!" he cried. "Welcome to all rose and ivory, Mr. and Mrs. Kingsford J. Hollins and little Miss Lulu. Look what a home you got now! Welcome home!"

Mr. and Mrs. Kingsford J. Hollins and little Miss Lulu paused in the open, wide doorway before Rumbin. Mr. Hollins, a small, dried, gray man with icy nose glasses, looked annoyed. Mrs. Hollins and little Miss Lulu stared into the room, gazed up and down the hall and through all vistas visible to them. Their eyes widened and widened; then both began to seem softly.

"Beautiful!" Mrs. Hollins cried. "Perfectly des-vine!" little Lulu shouted.

They came in, exclaiming rapturously. Then they began to flutter from room to room, making outcries:

"Perfectly gorgeous!"

"Look at this heavenly sofa!"

"Oh, the lovely, lovely picture!"

"Oh, look at this one, too, Mamma!"

They were heard calling to each other from the farthest rooms:

"Heavenly!"

"Des-vine!"

"Grand!"

"Oh, scrumptious!"

Mrs. Hollins, radiant, preceded by her whooping child, swept back to Rumbin. "Mr. Rumbin, you never dreamed anything could be so beautiful! It's worth all that horrible horseback trip we've been on. It's a dream!"

Lulu was already calling from the reception room: "Mamma, come look! Here's something we missed. It's a man with lovely jewelry on. It's gray and brown!"

Mrs. Hollins flew jubilantly to the summons; but Rumbin's expression, as he looked after her, became almost theatrically solicitous. He shook his head, made lamentant sounds. "Ts, ts, ts!" With an air of deepest concern he approached Mrs. Hollins' husband. "Mr. Kingsford J. Hollins, please, please! Please don't let your wife get so excited!"

"What?" Mr. Hollins said crossly. "I'm doggone glad she's tickled, myself. What's the matter?"

"It'll break her heart," Mr. Rumbin said in a low, deeply troubled voice. "She didn't let me time to explain. When she finds out—but you know her nerfs yourself, Mr. Kingsford J. Hollins. She's delicate; and such a

disappointment could send her moaning in bed. She thinks she owns all these pictures, all these objets d'art, all the furniture, all the antiques —"

"What? What you mean she doesn't own 'em? She said you said fifteen thousand dollars for —"

"Certainly," Rumbin agreed benignly. "Fifteen thousand dollars for the apartment, Mr. Hollins—the pyootiful old-vory walls, white-ivory ceiling, the rose curtains, rose curtains, roses—four Aubusson, Mr. Hollins—and you got antique crystal chandeliers, crystal sconces, all macknificent. Of course, it couldn't include no paintings, no old masters, no Renaissance bronzes, no eighteen-century furniture, no details like snuffboxes, patch boxes. Riccio inksstands. I put all these pyootiful masterpieces in here for this one evening just to make it a bright welcome home for her, so she gets a treat looking at 'em a little, Mr. Kingsford J. —"

Mr. Hollins said "What?" so intently that two listeners across the room, interested in an old silver vase of roses, looked at each other miserably. "What? Just for this evening? You mean you intend to move all this stuff out tomorrow?"

"But all you Moultons I move in, of course, Mr. Hollins," Rumbin's voice sounded ingenuously. "Please! Please. Mr. Kingsford J. Hollins, run stop your wife from getting used to thinking she owns all these pyootiful things. Tell her she's got her lovely rose-and-ivory apartment, but, of course, not no Cloud nor Troyon nor —

Listen! She's hollering louder over the Cloud! You got to think of yourself, Mr. Kingsford J. Hollins, too, because what'll her nerfs be the longer you put off telling her —"

"See here!" Mr. Hollins' expression was concentratedly bitter. "What's your figure?"

"My figure? For —"

"For the whole damn jamboree! What's it got to cost me? Here, come out to my den when there's some paper and ink."

"Hollering again!" Rumbin bowed as profoundly as ancestor of his had bowed to the reigning princess. "Certainly, Mr. Kingsford J. Hollins," he said, and his voice, beginning with the bass viol, ended with the flute. "It's a pleasure!"

Then, as he followed the crossest millionaire in the United States out through the doorway, he looked back over his shoulder at two excited young people who'd given up pretending not to listen. He slowed his step and paused; Mr. Hollins could be heard stamping down the corridor. Rumbin rolled shining round eyes in that direction, thus by a purely ocular gesture designating whom he meant by the one symbolic and prophetic word he triumphantly whispered:

"Idell!"

Another thought detained him yet another moment. "Don't wait no longer, Georchie and Howie. You're both raised ten a week, payable weekly. You're permanent, Howie. I commenced liking you."

SHE NEEDS AN OLDER MAN

(Continued from Page 13)

out at the moonlight over the Sound. So she had married Lannie Cotter, who was too crazy about her to be stubborn; and she had made him happy—thanks to the lesson she had learned on me. Then he was killed in the war,

and after a year or so, she married Fabian Smith. I might have had something to say about that if I'd been around, but I was in Lithuania, experting for the Peace Commission. So Fabian Smith got her, and proceeded

to make millions in mergers and holding companies; when he died in 1930 he left her rich, even after the crash.

And then she married Birkleven — "Birkleven must have been hard to handle," I said. "An Englishman's

home is his castle; not his wife's." That was utterly inexusable, even from an old friend, but it didn't ruffle Jasmine.

"Oh, Geoffrey was a very reasonable man, for an Englishman. And I was thirty-five when I married him—experienced enough to be tactful."

Yes, I reflected, she'd always be tactful now; she could run a steam roller right over the average man and make him think he liked it.

"You'll be marrying again before long, I suppose," I ventured.

"Oh, Adam, I don't believe I ever will. Not any more."

"But that's ridiculous!" I said angrily. "Being married is your nature. And your profession. And from all accounts you're extraordinarily good at it. To let you stay a widow would be as inexorable as a weetie as bengching. Dizzy Dean or something down the Pennsylvania Railroad."

"It's sweet of you to say so, darlin'. I was very happy with all my husbands; and I made them happy, too, unless they were awful liars. But I sort of feel that after three such—such unhappy experiences I ought to stop. When I've been bereaved so often, it looks as if I'm a hoodie."

Now, up till that moment I had hardly ever thought how Jasmine must have felt at losing, one after another, three husbands whom she loved. She was so supremely competent, she had made such a success of every one of her marriages, she ruled her household with such velvety smoothness, that you couldn't help feeling that a husband, to her, was only a spare part. She got along beautifully with whatever one she had at the moment; but if anything happened to him, she could get another one just as good. But now I realized that this woman had been hurt—badly hurt—again and again. . . .

I didn't know my arms were around her till she put them away.

"Please, Adam, don't mention if I ever did marry again. I wouldn't marry anyone. If we couldn't get along when we were young and pliable, we certainly couldn't now that we're set in our ways."

"Who said anything about marrying me?" I snapped. She was very lovely, with her big dark eyes looking at me reproachfully; it annoyed me to find her jumping at conclusions and being just as unreasonable as ever. "Do you think," I demanded, "that I'd become an inmate of this—this zoo of yours, no matter how well you run it? You were blue, and I was trying to cheer you up; that's all. I hadn't the slightest intention—"

"Well, I've observed," said Jasmine with composure, "that intentions don't often amount to much, if you once get started. So you and I better not get started. You'd be happier if you were married, Adam, but you need a younger woman—one who'd adapt herself to your ways and look up to you."

And just then Mary Lee came out on the porch—looking, in an evening gown, most astonishingly like the Jasmine of twenty years ago.

"Have a good time at the dance," said Jasmine; and dismissed us both, ungraciously, with that maternal benediction.

Mary Lee was silent as we drove over to the club; I suppose she resented being packed off to the dance with an old fuddy-duddy.

I hadn't much to say, either; I was beginning to wonder exactly how much Jasmine had meant when she

said that her daughter needed an older man.

III

MARY LEE danced with the perfume you could expect of Jasmine's daughter, yet I found myself stuck with her; young Armbruster cut in on us once or twice, but mostly the men let her alone. I couldn't understand that, till we strolled out on the dock to smoke between dances in the starlight. All around us, yachts were moored on the still water; lighthouses flashed along the horizon; it was as placidly beautiful a scene as you could ask for. But when I said something to that effect—

"I hate it!" she flared. "I hate all these summer colonies where people live at someone's profits wrung from the exploited workers!"

"Most of these men work pretty hard themselves," I told her, "even if they take it easy up here of week ends."

"Just the same, they're exploiters. Of course, my father was too."

"Lannie Cotter? Whoever told you that? He was a sports writer."

"I never knew my real father; I always called Fabian Smith papa. He was nice," she admitted, "but the way he made his money in Wall Street——"

"He didn't know any better. And granted," I said, "that a civilized society would have no place for men like Fabian Smith, your mother does a lot of good with what's left of his money."

"I know. My mother is a very wonderful woman." She ran that off rapidly, tonelessly, as if she were reciting something learned by heart. Then, hopefully: "So you don't think this is a civilized society, either?"

"Not very. But that doesn't mean that I'm a Communist."

"No, you couldn't be," she agreed. "You're a university professor; all your interests are up with the modern class."

"Just a lackey of capitalism, eh?" I was beginning to see the light now—several lights. "I don't suppose you find the young fellows around here much interested in Communism, do you?"

"They don't even know what it is—except Karl Armbruster. He's educated enough—he's a statistician for the RFC—but he's just too stubborn to see what's so. And when you try to tell him, he argues about it."

"Why try to tell him?" I asked. Mary's eyes were stern.

"Because people ought to have the right opinions. People like Karl, anyway; people who—who are worth taking an interest in."

"So your mother used to think." She shrugged impatiently. "Probably she seems conservative to you," I said, "but she was quite a radical in her day. She used to shock her Aunt Lucy terribly; she smoked cigarettes, and got arrested for agitating for women's suffrage and birth control."

"Reform palliatives," Mary shifted. "Being arrested for things like that is almost counter-revolutionary. Now, Communism——" She paused.

"Go ahead," I urged her, "if that's what you want to talk about." I was used to it; in every one of my university classes there are a few students who spout Communism till they wear out everybody's patience.

"What's the use?" she said wildly. "I don't really know much; you could argue all around me. You wouldn't take me seriously. Nobody would!"

She was almost in tears. I took her in my arms, and why not? I felt as if



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she were my daughter, and I was beginning to appreciate just how difficult a situation the girl was in.

"I take you seriously," I began; and just then some misguided humorist on one of the yachts took a notion to turn his searchlight on the dock. That happens now and then at the Saturday night dances, and usually they catch somebody in somebody else's arms. But me, and a girl of eighteen! This would be all over Fair Harbor tomorrow. She broke away, laughing.

"And they all know it now, Adam! You don't mind my calling you Adam, do you? People will expect it, after this. . . . Come on, let's dance."

More men danced with her after that; gradually the look in her eyes became assurance, of defiance. And as we went home, she said:

"It was nice of you to dance so much with me," she said demurely.

"Don't be coy, Mary! You know you dance better than any other woman on the floor—and look better too."

She was silent a while; then: "Tell me something, Adam. Do I look very much like mother—as she looked when she was my age, I mean?" I told her that she did. "I thought so," she said with a queer laugh. "But it was a lovely evening, anyway."

IV

THREE was the usual crowd of swimmers on the club dock Sunday morning, and among them I presently encountered young Armbruster. He didn't seem particularly glad to see me, somehow; but I had a missionary work to do.

"Mary Cotter tells me that you two have been arguing Communism," I began.

"If you can call it arguing. She doesn't know anything about it; she's only picked up the patter. I had to try to show her where she was wrong."

"Why did you have to try to show her?"

"People ought to think straight—people like her, anyway," he added savagely. "It makes me sick to hear her talking like my father!"

"Like your father?" I said blankly. He grinned.

"You see, sir, my name is Karl Marx Armbruster; my people were revolutionaries, and they brought me up strictly in the faith. I had to read the sacred writings from cover to cover; and when I got old enough to think, I picked out the soft spots. There's stuff in Marx that's as hard to swallow as Jonah and the whale. But father wouldn't argue with me; he'd only lose his temper and tell me that this was so because the Good Book said so."

"I see. Did you ever tell Mary that she talks like your father?"

"Why, no. Why should I?"

"I'm not sure you should. It's hard to know how to handle women like Mary—and her mother," I added, thinking aloud. "Their opinions don't really matter." That shocked him, obviously. "I mean," I explained, "that what they are, what they're worth as persons, is not more important than what they happen to hold at any particular moment. And yet you don't dare let them see that you don't think their opinions matter. No, I don't know that I can advise you."

"Who asked you to advise me?" And off he went, bristling. I realized, then, that he must have heard about that searchlight episode; and perhaps he was jealous of me. No telling what I had let myself in for when I promised Jasmine to help her with Mary.

Then down the dock came Jasmine herself—in white today. Not every woman of thirty-nine can get away with a white bathing suit, but she did.

"Mary says she had a lovely time last night," she told me. "I'm so grateful, Adam. And did you find out why she doesn't like men?"

"I found out why men don't like her." Jasmine went white with horror. "Why should they like her?" I demanded. "Young fellows who've been working hard all week in the hot city, and have come up here to cool off over Sunday, don't want to hear about dialectical materialism!"

"How dreadful! I'd have thought that one day my daughter would never discuss in mixed company! But you like her, Adam?" I said. "I did. Then I should think," said Jasmine, "that older men—"

"What chance has she ever had with older men? She lives at home—with you. Do you think an older man would look at her when you're around?"

"I hear you looked at her last night," she said dryly. So that story had got to her already! "But then, of course, I wasn't around."

"I took her in my arms," I admitted.

"Do I take my own daughter in my arms if she feels blue. And Mary would have been my daughter, if ——"

"If I wanted to marry you," she finished unanswerably. "As it is, she's Lannie's daughter—and mine. You made her very conspicuous, Adam!"

"Yes, and it was good propaganda for her! It suggested that maybe she's interested in other things besides the dictatorship of the proletariat. And if you think I go around making love to schoolgirls ——" I blazed. "I prefer women of my own age!"

"I spouse they trolley over one another, fightin' for a privilege?"

But her eyes could not meet mine; she stepped out across the water, toward the distant reef. With the wind blowing her hair, she looked like the Winged Victory of Samothrace without the draperies.

There were things I wanted to say to her, but a crowded dock was no place to say them.

"Some day when Mary's out sailin'," she murmured. "I must get her to drop me off at the reef at low tide, to pick some mussels. Adam, I bet you never tasted anything as good as mussels the way I cook them."

"Don't change the subject! We're not talking about shellfish!"

"We were talkin' about Mary Lee," said Jasmine, her eyes steady now. "If you could reason her out of her state of mind ——"

"I don't care whether people have right opinions," I said sulkily.

"You don't? You used to argue enough with me about my opinions."

"I was young then, and in love with you. Young people in love can't help trying to convert each other, but at my age ——"

"You promised to help me," she reminded me. "Have you got any idea what they talk about such terrible things to the boys?"

"The kind of the convert. But that's only a symptom. I'm looking for the causes of her disease, but one of them's pretty plain. She needs an interest, an outlet for her energy—in short, she needs a job, Jasmine."

"What could she do? She did talk once about goin' to New York to work for the Communists. But, of course, they wouldn't pay her anything, and I wouldn't continue her allowance so she could do a crazy thing like that."

"You'd better let her go. I can't imagine any quicker cure for Communism, in a girl like Mary, than associating with Communists."

"Well, we'll save that for a last resort," her mother decided. "I'd rather see, first, what happens to her from associatin' with you."

She didn't seem to care what might happen to me.

V

ASOCIATING with Mary was no hardship; I liked the girl and she seemed to like me, though she treated me with a faintly amused indulgence that made me wonder if she thought I'd really been trying to make love to her that night. But we swam and played tennis; and when she talked Communism, I listened, fascinated—so that if she got it off her mind with me she'd talk about something else to the young fellows. Apparently she did, for she was more popular now. I don't know whether I was much of a moral influence on her, but I seemed to be a useful decoy duck.

But I didn't see much of Jasmine; she'd been inundated by another wave of visiting relatives. One afternoon she brought them down to the club—three carloads of them, large and small; when they got into the water they looked like the New York Yacht Club on its annual cruise—with Jasmine, unmistakably, the flagship. Presently she swam out to the float and joined me.

"Nice to see you again, Adam." As if she couldn't have seen me every day, if she'd wanted to! "Though I ought to be very angry at you," she said severely, "for keepin' Mary out so late last night." This was news to me; last night I'd stayed at home, alone. "Not that I was worried," she said. "I kept late hours myself at her age, and I turned out to be a good woman. But you—why should you be very angry, Ho wover—?"

"However," I supplied, "you knew she was safe if she was with me."

"Indeed, no such thing! I've been out with you myself, when I was her age; and sometimes I needed all my self-possession. However, as I was about to say, I have complete confidence in Mary Lee."

That was more than I had, by this time. When we met on the tennis court the next day, I thought I'd better make my position clear.

"Look here, young lady: I don't mind providing you with an alibi when you need one. But you might at least tell me about it beforehand, so that I could fix up my story." She had the grace to blush.

"I'm sorry, Adam. If I'd known Karl and I drove over to a roadside near Ridgebury to dance, and we got into a row, and — Well, it was my car, so he said he'd walk home. Twenty miles!" When he started, I drove up behind him and told him to stop being ridiculous and making me look ridiculous, but he just kept on walking. In the end, he walked all the way, with me alongside the car we didn't get home until dark. I've been ashamed to tell mother about it; she's so clever at handling her son."

"But why didn't you drive on and let him walk?" I asked.

"Alone? On a back road? In the dark? I couldn't believe he'd be such a fool as to walk twenty miles!" Thereupon, I decided to take a chance.

"Why, Mary, I thought you knew he was stubborn and wrong-headed."

"Who says so?" she blazed.

"If you mean about Communism, I can understand why he hates it; it's all tied up

with his memories of home life. He identifies Marx with the father image."

At that, I took another chance:

"Just as you identify capitalism—or whatever system you might live under—with the mother image. In Russia, you would be a counter-revolutionary."

She stared at me, and I could see all her assurance oozing away. It's rather cruel to knock the intellectual props out from under an eighteen-year-old, but I thought we'd all be better off in the end. "I'm not blaming you, Mary. It's hard to grow up in the shadow of such a successful woman."

"Successful?" She laughed. "Of course men always think she's wonderful. The Weather Goddess—De-meter or Aphrodite, what have you. But I don't think I was very successful if I'd lost three husbands."

"Lost them? But she never had to divorce a man! They died!"

"Why did she let them die? Lannie Cotter didn't have to go to war, with a wife and baby to support. Would he have enlisted if they'd been so terribly happy?" Fabian Smith died of pneumonia, but what really killed him was a broken heart; he couldn't stand not being a great man any more, after the stock crash. If she'd been such a wonderful wife, would that have mattered? And Birklevens — If I asked my husband not to take a plane across the Alps, and he took it anyway and crashed, I wouldn't think I was so successful. She was happy enough with all of them—she's plaid, she always manages to get her way—but I don't think she was ever crazy about any of them. And no doubt she made them all happy, in a way; she's clever, she runs her household the way Toscanini runs an orchestra, and she's probably —

But a man worth living with wants to call his soul his own; and if a woman isn't strong enough to let him do that — At that, I blew up too. "Why, you little snip! If you're half the woman she is when you're her age, you'll be doing well!"

But she only laughed.

"I seem to be enough of a woman for you to play around with now—but don't think I don't know why. You call her up every day; and when she won't see you, you make a date with me! You couldn't get her twenty years ago, and you can't get her now; so when you see a woman who looks like her — I'm tired of being her understudy!" And she walked away.

On reflection, I couldn't blame her; there was sense in what she said, as well as hysteria. It certainly threw a new light on Jasmine's home life. . . . And the next morning, as I was at breakfast, Jasmine walked in.

"Adam, what have you said to Mary Lee? She looks as if she'd lost her last friend. I should think a man of your age would know better than to —"

"To tell her things she needed to know? Well, I did tell her; and now I'm going to tell you! Let her go to New York; let her do whatever she wants. She's got a chance to get out from under your shadow! She's got too much stuff to go on playing second fiddle to you!"

"But, Adam — I suppose I am what they call a matriarch, but —"

"A mother ruler?" You started ruling before you were even a mother; you tried to rule me. When you couldn't, you wouldn't marry me; you wanted a man you could dominate. But it's no meek yes-man of a husband that you're trying to rule now; it's a woman—the sort of woman you were at her age.

(Continued on Page 48)

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(Continued from Page 46)

You'll never be able to dominate her; she's her mother's daughter!"

For once, I was sorry for Jasmine. Ordinarily, you'd as soon think of being sorry for the Mississippi River, but now I wanted to take her in my arms and tell her not to worry. But I didn't; she needed to worry.

"All right," she said meekly at last. "Jasmine, meek! I'll let her do anything she wants. But I don't think she'd be happy in an office. Adam. What she really needs is a home and a family of her own."

"You're probably right," I agreed. And she had learned from her mother how best to treat a husband. "But don't expect me to provide her home and her family! In certain relations to you, Jasmine, I could call my soul my own and make you like it. But not as your son-in-law!"

vt

SO I'D quarreled with Mary for Jasmine's sake, and quarreled with Jasmine for Mary's sake. It seemed to me that the best thing I could do would be to stay away from women; there was too much vulgarity in them all. But when I came out on the dock for a swim that afternoon, there was Mary; and to my amazement, she greeted me as cheerfully as if nothing had happened.

"Like to go for a sail, Adam?" I thought I'd better say yes to that gesture of reconciliation. "Fine," she said. "I want to talk to you . . . No, not about Communism; Karl and I talked that over this morning. Maybe I took Communism too seriously . . . Wait here; I'll bring the boat around."

She rowed out to her mooring, and left me amazed at the resilience of youth. The faith that was all she had to cling to had been swept away overnight, yet she looked as if it was a simply glorious world. If, Jasmine, by some magic, had done that . . . And just then Jasmine herself appeared, in a bathing suit and sneakers and a big straw hat, with a basket on her arm. "Gone sailing with Mary Lee?" she asked. "I don't mind her droppin' me off at the reef, I hope, to get some mussels. You can come home with us and help eat 'em; we owe ourselves a celebration tonight. I want to tell you, Adam, that I'm ve' pleased at the way this has turned out."

I wondered what she meant, but just then Mary brought up the boat, and we got in. The breeze was brisk; it wasn't long before Mary was sailing as close to the reef as she dared, and Jasmine was dropping overboard to swim for a footing. We tossed her hat and basket to her, and skinned away.

"How are we going to pick her up," I asked, "when her basket's full?" "The tide's coming in," said Mary. "A full-moon tide, at that. The reef's all under water at high tide; you can sail right over it."

I thought she was pretty casual about that; if the reef was that deep under water, most of Jasmine would be under too. And off to seaward I could see a dun band on the water-fog. I looked back at Jasmine—a distant figure, stooping over to wrench the mussels off the rocks. I was ashamed of myself, given up with a younger woman and leaving her marooned.

"Mary, I don't like that fog. It's coming in fast."

"We'll be back before it's thick enough to lose our way."

"I'm not thinking about us! I don't like leaving your mother."

"Don't worry about mother. She always takes care of herself."

I wasn't so sure of that, but I subsided—and so did the wind. We lay on the water, the sail flapping. We'd passed the Point, so the incoming tide was carrying us farther away from Jasmine every moment; looking back, I could barely see her through the streamers of advancing fog.

"She thinks she can take care of herself," I said, "and makes everybody else think so too. But we had no business leaving her there!"

"Well, if you'd rather be with her than with me," Mary burst out in understandable exasperation, "go back to her! If you can swim that far."

I needed just that taut to while my feelings to a point; I dived out of the boat and started swimming back to Jasmine.

It was farther than I thought; I might not have made it if the tide hadn't helped me after I got past the Point. The fog was thick now; it was mostly by luck that I found the reef, already awash in the tide. Jasmine, standing ankle-deep, gasped in amazement to come out of the water. I gasped too; the submerged rocks were almost under bare feet.

"Adam! What on earth are you doing here?"

"I couldn't stand going off with another woman and leaving you."

"Another woman? What a way to speak of the girl you're going to marry!" "Are you crazy?" I snapped. "Who says I'm going to marry her?"

"She does herself. When I told her at lunch that she could go get a job if she wanted one, she said she was goin' to be married—to an older man. And you're the only older man she's been playin' around with. I'm sorry I spoke out of turn, if you haven't heard about it yet."

"Yet? I'm not going to marry her! I don't know what she's talking about; I never said anything to make her think I wanted to marry her."

"Well, if she's set her mind on it, I bet you will. She's my daughter."

"She hasn't set her mind on it! Nobody's set their mind on it but you—and you've done it only because you're afraid to marry me myself."

"Afraid? Not such thing!" But she had flushed, and not with anger.

"Yes, afraid. You couldn't dominate me twenty years ago, and you know you can't dominate me now. But that will be part of your burden," I quoted at her. "You ought to overlook it, in view of my good qualities."

"This is nonsense," said Jasmine firmly. "We ought to be thinkin' about how we'll get ashore. There's a little wind, now, but Mary Lee couldn't find us in this fog. I should never have come out here after the tide had turned. Adam, we'll have to swim. Two miles away. You know I can't swim that far, and I don't intend to let you tow me. The water won't rise enough to drown us; we're going to stay right here, Jasmine, and talk this out. She looked alarmed.

"But you don't want to marry me, with all my obligations! You said you wouldn't be an inmate of that zoo of mine, as you chose to call it."

"I won't be an inmate, but I'm willing to be a co-superintendent."

"But, darlin', I'm not the woman for you! You need a woman who can share your intellectual interests."

"I had one, once. I can find men at the Faculty Club who share my intellectual interests. I want a woman who shares my emotional interest."

"And what makes you think I do?" she demanded loftily.

"Why are you afraid to let me even put my arms around you?"

"I don't deny," said Jasmine in some impatience, "that you've always attracted my physiology. But we'd fight like cats and dogs."

"We might have, once; we ought to know better now. Even if we do quarrel sometimes, I'd rather live in tension with you than in peace with any ordinary woman. Jasmine, you've always married men who didn't really matter much; you were afraid of me, because you knew if you married me, you'd have to invest your whole self in it. Be your age, and take the chance!"

She looked at me helplessly across ten feet of water.

"Jasmine," I told her inexorably, "you're going to be kissed."

But that conquering gesture almost missed fire; I limped up to her—those hidden rocks cut my feet—and when I

took her in my arms, we almost fell into the water. We clung together—we had to—but her face was buried in my shoulder. I couldn't kiss her with that big hat in the way.

"Jasmine," I commanded, "take off that hat!"

"No," she said her muffled voice. "This won't do."

"I can't take it off," I said. "If I let go of you, we'll both fall."

And all at once her hat was off—flung away, to float off into the fog.

I don't know how long we stood there.

Jasmine sighed:

"I will say this for you, Adam—you're the only one I ever knew with whom I could stand knee-deep in cold water, with the rest of me soakin' wet from fog, and be perfectly comfortable." And after another while,

"Pardon me if I intrude," came a voice from the fog—Mary's voice. We looked up to see the prow of her boat slowly moving down on us. "I'd never have found you, mamma, if you hadn't thought to throw that hat away. When I saw it on the water, I could calculate the way it had drifted."

"I thought it would be a good idea to take it off," said Jasmine serenely . . .

"Adam, you get aboard first. If I can find my mussels ——"

Her basket was under water by now; I'd forgotten all about those mussels. But Jasmine isn't the sort of woman who forgets anything. So we got into the boat, mussels and all, and sailed slowly in what Mary Lee thought was the direction of the dock. And presently Mary smiled.

"Aren't you ready to tell me the news, mamma? Not that you need to; I saw you. But I think you owe me the first announcement, after the way I had to work over you two." I suppose we both looked a little foolish. "Why, I hadn't known Adam two days," said Mary scornfully, "before I saw that he was the man you'd always needed! But I couldn't make you see it till I manacred him into getting you."

I was struck dumb by that cool announcement, but nothing will ever strike Jasmine dumb, unless maybe the Judgment Day.

"Mary Lee Cotter," she demanded with maternal severity, "what did you mean when you told me you were going to marry an older man? I thought——"

"I knew what you'd think," Mary admitted. "I thought maybe that would teach you how you really felt. But it happens to be perfectly true; I'm going to marry Karl Armbruster. I've been meaning to for quite a while, but we only arranged it this morning. And he's ever so much older than I am. He'll be twenty-five in the fall."

THE GREAT DAY

(Continued from Page 11)

even if you had felt like it. Naomi was dimly afraid that it was wicked to laugh at this one, but she did. The feel of it was strange in her throat; she'd almost forgotten what it was like.

The man slid down from the roof. He jumped carelessly across to the bank. He was bigger than he'd seemed, at first, bigger than Uncle Jason, but even when he was quite near, Naomi wasn't afraid of him. She couldn't feel afraid of anybody, no matter how wicked he was, who looked at Duke and Charley the way this man looked at them.

Duke and Charley didn't seem to be afraid of him, either. They stood still while he ran his hands down their forelegs and looked at their teeth.

"I guessed he'd be around eight," he said. "Good matched."

Naomi could only nod. It wouldn't have been easy for her to talk to any man, even one who wasn't a canowler. His eyes watched her. They were very black, and there were tiny, dancing lights in them. His grin showed strong teeth, white as a dog's.

"Funny notion, taking a gun to go after stray horses."

Naomi remembered. It didn't seem possible that she could have forgotten, but she had.

"They aren't strays. I fetched 'em down a purpose. Seems 'f if I didn't have the heart to shoot 'em myself. I thought maybe I could get somebody to do it for me." She pushed the rifle into his hands. "Maybe you would."

He looked down at the gun, at the team; his eyes were blank when they came back to hers.

"Shoot horses like them? Me? You crazy?"

She shook her head.

"Seems 'f I couldn't stand it to leave 'em get burned up. They—they're terrible scared of fires, ever since the old barn was struck by lightning. I just ain't got the heart to start for heaven tonight and leave 'em behind."

The blankness went out of his face and his grin came back.

"Oh, You're one of them Millerites. Heard there was some 'em around here." He paused, studying her with a straight, inquiring gaze. "So you're haulin' for heaven tonight, eh?"

Naomi nodded. She'd never heard canowers' slang and the phrase fell

strangely on her ear, but somehow it didn't sound wicked. Sometimes Uncle Jason came home from his trips to Mount Morris rumbling terribly in his beard about unbelievers who had dared to make fun of him and God. This man didn't sound as if he were making fun. He just sounded interested, Naomi thought—interested and kind of sorry.

"How you aiming to travel?"

She told him about the cloud. He listened soberly, his glasses lifting to the bone of the sheer bluff above the bend. It came back to Duke and Charley, nosing disdainfully among the dry weeds.

"You really mean you 'em shot?"

Naomi couldn't say it, but she could nod. He wagged his head slowly.

"Sorry!" he said. "You must be terrible sure!"

"It's in the Bible," Naomi said. He didn't seem to be listening.

"A team like that! If I owned 'em ——" He stopped. "Who does own 'em? Ain't yours, are they?"

She nodded again. "I heard 'em when pa died. They was just colts then. I leave Uncle Jason work 'em for their keep, but they ain't his. They're mine."

He looked down at the gun. "You must be terrible sure," he said again. "It beats my time. A team like that!"

"I couldn't stand it to leave 'em burn."

"No. I guess you couldn't. Guess I couldn't, neither, if they was mine."

"Then—then you're going to do it for me? I'd ought to be getting back home, and now I'd want to know, how fast—"

He shook his head. "I'd have to be almighty sure before I'd do a thing like that!"

She reached for the gun. It was queer that she should understand so clearly that he wouldn't change his mind.

"Maybe I can find somebody else," she said.

"Hold on." He was looking at the horses, his eyes narrowed. "If it's bound to be done, I'd sooner do it myself. But if it don't have to be done right this minute, does it? Why don't you wait till you can see that there cloud a-comin'?"

"I wouldn't have the heart to do it even then, seems as though. Anyhow, I wouldn't have no chance to do it. We're going up on the bluff right after sundown, and Uncle Jason'd never leave me take Duke and Charley, up there with us, not the gun, either."

He kept on looking at the horses, his head wagging slowly.

"Well, then, why don't you just leave 'em here with me? I'm hauling to Mount Morris soon's my driver gets back from the blacksmith's with my team, but I could put your two in the stable, up for'd, and carry 'em along. We'll be hauling down again tonight, and I'll be on deck, steering, so if the world starts to ketch afire I'll be bound to see it. And if it does, I give you my word I won't leave your team so much's smell smoke. Honest." He made a big cross mark on his breast. "And if it turns out 't you folks don't haul off for heaven after all ——"

"It's no use figuring about that," Naomi said. "We're bound to go. Tonight."

"I ain't saying different. But I got to kind of look ahead and study what to do if this idee of yours ain't right. By morning I'll be halfway down to Rochester, and headed for Albany, with your team down in my stable and no way to get 'em back to you afore spring."

"It's no use talking about what ain't going to happen," Naomi said.

"It don't hurt, though. And I kind of like to see ahead and know just where I stand. I've took a shine to that there team. S'pose I buy 'em off you, so if the world don't end and tonight I won't need to figure on getting 'em back to you, I'd give you two hundred for 'em. Spot cash."

"I wouldn't have the right to take it," Naomi said. "Not when I know you won't ever have no use for 'em."

"If you got the right notion about that, I won't have no use for money, neither."

"All the same, it wouldn't be right," Naomi thought. "But I guess it wouldn't be cheating if I was to give 'em to you."

He stared. "Give 'em to me?"

"I'd just as soon. Seem's if I'd feel easier in my mind, tonight, knowing they belonged to somebody 't set store by 'em."

He considered. "All right. I'll take 'em, then. You help me get 'em on board."

He leaped across to the boat, lifted the stable hatch, pushed the gangplank ashore. Naomi twisted her fingers in Duke's mane, but Charley plodded after her without bidding. Neither of the horses seemed afraid to cross the shaky plank. The boater chuckled approvingly.

"I guessed they was knowing ones," he said. "They've got sense enough to leave you do them what you can."

"They're real smart," Naomi said. The horses went gingerly down the slatted stairs. She could hear them snuffing at the feed boxes. It was a good time to go, she thought, while they were interested in something else.

She turned quickly. The boater stopped her.

"Guess you'd ought to tell me your name," he said. "Mine's Barlow—Ed Barlow."

"Mine's Naomi Lane."

"First time I ever heard that there one. Injun name, ain't it?"

"It's out of the Bible," Naomi was vaguely shocked.

"Well, it's pretty-sounding, anyhow. Naomi. Yes, sir. It's a real pretty-sounding name."

Naomi hadn't ever thought about that. It did sound pretty, though, the way he said it.

"I'm a-going to write it down, so's I don't forget it. I go link in the cabin."

He went aft along the narrow footway beside the open pit. Somehow Naomi seemed obliged to follow him. He bent low as he went down the three steps into the cabin. Naomi could see dishes on a shelf, a tiny coolstove, a table bolted to the wall. There was something grunting about a kitchen on a boat, a kitchen that could go traveling. She went down the steps. The little room was untidy, by Naomi's standards disgracefully unkempt, but, for some reason she couldn't understand, she found a friendliness in its disorder. A friendly warmth, too, lingered from the breakfast fire.

"How do you spell Naomi?"

She told him. The pen scratched slowly. She could hear him draw his breath between his teeth.

"Get your mail in Mount Morris?"

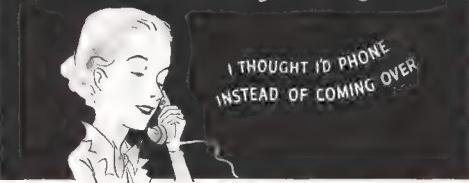
"Uncle Jason does. I never got any."

He chuckled. The pen scraped again. When it stopped, Naomi's glance seemed to be drawn toward him. He was leaning back, watching her.

"Guess you're thinking I ain't much of a hand at keeping house," he said.

"Well, I ain't. Can't get the hang of

SHE TELEPHONES to save time then wastes it waiting on a lazy drain



DARN THAT WASTE WATER--
TAKING ITS OWN TIME TO RUN
OUT AND WASTING MY TIME !



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it, seems as though. But some way I never seen a cook I cottoned to."

Naomi's cheeks felt hot. Even up on top of Chemusso she heard about the kind of women who cooked for canawalers. She could understand, now, why she hadn't minded the untidy kitchen. It meant that Duke and Charley wouldn't be on a boat with one of those women.

"I cottoned to you, though, minute I seen you. Yes, sir. Seemed 's if I couldn't hardly pray my eyes loose from you, not even to look at them horses."

Naomi knew that his eyes were looking at her again, although she didn't lift her own gaze from the greasy floor. She seemed to know that they would be very black and queerly bright, that the little dancing bits of light would be in them.

"Yes, sir. The first thing 't come in my head when I seen you run out of them woods was 't it'd suit me first rate to have you for my cook."

Naomi wondered why she wasn't angry and ashamed and frightened, why she should only feel a sore tightness in her throat, as if she were sorry about something.

"I could tell right off, though, 't you was the kind 't wouldn't ever cook for a boater 'less you was married to him. And quick's a flash it struck me 't I'd just as soon get married to you. It ain't s'posed to be hardly decent, on the canawal, but I'd just as soon. I've cottoned to you terrible strong, Naomi."

Suddenly Naomi was afraid. She ran up the steps, sprang across a strip of pewter-colored water and stumbled slipping in the frost-wet mud, to the bank of the river. Barlow's voice called to her. She pressed her hands against her ears and kept them there till she had climbed too high for even a shout to follow. After a long time she came to the bluff. Leaning over, she could look down on the long, narrow ribbon of water. A boat was just sliding toward the bend. It was too far away from her to be sure, but she thought she saw the steersman looking up, waving his arm.

Naomi waved back. Again the aching tightness was in her throat. It must be wicked to be sorry you were going to heaven, to keep on wishing you were down there on that boat with Duke and Charley and —

She stopped the thought just in time, frightened to find that she had almost been wicked enough to include Ed Barlow in the guiltiness. Even now she shouldn't have thinks of him, couldn't help remembering the strange darkness of his eyes and the dancing bits of light in them, remembering his voice, suddenly quiet and sober, saying that he'd cottoned to her, terrible strong.

From beyond the bend the wall of a tree came floating up to her, a tiny sound, silvery with distance. She knew that it was only blowing for the look, but again, as she turned and ran, her hands were pressed against her ears.

Although the low, unbroken clouds rooded out her clock of stars, Naomi knew that midnight wasn't far away. Uncle Jason's voice husky now, but still fiercely fervent, prayed noisily and hard, as she heard her heart beat. She had not felt the bite of the wind through the seamy muslin of her robe. Lying on the flat rock at the cliff's edge, she was watching a tiny splash of yellow light moving slowly across the bottom of a deep well of empty blackness.

For a long time Naomi had been waiting for that light, telling herself

that maybe, if she could just see it go by, she could get over the wickedness of being sorry she was going to heaven. But seeing it only made her sorrier and wickeder than ever. It seemed to beckon to her. She didn't dare to look at it. She shut her eyes and waited till she was sure it would have disappeared behind the elbow of the hill. But when she looked again, the light was still there, straight below her. And now it wasn't moving.

Uncle Jason was singing, his big voice booming hoarsely; the other watchers joined in the slow, marching tune:

"Now, hark! The trumpet rends the skies —"

Naomi wasn't singing. Leaning far down over the edge of her rock, she listened and for a while imagined a trumpet, but for the flat whisper far away and thin, of a boater's horn. And in the narrow pause before the second line of the hymn she heard it.

She could be sure, now, that the boat down there was Barlow's. Already past the lock behind the bend, with the next one six miles ahead, no one but Barlow had any reason for blowing his horn here. And Barlow could have only one reason. He was telling Naomi that he was down there.

The voices swelled triumphantly behind her:

"What joy, what terror and surprise!
The Last Great Day has come!"

Joy! Terror!

The two words kept echoing in Naomi's head, her bare feet fast for their remembered pathway. Joy and terror. Joy and terror. Past any doubt or hoping, she knew which one of these she was leaving behind her, which one she was seeking, yet her only fear, as she slipped past the vague huddle of ghostly white-robed figures, was that they might see or hear her going, might make her stay here and go to heaven with them, instead of going down the hill to Duke and Charley and Ed Barlow. This time she didn't even try to keep Barlow out of the thought. It didn't matter, now, how wicked she was. She wasn't going to be on that cloud, bound for heaven with the saints. She'd be down yonder, on a canalboat, going to hell. But Duke and Charley would be there too. And Ed Barlow.

She wondered why she wasn't frightened, why she should keep feeling as if she had been holding him in safety for every stumbling step that carried her just so much nearer hell. She wondered why, when she knew that she had turned her back on joy, she should continue to think it was waiting for her down yonder at the foot of the hill. She wondered how she could be unafraid and glad when, standing at the edge of the woods, she saw a little cave of lantern light hollowed in the blackness and heard Ed Barlow's hushed, uneasy voice:

"It's you, ain't it, Naomi?"
She came slowly toward him. He was right about her name, she thought. It did sound pretty, the way he said it. "I didn't hardly hope you'd come, even if you heard the horn and guessed it was me that was blowing it." He laid his soft hand on Grussa's my driver must've figured I'd gone clear crazy, tying up here after hustling to get loaded for a night haul down to Rochester. But some way it seemed 's if I just couldn't go past."

"I know," Naomi said. "When I saw the light it seemed 's if I couldn't stay up yonder. Seemed 's if I had to be down here when —when it happens."

There was a little stillness before he spoke: "Mean you still figure it's going to happen?"

"It's bound to," Naomi said. "It's in the Bible."

"And you come down just the same!"

"Seemed 's if I had to," she stopped. Even when you were going to hell in a little while, you kept right on feeling that you had to tell the truth; you even felt that it mattered more than ever. "No. Not 's if I had to. Only 's if I wanted to; 's if I'd sooner been down here 'n anywhere else, even in heaven."

Again there was a little time of queerly still silence before she heard his whisper: "You feel the same as me. You—you're cottoned to me."

It kept on being necessary and strangely easy to tell the truth.

"Terrible stuff," Naomi said. "Terrible stuff."

Very gently his hands touched her. Instantly they were jerked away. "Why, you're most froze! You'll catch your death!"

Naomi knew that she wouldn't, that there wouldn't be time. It was good, though, to be lifted, to be carried down into the warm closeness of the cabin, to be wrapped in a blanket and hear the snap and sputter of the new fire in the tiny stove. By the time she was warm again, Barlow had routed his grumbling driver out of the bunk in the stable, hoofs had thumped on the gangplank and the boat was sliding smoothly with the current. Naomi brought her blanket up to the deck. Presently she knew the black sky above her, over which the stars would come plumping down and blaze. And yet, learning against the tiller beside Ed Barlow, with his arm to shield and hold her, she didn't seem to be afraid. After a long time she could even go to sleep.

When she woke she was in a cubby-hole bunk, and in the tiny kitchen there was sunlight. Overhead she could hear Barlow's footsteps. She wrapped herself in a blanket and went up. The light glinted on the spires of a village, straggling down the slope of a low hill.

"Yonder's Avon," Barlow said. "We'll tip up there and I'll buy you some clothes and shoes and then we'll get married."

Naomi watched the bright spires come nearer. Avon. It sounded almost the same as heaven, she thought. It was eighty, too, with the sunshine on the steeples and the white walls showing through the painted leaves. And in heaven, Naomi suddenly remembered, you couldn't get married. She leaned back contentedly in the bend of Barlow's arm.

POST SCRIPTS

(Continued from Page 24)

"Uh . . . Well, how about hooking up the propeller? Give me that wire."

"That's not where it goes. You're supposed to put the stabilizers there."

"Now, listen, son; let daddy do this in his own way. . . . Say, what's this glue for?"

"Not glue—dope."

"Uh? Oh! I thought you called me a dog. Well, never mind. . . . Let's see, now; we'll put the wings right here."

"Daddy, that's not right. You have the wings too far forward on the fuselage. You've destroyed the inherent stability. Now the ship is nose-heavy."

"Whoa—Um'm. Well, maybe you'd better do it. I have to finish my paper before dinner." —LOU NAYE.

HUMAN RIGHTS AND PROPERTY RIGHTS

(Continued from Page 23)

But the question often arises as to whether or not private fortunes may not attain such large proportions that their very size is a disadvantage to society. To answer that question fully, let us examine the nature of title to property.

At the very outset of such inquiry, we discover that property is of no value, save as merchandise for sale, unless it is put to some useful purpose. And we also discover that no property can be utilized except by fully sharing it with the public. This is inherent in all property, and is not the result of human ordinances. If a person owns a piece of land that is larger than necessary to provide what he needs for his own sustenance, it is of no value to him, and may be a burden unless he cultivates it and produces something which somebody else wants. When such surplus is sold, it is because it is worth more to the vendor than the money or property the latter must part with to consummate the bargain. That the vendor profited by the transaction does not disprove that the vendor also profited. Trade or barter can take place only when it is advantageous to both parties.

Trustees for the Public

What is true of minor things is equally true of the larger. A man may own thousands of acres of land, but this is of no value to him, except speculatively, unless he uses it to produce something which humans want. To that extent, however, the land is of benefit to humanity, no matter in whom the title vests. The money he receives for his crop is used to pay labor for producing something he wants, for money conveys no benefit except as it is given to others. Both his products and the money he receives therefor go to the public as completely as if they had belonged to the public in the first place. The more property a person possesses the more men must he employ to operate it. No matter how much he produces, he must, of necessity, part with the products on such terms as are of advantage to the public. To that extent, the public is a gainer. And what the producer receives in return must again be given to the public, whether it be money or merchandise. All he himself gets out of it is three meals a day, and those he also has to pay for, unless he himself does all the work which enters into them.

Even a superficial reflection on the subject will disclose the fact that the owner of property is but a trustee of it for the benefit of the public. Title to property is in reality but the right to manage it for the public.

The public, being the real party interested, is entitled to the best possible management. If property can be used to better advantage when consolidated in one person than when divided among many persons, the public is better served by maintaining and protecting the consolidation. From this we deduce the rule that he who can use the property to the best advantage has the best moral title to it.

Because this doctrine has become a leading point of controversy, it is worth pursuing a little farther. We know that it is the talent of the orchestra

leader that determines the standing of the orchestra, and that it is the general of the army who wins or loses the battles. An army without a general is helpless; a general without an army, No less determinative of success or failure is the leadership of industrial enterprises. The question is whether that fact should be recognized by the public in dealing with such institutions.

Assume that we have before us a man who in his youth started a small manufacturing plant—say, a blacksmith shop. He produced something which people wanted to buy because the article was worth more to them than they paid for it. The manufacturer earned on because he received more for the article than it cost him. This surplus he used to pay wages to laborers, for extending the plant and manufacturing more goods. The more he manufactured the more his profits grew, and the more his profits grew the more labor did he purchase for extending his plant and increasing his output. In the course of years, the plant has grown to an aggregate value of a billion dollars and keeps a hundred thousand men busy.

That is, it is worth a billion dollars to one who has the faculty to operate it at a sufficient profit. It is worth nothing to one who cannot utilize it except at a loss. It is of determinative importance therefore to find that in the hands of an efficient operator the property is worth a billion dollars to the community, but that in the hands of an inefficient one it is useless. It follows that its uselessness is due to a person of inefficient management is the loss of the community.

From this we draw the conclusion that the value of property is in proportion to the efficiency of the management, and not in proportion to original cost or the cost of duplicating the plant.

Having reached this conclusion, we find that it behoves society to be cautious about interfering with the ownership of property, lest its usefulness to the public be diminished or even destroyed.

The Argument for Fixed Fortunes

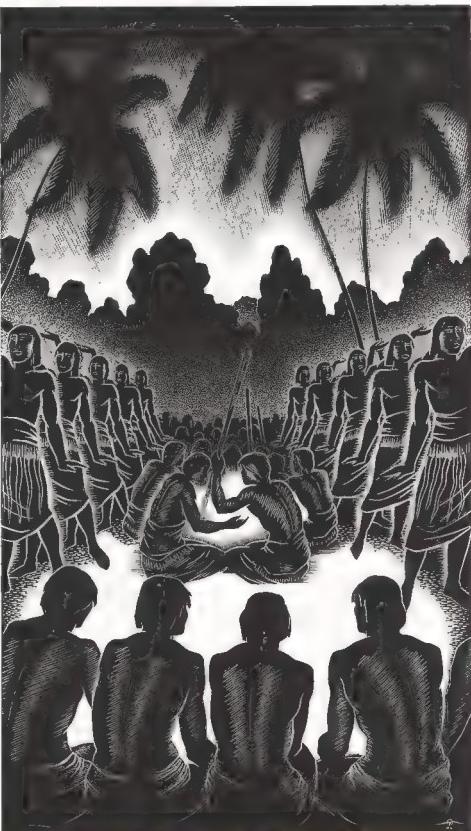
It is popular, at present, to insist that fortunes be not permitted to increase in size beyond a fixed value. What are the arguments in support of such a demand? Is there a point beyond which accumulation of wealth ceases to be of value to society?

It should be clear that if property ceases to be of value to society, it is because it ceases to be of value to the individual, for whatever has value to the individual is of equal value to society. There is no escape from that law.

The only argument heard against the accumulation of great fortunes is that it is wrong to permit a condition to prevail where some are very rich and others are extremely poor. But if, by taking property from the rich and giving it to the poor, we diminish the efficiency of the management of the property, we destroy its value both to rich and poor alike, and have helped nobody but injured everybody. Whether it is right or wrong must be decided by the question of what is best for humanity as a whole.

We have taken the position throughout that Nature is a strict utilitarian;

Wood engraving of an ancient Hawaiian ceremonial dance made especially for the Hawaiian Pineapple Co. by Paul Landacre



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she has made profit the incentive to right action. She rewards actions which tend to augment vitality, and punishes actions which tend to diminish vitality. Reward and punishment are Nature's stimuli, or incentives, to follow that course which leads to the best biological results.

With this criterion as a standard of measurement, sociologists will, in order to determine whether it is right or wrong to decrease private fortunes by placing a legal limit to private accumulations, investigate whether the effect upon society be for the better or the worse by imposing such restrictions. Doing so, they soon find that what society wants is the best possible management of property. In the very nature of things, there can be no such thing as individual benefit. All wealth, little or big, is and must be shared with the public. To be of any value to the owner, every dollar taken in by one must be given to somebody else for labor or the products of labor. It is not only the actual cost of manufacturing which represents what is paid to labor; the entire gross amount of the sales goes to buy labor. Some goes back into the plant, some to pay salesmen, advertisers, transporters. What goes to stockholders is used by them to buy labor of one form or another. In brief, the more private fortunes increase, the more does the public get out of them.

Wm. J. Cameron, speaking for Henry Ford on the radio, explains the situation of the Ford plants in the following language:

"In thirty-two years, the public has paid into the Ford Motor Company \$12,500,000,000. To hear them talk in Washington, you'd think that was all theirs and ought to be divided; \$12,395,000,000 of that was paid out in wages, materials, taxes and plant. How much does that leave? A few millions of surplus that were a godsend to the country during the depression."

Philanthropy Versus Work

An intelligent observer has remarked about Carnegie that he probably did good for society while making his money than he did after he began giving it away.

By constantly improving the process and lowering the cost, and thereby the price, of steel making, he enabled society greatly to increase its use of steel. During his lifetime the population doubled, but the use of steel increased twenty-fold.

Even those who choose to employ their large earnings for personal aggrandizement can do so only by giving their money to others in return for labor. If a rich man buys a yacht for half a million dollars, that sum had to be paid to labor for making and equipping the ship. If he spends fifty thousand a year in maintaining it, that sum has to be used to buy the time and labor of crew and servants, and what he spends for coal ultimately goes to laborers in mines to extract the coal and to railroad crews for hauling it. If he builds himself a mansion which costs a million, it means that he gives laborers of various kinds a million for doing the work. Similarly, the fifty or a hundred thousand dollars he spends annually in maintaining the home is used to buy the labor of gardeners, chauffeurs and servants. The world has been so constructed that private wealth has to be shared, whether we will it or not.

Nay, more: we have been so constructed that we are incapable of enjoying anything fully without sharing it.

If we see a beautiful sunset, we shout it to the household and the neighbors, so that they may help us enjoy it. So also with a beautiful flower. If we find a good book, we relish it the more if we can get others to read it. Music, art, knowledge, is all enjoyed more when we find that others share in the enjoyment.

Can this system of sharing be improved upon?

"Is it not too bad that instead of spending all this money for luxurious living, he does not give it to the poor?" is an expression frequently heard. How ought it to have been given to the poor? As a dole or in return for work? It was distributed for work among those best qualified to earn it. Should it have been given to the laggard instead of to the efficient? Would it have served society better to give it to underlings than to more intelligent people?

We hear similar thoughtless comments in Europe: "The cathedrals and palaces are magnificent, but think of the poor people who had to slave for little or nothing building them."

The Goose and the Golden Eggs

Again the same question may be asked: How should the poor have been taken care of? By giving them money without requiring work in return? Those monuments of old represent the method of sharing wealth at that time. The poor were given a chance to do work in return for the available share of the wealth of the community.

And so we come to the conclusion that there is no inherent limitation to the beneficent effect of the accumulation of wealth in private hands.

The next question to be considered is whether, by dividing up private fortunes or placing a statutory limit on their accumulation, anything is lost or gained by society.

The first problem which confronts us is the *modus operandi*. How are large industrial plants to be divided? To tear them down and distribute the pieces among the poor and needy will obviously do no good. To limit the size by taking part of a plant and leaving the owner with a share of it would be equally destructive of the whole. To cripple the plant by taxation or otherwise, so as to increase the cost of operation, would reduce its efficiency and its value, but that such loss is the loss of the public we hope is by this time clear. There seems nothing else to do than to confiscate the plant, pay the owner what represents the statutory limitation upon the size of estates, and then let the Government assume the conduct of the industry. That is, the plant would be operated by politicians or by people under political domination. What that means should need no elucidation at the present time. But it evidently does.

It is here of importance to note that no competition among industrialists is keener than the search for men of outstanding ability to carry on their work. They realize that their success depends upon their ability to select such talent.

They reach into the colleges throughout the length and breadth of this country for the most promising young men. They test them and train them and test them again to find what each is best fitted for, and promote them according as they find, or believe they find, their ability warrants. They even reach across the oceans and pull out of every continent the foremost geniuses available. Industrialists know that

brains are the most important part of their assets, and genius can, therefore, command almost any salary. There is no racial, religious or social barrier here. The best ones, according to the judgment of their superiors, advance the fastest and rise the highest. Human judgment may err, and often does, in its evaluation of talent, but the standard of measurement is nevertheless constant.

Who has the hardihood to assert that, with a few exceptions, any serious effort is ever made to find for public service of any kind those who are best fitted? That men possessed of both ability and character at times are found in public offices must be admitted, but they are so rare that they look like accidents, and are generally soon picked up by private business. So many other elements of mind are necessary for a candidate to enable him to secure political preferment that fitness for the office sought is the last factor to be given consideration if, on the whole, any consideration whatever is thereby given. The Supreme Court is the most nearly an exception to this rule, but even in search for appointees for that tribunal, extrinsic considerations often influence the choice.

By this time, some readers will have possest ready to hurl at the author: "Isn't our present President both great and popular?" some will fairly hiss.

As to his greatness, we are too close to the events to judge authoritatively and dispassionately. It may be observed, however, that if Mr. Roosevelt is right in his policies, it is the first time in the history of mankind that a man in public life was popular by reason of being right.

"What of Washington and Lincoln?" will be the next missile.

Yes, what of them? They prove exactly what is here asserted: Leaving out of consideration providential mercy as an operating force in their election, they must be regarded as accidents. At the time Washington was placed at the head of the Continental Army, none of military training were scarce, none indeed much, and there were few to choose between. He who became the father of his country was nominated by John Adams because Massachusetts thought it the best way to get Virginia and the South interested in the affairs at Bunker Hill and Concord.

The People's Choice

As for Lincoln, he was—though, like Washington, the man for the place—so far as human understanding can fathom the course of events, more emphatically a pure accident. He was a perennial candidate and almost always defeated. When he was a candidate for President in 1860, he received little more than one-third of the popular vote. Even after he had shown his eminent fitness, he would have been defeated for reelection had the South participated.

And even without the South against him, he would have been slaughtered in the North had not the Northern Army, in 1864, met with several outstanding victories which assured a termination of the war favorable to Lincoln's policies and principles.

It was not until after his assassination that the mass of the people began to think that, perhaps, he was a good man.

The two Adamses were defeated for re-election for the very reason that they did that which every historian today asserts was their patriotic duty to do and without which the public would have suffered immeasurable injury.

And the nearer an office is to the people and the better opportunity the voters possess to know the candidates, the worse choice do they make. Our cities are more misgoverned than the state, the state than the country. The choice of the city wards is so very generally beneath criticism.

When good men are elected to office, except by accident, it is because the electors do not know them. A shrewd candidate will hide his real self from the voters. He must appear in a mask which appeals to the lower instincts. With few exceptions, every man in public life, to be successful, has had to assume some of the characteristics of the clown. The ability to amuse is probably the most valuable to a politician. A part of this faculty is the ability to find a target for popular malice. To lead a crusade to regain some holy sepulcher or some lost grail is always a convenient way of becoming leader of a mob. It is another way of entertaining the vacuous. Let anyone who doubts it take a good look at the career of Huey Long.

When Government Steps In

But why pursue this subject further? It has been demonstrated at practically every election that the voters are unable, except by accident, to select their best men—nay, not even their next-best men—to carry on their work, even under the simplest form of government. What would happen should they make the Government more complicated, we need no man of prophetic lineage to tell us.

It may be put down as reasonably certain that no privately operated industrial plant could be operated in competition with private institutions without loss. Not only would there be no profits available to extend the plant, much less any interest in its amortization and investment, but the taxayers would have to be called upon to pay the deficit in the operating expenses. Which shows that it would be cheaper to lose the plant than to operate it.

And so we conclude that governmental confiscation of private wealth is the destruction of it. From which we deduce the generalization that to share the wealth, except in the manner designed by the Creator, is to destroy the wealth.

One often hears remarks to the effect that unless a legal limitation be placed upon the consolidation of capital, it is only a question of time when all the wealth in the country will be under the control of one concern, and that when such point is reached, the mass of the people will be slaves, subject to the unrestrained will of the owner of the wealth.

It is probable that this represents more the excuse than the reason for limiting accumulations. But many people accept it as sound argument.

In the first place, it needs to be noted that Nature has placed a limitation upon the accumulation of capital by placing a limitation upon human ability to integrate. On arriving at that boundary, augmentation of individual accumulations will automatically cease, and beyond that line disintegration will automatically set in. Many tragic cases could be mentioned where large business empires have crumbled because the owners overreached themselves.

It is a matter of general observation today that the very large aggregations have greater difficulty in maintaining themselves in the competition than have the smaller and less-complex ones.

Geniuses are scarce, and all of them have their limitations. None has been found who could grasp and hold with a firm hand all the details of a multitude of diverse, unrelated industries. There is much evidence to support the view that integration has gone too far already and that the business advantage lies on the side of smaller concerns.

The feeling seems to be very general among businessmen that the voice of large consolidations which began thirty-five years ago and lasted until 1929 has worked itself out. It was largely a mode. One large and successful consolidation set the fashion and created the mass psychology.

In the second place, even if we, nevertheless, should indulge our fancies in speculations over what would happen in the event that all property should come under the domination of one man, we would soon find that such an owner, as the sole producer, would prosper only to the extent that the customers prospered. His business, of which, it is true, he himself had an interest, would tell him that the only way he could enrich himself was to enrich his customers. If we presume that he lacked that much sense, we must also presume that he lacked sufficient business acumen to secure possession of all the property.

A Misleading Phrase

Amusing as it must seem to thinking people, the argument is constantly advanced that if the Government operated the industries, every worker would exert himself so much the more, because he would know that the profits would not go into private pockets, but would redound to the benefit of all the people.

Why thus persist in deceiving ourselves? Why look a thing squarely in the face and then obdurately declare, "There ain't no such animal"? We know that people are more disposed to raid a public than a private treasury, and no sophistry can disprove that fact.

Some one in a grandiloquent mood gave vent to the expression that "human rights must always take precedence over property rights." The phrase embodies a palpable absurdity. It assumes that property right is in conflict with the best interests of humanity, though the reverse is clearly the case. Nevertheless it has been bandied about with reckless contempt for human intelligence. In political battles it is a convenient way of assuring morons that the speaker is eager to do something for the poor and downtrodden.

If we are right in the contention that wealth is useful to the country no

matter who owns it, and that the degree of usefulness depends upon the efficiency of the trusteeship which title imports, we must conclude that nothing is gained by the poor by a change of ownership unless the new owner is a better manager. The latter is a presumption which cannot be indulged in where political management is the new substitute proposed.

Property right became established because it is a necessity to human welfare, as has been seen. The most that can be assumed for the conveniently indefinite term "human right" is that it signifies the right of the public to the best possible management of property of every kind. Inasmuch as this can be attained only by private ownership, we find that human right and property right become synonymous.

To Help Rather Than Hurt

From what has been said, it is not necessary to infer that governments may not prescribe rules and regulations for the use of private property. It only too frequently occurs that owners are blind to their own good and, by virtue thereof, blind to that of the public, and, if left unguarded, would destroy both themselves and others. But regulations to prevent destruction are quite different from taking property away from one to give it to another.

To what extent property rights may be regulated without thereby causing more harm than would be done were the owner uninterfered with is a matter of judgment. No definite rule can be laid down. The principle to be followed must be the purpose to help, not to hurt the owner. When the Government attempts more regulation than to restrain the predatory animals of the industrial jungle from trying to tear others asunder, it treads on dangerous ground.

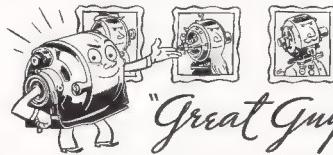
Nor must it be inferred from what has been said that it is universally disadvantageous to reduce individual incomes or holdings by taxation or otherwise. But here, too, the underlying principle must be to protect, not to hurt.

Although there is, in and of itself, nothing wrong or disadvantageous in large fortunes, the effect of such fortunes upon the owners is at times detrimental. To a small percentage of rich families, the accumulation of huge fortunes is no doubt deleterious. But whether that would justify the Government in reducing inheritances in all cases indiscriminately is certainly questionable. Such course may, in a few cases, be of advantage, but in the great majority of cases it is certain to do harm.



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(Suburb of Detroit)

THE NEW DEAL COMES TO BROWN COUNTY, INDIANA

(Continued from Page 17)

November 19, 1934.

MR. BENJAMIN W. DOUGLASS,
HICKORY HILL ORCHARDS,
TREVLAC, INDIANA.

Dear Mr. Douglas: We received your letter and other day returning the three dimes you have been holding for us for some time. As we have a person on our staff who is a collector of rare coins, he wishes to retain these, and we are therefore returning the 30 cents in the form of a check. You may wish to frame the check, as I am sure from the tone of your letter that you have already a 30 cents' worth of fun out of writing the last letter.

At any rate, we have now duly entered all information on your record card and won't bother you any more as far as this crop is concerned, but we hope you will have a better crop next year, so we can nick you for at least 50 cents sometime in the future.

If you ever come to Washington, please look us up.

Very truly yours,
E. G. MONTGOMERY,
EXECUTIVE SECRETARY.

Dear Mr. Montgomery: You are right, I'll frame your thirty-cent check.

In fact, that's all I can do it, because you forgot to sign it.

Sincerely,

HICKORY HILL ORCHARDS.
November 21, 1934.

It may be argued that this entire incident is of an extremely minor character. It is. My business, which was affected by the NRA, is a small business. However, no picture can be understood without a study of its details.

These details, as they have applied to my own case, help to understand the NRA as a whole and help to make clear what was back of the entire project.

Even after the Supreme Court came to the rescue of a harassed people, General Johnson had the gall to state over the radio that NRA was a friend to the little fellow, that it never put any little fellow out of business. It put me out of business and threw 100 of my friends and neighbors out of work.

In July, 1934, a young man came into my office at the cannery factory and spread out before me a set of aerial photographs of my part of Brown County. On these he asked me to designate what property I owned.

"Just who are you?" I asked.

Hill-and-Dale Jugglers

He explained that he was making a survey of my part of the country as the first step in the Government's plan to retire submarginal land. He said that the proposal was to buy up most of the hill country and retire it from production, move the people out and create a great forest.

"You cannot expect to buy a highly improved property such as mine for the price you would pay for half-wild land."

"Oh, no," said the young man, "we do not want your place. All we want is the ordinary farm and forest land around here—submarginal stuff."

"Well," I continued, "if you buy up most of the land and move the people out, where do I get help to run this orchard and operate this cannery factory?"

He smiled indulgently.

"We will take care of that," he said. "We are going to build you a village."

He then explained that it would be

much better for me if all my help lived in a village where I could call upon them on short notice. They could be more easily handled.

"That is very nice," I told the young man, "but what happens to the tax problem? If you buy 80 per cent of the land in this township—as you will have to do if you are to have anything like a consolidated forest—who pays the increased taxes? Do you expect the 20 per cent of the landowners who remain to make up the difference in the tax bill?"

Again he smiled a most ingratiating smile and said, "That is a problem we have not yet worked out."

I continued to talk to the young man and was impressed with the fact that he did not seem to know much about land, but he was very much interested in the cannery factory. It developed that he had been a spaghetti cook in a feed factory.

I immediately tried to get in touch with someone higher up who might give me some concrete idea of just what the Government proposed to do.

Timber Tacticians

All through the summer and fall the friendly agents of the New Deal swarmed up and down the hills, making surveys, taking "offers to sell"—a sort of option—and appraising land. No one could make head or tail of what it was all about.

Possibly half a dozen of these young men called upon me. None of them had any authority to do anything in particular.

It was not until the day after Thanksgiving that I finally got in touch with the head men. About seven o'clock that night, Ralph Wilcox and G. E. Young called at my house and remained for some four hours.

Wilcox is the state forester in the Indiana Department of Conservation. Young was formerly connected with the farm-management department of Purdue University. Together they were directing the submarginal-land activity in the state.

They had no plan. Wilcox, it is true, had an idea that the state should own all the timberland in sight and, perhaps, plant more. His department already owns many thousand acres of forest land—one of the tracts, the Morgan-Monroe State Forest, only a few miles west of my own property.

Wilcox was representing the state, Young, the Federal Government.

Young explained that the Government had assigned him the task of setting up "some sort of demonstration in the use of submarginal land." Similar tasks had been assigned to other directors in many states.

"Each director," he said, "has been allowed to approach the job in his own way. I don't know what is best to do in Indiana. Certainly I don't believe in moving a population out of its home land. It just doesn't set right with me. Over in Illinois," he went on, "they have done that—bought a tract of rough land and moved the people to a village. Some of them have already been moved, and already they are unhappy and want to go back to their old homes."

"Still," he went on, "we will have to do something. We thought we might buy part of the hill land and let it run

back to forest and move the people down into the fertile valleys. They would still be in their old neighborhoods."

He admitted that this would create a tax problem, but could see no way out of it.

On the other hand, Wilcox took the stand that the tax problem was "not our baby." In general, they thought that most of the younger men who were bought out would be able to go elsewhere and re-locate themselves, either in better farming country or as factory workers in cities. The old folks would be bought out, but would be allowed to remain on their land during their lifetime.

In self-defense I offered them Hickory Hill as an industrial center. "See here," I said, "if you really want such a demonstration, why not go ahead and buy up the worst land and reforest it? I will do that if, if you leave it alone for a few years. Then encourage the people to remain in the fertile bottom lands where they can live with the self-respect of landowners. To do this, you will have to break up the larger valley farms. That will mean more intensive farming; instead of corn and hogs, the owner of the smaller farms will have to grow crops that will bring more cash per acre."

"The obvious answer is truck growing and small fruits—to which our valley farms are well adapted. The small fruits and the vegetables would find a sale in the cities and direct to canning factories.

"I have a cannery factory. Why not take it over and operate it as an industrial center for this whole community, just as I have been doing for twenty years or more? I would go on doing it, but with your forest program laid out as it is, I'm going to be taxed to death and I'm going to have to compete with the Government for labor. Obviously, I cannot do that. You can do it, and you can really make this an actual demonstration in the use of submarginal land. At the same time, you can avoid the charge that the plan is communistic, because all of your population would still be independent landowners. All you would do is to be offering them a local market for their produce and for their spare labor."

A Plan That Went Begging

Mr. Young almost jumped out of his chair as he exclaimed: "Do you mean it? Why, Mr. Douglas," he went on, "this is the first constructive suggestion that has come to my attention in this whole land-buying program. Your plan will work. I will go to Indianapolis tomorrow, confer with Doctor Shideler, and next week we will both come down with you and go over the matter in detail with you."

The Doctor Shideler to whom he referred is the head of the rehabilitation work in Indiana. Shideler was formerly professor of sociology at a small college at Franklin, Indiana.

The party that night broke up in a spirit of good feeling, although we had had nothing to drink. They admitted that my suggestions were constructive and fair. Wilcox was impressed by the fact that I had been doing professional forestry work while he was still in knee pants. He seemed to accept me as a member of the union. For my part, I

was impressed by the obvious honesty and sincerity of G. E. Young. He was the first of the New Dealers whom I had met who seemed to have his feet on the ground.

I remained at home the following week, expecting to see or hear from Doctor Shideler. Neither he nor Mr. Young appeared. Up to the time in 1935 that this is written I have not seen or heard from Mr. Young. Last spring I had a letter from Shideler, stating that he had heard I had a plan of some sort, and that if I cared to reduce it to writing, he would be glad to look it over, or words to that effect.

In the meantime, during the winter and spring, the foresters continued their work. I was told that all of their first options had to be rewritten, due to the fact that the first copies were made with wood pencils. Also, there was no law in Indiana which authorized the United States Government to buy land for forest purposes. Consequently, all such options taken prior to January 1, 1935, were automatically illegal, but as obliging Indiana legislature passed a law authorizing the United States to acquire Indiana land by "purchase, gift or condemnation." It was passed in the same way that laws are passed in Washington in these days. It was on the "must" list. It went through the legislature without any public hearing and with no discussion on the floor. Many persons in Indiana even now do not know that such a law was passed.

A New Industry for Indiana

Shortly after the visit from Wilcox and Young, I was visited by another New Dealer from another state, a long-time friend who drove several hundred miles in order to tell me what he had found out.

According to his story, the submarginal-land work in my county was a mere fringe to a larger plan taking my entire county and a dozen or more additional counties in Southern Indiana for a national forest—the largest east of the Mississippi. Everything would be taken over by the incorporated towns.

Not until January 21, 1935, was there public admission that any such plan was in existence. On that date Indianapolis papers carried a story confirming what my friend had told me six weeks earlier, and adding many details.

According to the plan of 10:45 A.M., January twenty-first—the New Deal plan really should have the hour as well as the date on them—there was set up in Indiana a land-purchase program, about as follows: The United States was to buy an undetermined number of acres of submarginal land and turn it over to the state of Indiana to be administered by the Conservation Department.

The head of that department, Virgil M. Simmons, made a long public statement, in which he said that this would prove to be a fine investment for the state, because every acre bought would, in thirty years, be worth from \$300 to \$600. He proposed to create this value by planting walnut trees, and thus make Indiana the walnut-producing center of the world. He also proposed to liberate deer and bear, and create a paradise for hunters

and a large income for the state through the sale of hunting licenses.

Of course, the proposal to make our Southern Indiana land worth \$300 to \$600 an acre in thirty years is pure nonsense. If such a thing could be done, it should be the duty of government to show the people how to do it and let them reap the benefit. There is no doubt but that the Government can spend from \$300 to \$600 an acre on the land in thirty years. Spending money does not itself create value in the thing on which the money is spent.

A short time afterward the plan became still more complicated, when a new group of New Dealers moved into our county. They also were interested in buying land for forest purposes, but proclaimed that they had no connection with the Conservation Department and knew nothing of its plans. They were proud of the fact that they represented the Forest Service—a branch of the United States Department of Agriculture—and they insisted that they had no connection with politics, but served under the civil-service rules. So there were forest-green uniforms with State Dept. bolts as beacons the real aristocrats of the woods which they insisted they were. They called a meeting in the courthouse, to which the public was invited,

Setting An Orator Straight

Brown County audiences, as a rule, are more attentive and polite than any I ever encountered, and I have been on the rack before many. On the other hand, when a Brown County audience does decide to light into a speaker, it does it with savage bitterness.

An attractive young chap showed a lot of inappropriate moving pictures and began a discourse on the plans and desires of his organization.

He explained some of the primary conditions of forestry and overlooked the fact that his audience had, for the most part, been skilled in practical forestry before he was born. He explained the many advantages that would accrue to the country if we would stress the semi-marginal character of much of the Brown County land—a point that is open to argument—and said, "Now is the time to get rid of your poor land. No one else will buy it anyhow. Now is your chance to unload this poor land on Uncle Sam."

His audience had listened patiently. Now an elderly man stood up. He was slightly stooped, had gray hair and was neatly but thoroughly dressed. He looked like a native. In a rather halting voice he asked, "Just who do you mean by Uncle Sam?"

The young forester proceeded to explain that "Uncle Sam" was just a figure of speech, that "Uncle Sam" was a mythical figure used to represent the United States Government.

The elderly man rose again. "Who is the United States Government?" he asked.

"Well," continued the youngster in his patronizing way, "as I understand it, the United States Government is a group of men down at Washington who are put there to look after the affairs of the people of the United States."

Again the old man was on his feet, and this time his voice cracked like the shot of a pistol: "Now," he exclaimed, "you are getting somewhere! The people are the Government of the United States! The people are Uncle Sam—and you tell us to unload our poor land on Uncle Sam. What you really said was that we should unload this poor land on ourselves."

The meeting was entirely out of hand, and before it ended, the young man had been invited to pack his bag. He did not know that the old man whom he had patronized held degrees both from Purdue and Indiana universities and was a recognized authority on American history; he was merely one of many who preferred to live in his lovely native hills in a rather frugal manner than to live elsewhere and, perhaps, make more money.

The young forester did make one point emphatically. It was that the Government would not establish any national forest in any community where such a forest was not wanted. In order to clear up this point more definitely, I later wrote the head of the Forest Service in Washington. I asked him the direct question: "Do you intend to establish a national forest in Brown County, regardless of the desires of the people of the county?" His reply is too long to quote in full. It was, like so much of the New Deal, extremely evasive. However, when boiled down to its simplest terms, the answer was "Yes."

Springs were into summer and the New Deal land buyers continued active, taking options. A total of some 17,000 acres was said to have been "signed up." Several times during the summer of 1935, the county was thrown into mild excitement by the announcement that the Government was about to begin actual buying. However, the money always failed to arrive. On November first I was told that only one small farm had actually been acquired.

Late in October, I talked the situation over with Earl Bond, the county treasurer. Bond is an unusually keen, alert young man. He had been doing a little figuring, and according to his estimate the Government has already spent, in securing options, more than they propose to spend in actually buying the land.

Pressure Methods

In other words, if this land-buying program goes through and all of the land under option is bought and paid for, the people of Brown County will receive less than did the small army of New Dealers who engineered the deal. All sorts of devices were resorted to in order to obtain signatures. Herbert Van Kooten was informed that if he did not sign up they would "squeeze him out."

Van Kooten's Dutch ancestry has given him a slightly stubborn disposition. "Just how do you propose to do that?" he inquired. Van Kooten also is a graduate of Indiana University, and is now working toward his master's degree.

"Well, first of all," said the land buyer, "the area will be depopulated and you will not have any neighbors."

"I was never one to mess around with the neighbors much anyhow," replied the unmarried Van.

"But," continued the New Dealer, "we will add more pads in your territory and you won't be able to get to your wives with a car."

Van Kooten's farm is on an unproved road. "You never could get to my place with a car," he said.

"Yes, but think of your taxes," said the buyer.

"I've lived in Brown County a long time," said the Dutchman. "Taxes have always been high. I'm used to them."

The case of Laura Branham is another example. Mrs. Branham has

been twice married. In both cases the death of her husband left her with small children to support. She reared both sets of children successfully, and the last two, twin girls, only recently graduated from the local high school. She has always maintained her independence, never has been on relief. She works hard, of course—most farm women do. She has worked probably as hard as a man in her fields. Her land lies mostly in a fertile little valley, with some woodsy slopes used for pasture.

They told her that her neighbor, Fred Fleener, who owns a better farm than hers, had signed up and that it would be wise for her to do likewise.

Long years of hard work and independence have made her reluctant to sign papers. She decided to investigate and found that Fred Fleener actually had signed an offer to sell, covering some forty acres of cut-over land detached from his main farm and inaccessible except over an ungraveled back road.

A Hair-Splitting Definition

I had opposed the land-buying program so vigorously that I began to draw fire from the men higher up. One afternoon in spring, I was waiting on Mr. R. L. Schoenmann, who heads this work in several Midwestern states.

As he got out of his ear he spied a handsome Chinese magnolia tree that was clothed in its spectacular bloom.

"Well," he exclaimed, "I'll have to see that! That must be what you call a tulip tree."

The "tulip tree" is a native forest tree, more or less common over the Eastern United States. It is also known as yellow poplar, and furnished lumber. I concluded that Mr. Schoenmann was just another amateur, though I have since been told that he actually has had former experience in forestry work in the more northern states.

Mr. Schoenmann was accompanied by his Indiana director, Mr. Kohlmeier, formerly a professor at Purdue. Mr. Young was transferred to another state shortly after I first met him. These jobs are short-lived. (On September 15, 1935, Mr. Kohlmeier returned to Purdue after making the announcement that he had merely been "loaned" to the Government. If anyone has been appointed to succeed him there has been no publicity connected with such appointment.)

The object of their visit was to take me to task for having stated that they proposed to depopulate the area and that they would abandon roads.

I discussed the matter fully with them, and before they left, Mr. Schoenmann admitted that in Illinois they did intend to move a population, "but only a few miles." It seems to me that if you move the people out of an area, you depopulate the area whether you move them a few miles or a thousand.

I also proved all of my other charges—to the chagrin of some of their field agents, who accompanied them. He explained that some of the things he had explained were mistakes and were really not part of their program. The sort of things that "just happen."

When the distinguished company left my home that afternoon, they insisted that they always welcomed "constructive criticism," but I have long since learned that to the New Dealers "constructive criticism" means endorsement of any idiotic scheme the Administration may propose.

Editor's Note.—This is the first of two articles by Mr. Douglass. The second will appear in an early issue.

**there's love
interest in
the Classified
Telephone Book**



He looked in the classified directory to find where to buy flowers for her. (Later he looked up a jeweler.)



In the classified directory she found the beauty shop which helped her to keep attractive.



And in due course, in this same way, they found the clergymen who married them.

In your classified directory you can find help for both the romantic and everyday interests in your life. Consult it frequently.



JAPAN DIGS IN

(Continued from Page 9)

The Japanese are determined to stand no nonsense from the white man in their borders. All the little favors shown to him previously are now rigidly denied. Extra-territoriality, in theory, still exists as the white man's privilege, but in practice every foreigner in Manchuria, including foreign consular representatives, toes the Japanese line. No opportunity is lost to impress the stranger with this authority.

But it is in Harbin that the Japanese find the most satisfying tonic for an inflating ego, where the numerous Russians have become their charges. Here, until recently, stood a museum piece of prewar Europe that still oddly pulsed with life, a last leaf on a tree the roots of which were withered and dead, the tree of Imperial Russia. Built by the Russians, peopled by 80,000 of them, glittering with domed cathedrals and baroque with the massive architecture of the eighteenth century, yesterday it was a white-feod city, down its cobble streets strode broad-shouldered Cossacks, fair Ukrainians, beauties from the Caucasus, dark Georgians, giants from the Volga regions. Remnants of a shattered aristocracy, still keeping the holy days, still bringing votives before tarnished icons—even under one great faded image in the railway station—still sentimentally pretending, and all unobstructed by the tolerant Chinese, who also understand that the past never really dies.

Never? Very few are the bearded Russian droshky drivers to snap long whips as they beckon the traveler at the station; fewer are the noncommittal but co-operative white chauffeurs who formerly met the trains in their antiquated near-junk taxis, and calmly robbed you of several dollars for the brief侍ing journey from the station to your hotel.

In their places are scores of bright new motorcars, Japanese-made Datsuns numerous among them—mysteriously imported to Harbin sans mystery—and these are driven by Japanese youths just out of college, offering you a comfortable ride anywhere for fifty cents. Fifty cents! In old Harbin you could not buy a cigar for that. What is the world coming to?

The Russian Retreat

And then you see. Electric signs, red, purple, lavender, green, flaunt Japanese characters up and down the Russian streets of Pristian—New Town—invading the solid Russian blocks of Kataiskaya Street, reaching out even to the once-exclusive Yacht Club, which now hires Japanese-speaking Russian waiters. Japanese shops, restaurants, business offices, cafés, even an undertaking establishment or two, lean out brightly at you from the gray canyons of Russian buildings. At the old Modern Hotel, the Russian proprietor reports bad business. "The rooms are full, it is true, but they have 'regulated us'—made us reduce room rents to the impossible!" We lose money; still we have to keep open. The Japanese, will they ever stop their lawmaking, monopoly making, business ruining?"

You see, out in Pristian once more, the faces of Japanese merchants, soldiers, officers, railway officials, adventurers and fortune hunters, strutting

against a background of flowery kimonos, for the women are here, too, and with them their endless children, already ensconced in newly opened Japanese schools. The click of getsu is everywhere, the sound of radios tuned in on Japanese jazz broadcast from Tokyo shatters the air. Suddenly, down the street of Kataiskaya, once the sacred preserve of the white man, comes a group of intoxicated Japanese youths, arm in arm, singing and completely blocking all traffic. Before them the Chinese policemen discreetly retire.

Where are the Russians? "Gone," laments an old friend. "Gone. In a single month half of them have vanished, swallowed up by the Japanese.

With them, to the surprise of many, went several thousand former Whites, who now pledged loyalty to the once-hated hammer and sickle. In these cases, at least, it was shown that "blood is thicker than politics"—if not economics—and many more former czarists will, in the future, no doubt cast their lot with their own people rather than live on precariously, treated as inferiors by rulers who, every Russian, White or Red, conceives, aim ultimately at the annihilation of the fatherland.

But "Japanization," it must not be forgotten, also means "modernization" and for evidence of this, one can best look at Hsingking, now capital of the house that Nippou built. Here,

great promise. New streets radiating from the plazas indicate the spacious plan, and the wide main thoroughfares leading from the station have been graded far beyond the former confines of the city. A golf course has been opened, there are several Japanese landscaped parks, and a handsome new Buddhist-Shinto temple already enshrines its heroic names. All the Japanese accessories of pleasure flourish—tea houses, theaters, hot baths, geisha, and demimondes of various descriptions. Many of the new government buildings are already in use. Most successful, not unexpectedly, is the Japanese Kwantung Army Headquarters, a really magnificent edifice modeled after the famous Osaka Castle, and reputed to have cost \$8,000,000. Not far from it shines the Japanese ambassador's white mansion. People see a certain ironic meaning in the fact that both those buildings were completed before anything was done about the new palace of Pu Yi—now H.I.M. Kang Teh—who still resides in the modest quarters belonging to the old Chinese salt administration. The emperor is, however, vaguely promised a costly home, to be ready by 1930; a date indefinitely remote to be forgotten altogether if some sudden change of plans meanwhile should put him back in the Forbidden City at Peking.

Oriental Energy

The State Council Building, half finished, bears an impressive skeleton among dozens of other government structures. The Manchukuo State Bank Building, costing \$6,000,000, will presently be formally opened. In a few weeks, more than 1000 Japanese clerks and technicians will move into the new six-story, block-long Manchukuo Telephone and Telegraph Administration Building—a strange massive shoulder thrusting up on the edge of a prairie. North of it, miles beyond, it seemed to me, as I rode out over the recently unrolled highways to the limits of the new town, are hundreds and hundreds of new stucco, brick and frame houses occupied or ready to be occupied before the last nail is driven, by Japanese "advisors" officials, state employees of all categories, who are said already to number more than 50,000 Japanese. More than \$40,000,000 was invested here in 1933. The figure doubled in 1934, and 1935 and 1936 are expected to bring the outlay close to the half-billion mark.

It is a good place to pause, therefore, and survey the constructive achievements of the new regime. First of all, improved communications. Manchuria's railways have been unified under the expert eye of the South Manchuria Railway Company. About 1500 miles of new track have been laid down since 1932, including three new strategic lines to the Siberian frontier, the extension of the Tso-ao-Solin line toward the Outer Mongolian frontier, and the tracking of the great Inner Mongolian railway to Jehol City. Rasin, the new port being built on the Japan Sea, is speedily taking form.

Roads are being extended to all points of importance; 6000 additional points suitable for motor traffic are in use, and served by modern bus lines. Airways well Manchurian skies, telegraph and telephones connect all



Two New Government Buildings, Erected in the Open Prairie, Situated Three Miles Beyond the Hsingking Railway Station

It is the end. And for every Russian who goes, two Japanese come to replace him."

More coherent answers later on proved that it was not only in its luminosity that Harbin was changing but in its racial character. From the Japanese consul I learned that for the past year an average of 2000 new Japanese subjects had registered at Harbin each month. By April, 1935, even before the sale of the Chinese Eastern Railway and the final retreat of Soviet Russia from Manchuria, the Japanese colony in Harbin exceeded 30,000 men, women and children. Since then the number has probably doubled. In Tsitsihar the Japanese population has increased nine times since 1932; in Hsingking, fourteen times; in Kirin, six times; in Manchouli, six times; and so on in every northern city of importance. Japanese in Manchuria now number more than 400,000. The 1935 census for the whole of the S. M. R. Zone shows an increase of more than 500 per cent. Together with the Koreans, well over 1,000,000 subjects of the Japanese Empire now dwell in the new state.

Japanese strength has undergone a proportionate decline. According to official statistics from Hsingking, more than 35,000 Russians had departed from the Japanese-guaranteed paradise by the end of 1935.

The sale of the C. E. R. last spring further resulted in the exodus of nearly the entire Red Russian community; by August more than 23,000 had left for the homeland.

Very substantially, if proof of the enormous popularity of Manchukuo among Japanese, if not among Chinese and foreigners. As one item, I submit my own experience. I could not, for several days, get a room in any Hsingking hotel. Despite the fact that accommodations have been many times increased, every space seemed filled with Japanese. Rooms, let it be told, must be reserved weeks in advance, for sleepy old Changchun—as Hsingking was formerly known—never in its slothfulness dreamed of harboring the present population of 250,000 people. It was made to hold but half that number, and only overnight guests who could not possibly avoid it.

The Beanstalk Capital

As rapidly as possible, the Japanese are improving matters. Many thousands of new houses, mostly of Western or semi-Western style, have been erected during the past four years. The Yamato Hotel has been thoroughly modernized and doubled in size, two other foreign hotels have been turned to complete, many Japanese ins have grown in haste, but still you cannot be sure of even a *datami* spread room on demand. Another \$3,000,000 foreign hotel will be ready in 1936. Meant while, anyone who finds a bed with roof over it anywhere holds on to it. My Japanese newspaper friends were, mostly living tucked into attics above provision stores or in Chinese huts. With legendary beanstalk swiftness, the capital takes shape as a city of

frontiers, radio communication is maintained throughout the fourteen new provinces into which Manchuria and Jehol have been divided. And the regularity and efficiency of these services seem alien to China and the Chinese, who somehow cannot forget that man is a human being even if he performs a merely valuer function in the mechanisms of public utility. That, at least, is the reason Japanese give for employing their own nationals to operate these enterprises instead of the natives.

Exploitation of Manchuria's resources—the prize that tempted Japan beyond the law of Geneva—proceeds at an equally rapid pace. Nominally, of course, there are Manchukuo ministries and bureaus in charge of developments. Real control is, however, more than ever concentrated in Japanese-staffed, general-affairs bureaus found in each ministry, and these radiate from a central General Affairs Board, headed by a Japanese, and responsible directly to the Japanese Kwantung Army. Chair of the latter at present, and also Japanese Ambassador to Manchukuo, Gen. Genji Minami, no staved the Japanese War Office when the invasion commenced in 1931. The maze of governmental machinery, so complicated by the use of puppets, has altered little since I described it in these columns two years ago. It is sufficient to remark that the government remains in reality a Japanese Army dictatorship, itself fast expanding into a giant business institution holding in managing trust for the Japanese Empire its vast new dominion in Asia's East.

Thus Manchukuo's economy is now directly planned and regulated by Japanese, with its most important departments, classified as "defense enterprises," carried on under army supervision. Opium, railways, airways, telegraphs, telephones, posts, wireless, slaughterhouses, lotteries, timber, coal, iron, copper, lead—virtually all mineral resources—are now government monopolies, either *de jure* or *de facto*. Where authority is shared or delegated by the army, it is chiefly with the South Manchuria Railway Company. Indeed it becomes increasingly difficult to separate the higher administrative power vested in the army from the technical and financial responsibilities of the ¥1,500,000,000 development promotion company into which the S. M. R. is evolving.

A New Technique of Exploitation

With the recent establishment of the Japan-Manchukuo Economic Commission, bringing to fruition the so-called "economic bloc" between the two empires, the Japanese have perfected another technique new to the history of imperialist exploitation. That agreement, in practice, enables a small group of army-appointed Japanese specialists to formulate all Manchukuo policies designed primarily to serve the "legitimate economic needs" of Japan—or, more precisely, the needs of the dozen princely families of Japan who are financing the expansion.

Their tasks are, perhaps, more simply stated than executed, however. Briefly, they can be defined as (1) to limit industrial growth in Manchuria to fields that are noncompetitive with Japanese industries, (2) greatly to increase the colonial output of cheap raw materials, and (3) to treble the Manchurian demand and market for Japanese manufactures by 1945. Many foreigners see no possibility of basing a

sound economy on such contradictory and uneven development and have flatly predicted complete failure of the whole program, if it continues to be predicated upon "fundamentally false economic concepts." Such pessimists get few ears, however, for the Japanese repose tremendous faith in the miracle-working efficacy of planning—when mightily backed by dictatorial power—and point to their own country as an example of how easily this puissant combination can shatter the best of traditional John Stuart Mill economic theory.

In the changing picture of Manchuria there is not, as may be surmised, much space devoted to the foreigner—a word which signifies anybody but Japanese subjects and native "Manchus." Little is heard nowadays of the Open Door principle, which, it is perfectly obvious, has long ceased to have any meaning here. The present attitude has, perhaps, best been summarized in this sentence from a recent memorandum issued by the general offices of the S. M. R.: "Although no official announcement has been made as yet by the Manchukuo authorities regarding the nullification of the Open Door principle, a number of officials believe they are within their rights to assert that the Open Door principle does not affect Manchukuo." It is, on the whole, a welcome change of front, for the protestations of loyalty to Mr. Hay's dictum in the past smacked too much of hypocrisy when fitted against realities.

Squeezing Out the Foreigner

The oil monopoly has, of course, followed the withdrawal of Standard Oil, Texas, A.-P. C. and other petroleum interests, which represented the largest American and British investments in the country. Foreign trade agents have either retired completely or sought Japanese partners, for the "economic-bloc" arrangement eliminates the usefulness of trade promotional methods, the foreign agencies now used being confined almost exclusively to products available in Japan. The withdrawal of foreign dealers is the withdrawal of the Harbin City Bank from Mukden, and its contemplated closure of the Harbin office within the near future. Foreign tobacco concerns still operate, but Toa, the new government-backed company, is making serious inroads, and probably will take over management of the tobacco monopoly which is predicted for 1936.

But what do the "Manchus" have to say about it? Are they satisfied with the altered conditions of life? Are they resigned to the new government, or, after four years, still merely temporarily quiescent? The answer cannot be made without qualifications. During a two months' stay in Manchuria I talked with scores of the *Men-chu-tzu-kuo-jen*, or "Men of the Manchu Empire," to give them their full official appellation. Government officials, merchants, farmers, workers, intellectuals, a retired general, and even a bandit or two. I had the advantage of talking to them in their own language, and most of them, I think, spoke quite frankly, so that a summary of their replies is, perhaps, worth recording.

I found an unexpected objectivity toward the new regime which was not there on my last visit. Nearly all agreed that, on the whole, Manchukuo is "no worse" than it was under the Young Marshal. Only a few, the sincerity of whose testimony I have



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reason to doubt, maintained that the new arrangement represents any great improvement, in so far as the Chinese are concerned. There was generous praise of a number of reforms, balanced pretty evenly by complaints against new tyrannies.

The stabilization of the currency, a higher standard of public integrity set by Japanese officials, the reduction and regulation of tax burdens, improved sanitation and communications, better marketing facilities, attempts to curtail usury by the establishment of farm banks offering low-interest land loans to individuals and rural-credit societies—all these, it is often contended, are definite entries on the credit side of the ledger. But most people feel that the advantages accruing from the strict benevolence—or benevolent strictness—of the new dispensation are more than offset by the abuses that accompany them.

First of all, it is rather striking that even the illiterate coolies to whom one talks in Hsinking are under no delusions regarding the nationality of the ultimate beneficiaries of present policies. Chinese all comprehend quite well that the country is entirely controlled by Japanese, observe quite well that the admirable activity everywhere is Japanese activity, and conclude that it is undertaken for Japanese profit. Such good effects as it may have on themselves they believe, are mere by-products of a larger purpose. Not unnaturally, they feel this, as well as the special privileges, economic and political, which the Japanese enjoy and employ. They have already learned that, regardless of ability, they can rarely aspire to positions as skilled workers or technicians; all these being reserved for well-paid Japanese. The most graphic picture I have of this division of labor is of Hsinking, where, at the end of the day, I saw thousands of Chinese workmen dragging home wearily on foot, while the higher-paid Japanese, equally mud-caked, rode grandly past in Russian-driven carriages.

The Chinese Reaction

Opium and other narcotics are probably no graver a menace than formerly, but the fact that the government derives millions from this degrading business does not augment its prestige in the eyes of Chinese. Peasants who are grateful for relief from notorious taxes are at the same time holding Japanese responsible for the fall in commodity prices, partly traceable to the decline in China's purchases of Manchurian farm products since the separation. The absence of adequate educational facilities is universally deplored. No Manchurian will approve of a government which spends an education for the whole 30,000,000 population about 1 per cent of the total devoted to that end in Japan.

Finally, the stricter enforcement of law, the increased emphasis on discipline, the constant presence of government control, the growing restriction on freedom of movement, the limitation of all the little personal liberties which Chinese so love because they identify them with human dignity, but which "Japanese efficiency" abhors as symptoms of anarchy, are difficult to bear. Here—in his loss of dignity as a free man—in the demand for a subservient, almost a slavish attitude in him, the Chinese has perhaps suffered most. The right to argue with the policeman, the taxgatherer, the official, the soldier,

the system, his stubborn belief in compromise as a basic pattern of conduct—these is sacrificing. In the mass, he is losing his social will; in the mass, he is becoming a vegetable subject, with his pride of race vanquished and sub-

It is certainly too early to pronounce the Manchurian adventure a success for the Japanese, but there is, on the whole, little evidence to support the opinion that it has proved a failure. Japan has got, and is rapidly getting more of, what she wanted. Colonization of the farmlands by some of her surplus millions has not yet materialized, but new plans, more promising of success, are now in train. Despite all the traditional arguments against it, I find it difficult to believe that, with 73,000,000 arable acres still uncultivated, with another 49,000,000 acres of rich timbers available, the Japanese will be unable to make important

The prophecies of numerous experts notwithstanding, there is as yet little indication of a "capital famine" in Manchuria. Roughly, ¥1,000,000,000 of new Japanese finance and monopoly capital—including the increase by ¥400,000,000 in the S. M. R. capitalization—has entered the country since 1931. The over-expansion by agencies of the recent Manchurian loan floated in Tokyo does not suggest lack of Japanese banking confidence in the future, even though the moneybags must share the spoils with the army. Hundreds of new Japanese companies have been formed in Manchuria; more than 12,000 new Japanese trade-marks have been registered at Hsinking.

Some of the perils which clouded the landscape a few years ago have cleared away. The Chinese boycott has been completely suppressed—by Nanking itself; Japanese trade in China proper is greater than it has ever been except in the extraordinary boom years, 1928–30. The steady increase of Japanese political control in North China indicates that this trade will vastly expand in the next two years.

Ambiguous talk of a boycott by the foreign powers has likewise ceased; advance figures suggest that 1935 will be the banner year in Japanese expansionism. Manchukuo has been given all but *de jure* recognition by Nanking, and it is likely that this will be forthcoming shortly.

Manchu Markets

The new Japan-China-Manchukuo "economic bloc," now in the mold, will greatly contribute to Japanese prosperity, as well as strengthen Japan's strangle hold on Nanking.

Separately from her enlarging investment and trade in what remains of intramural China, Japan's exports to her new colony have increased from about 30 per cent in the old days, to well over 65 per cent of Manchuria's total imports today. Last year Manchuria received Japan of products worth more than ¥400,000,000; 1935 may touch the half billion mark. The Young Marshal's Manchuria took only a tenth of Japan's exports; already Japan disposes of nearly a quarter of her total exports there. Much of these increased Japanese exports are, of course, attributable to materials purchased by the government.

A great deal has been made of the financial burden of Japanese military operations, but the direct charges are much smaller than generally supposed. People forget that the campaigns were carried on largely with military equipment, including airplanes, seized intact when the Chinese forces retired without a struggle. Four hundred million yen would probably cover the total cost of conquest and consolidation, which is but a fraction of the value of former government property confiscated by the Japanese Army in the name of Manchukuo.

Consider, as but two items, the Mukden arsenal, in 1931 assessed at



DRAWN BY FRANK LÉGER

"Could I Interest You in Selling Me an Overcoat?"

settlements. The army's unshaken faith in colonization projects is indicated by its recent "purchase" of 2,400,000 acres of choice lands for the establishment of Japanese immigrants. The hundreds of thousands to be settled there are "only the beginning," we are assured.

A Political Safety Valve

Meanwhile the meaning of the amazing increase of Japanese in the cities is manifest.

This movement may end in actual Japanese numerical predominance in many districts; the present tempo, at least, implies an ultimate colonization of all main railway zones, comprising the vital ribs of Manchuria.

Because the city-settling and suburbanizing type of Japanese immigrant comes chiefly from the educated middle class, which economic distress in Japan had made mountingly dangerous to aachieve Japanese political institutions, the outlet provided in Manchuria is also a valuable safety valve that may delay Japanese revolution for many years. It was this restless stratum of society which furnished the majority of the radicals secretly executed each year in Emperor Hirohito's domain.

100,000,000 silver dollars, and the assets of the old Manchurian state banks, said to have totaled more than \$500,000,000 in real property. In addition, the army has command of great enterprises giving it an independent income—through its Manchukuo phantom government which, in every case, the Japanese interest, the Tokyo-based Manchukuo monopoly. Already getting considerable financial support from Hsinking for the maintenance of its 110,000 Japanese troops in Manchuria, the Kwantung staff plans in a few years to be able to derive the bulk of the cost of its standing army here directly from the conquered country. It is thus not only conceivable but probable that Manchuria may be made to finance the polishing off of the conquest of China.

Debtors to Mars

The indirect damage to the Japanese pocketbook has, however, obviously been high. This is reflected especially in the pyramided weight of Japanese military establishments, which, in 1930–31, took only 27 per cent of the total budget in Japan, but devour 47 per cent of the total expenditure of more than \$2,000,000,000 for the present fiscal year. There is no hope of this load being lightened. There is every prospect of its being increased. In breaking from the *status quo* and nullifying the Nine Power Treaty and the no-war pact, Japan obliged herself to build up and maintain the strongest military position in the Pacific, a challenge which the foreign powers are now accepting. It is here in the doubled fist of the war threat—with the United States, or Soviet Russia, or Great Britain—that Japan has paid and will continue to pay her price for Manchuria. But it is only through the development, to their logical conclusion, of the hostile forces set in motion by Japan's actions since 1931—a conclusion of defeat in a major foreign war—that one can now envisage any failure of Japanese imperialism.

In the present scene, at any rate, there is no comfort whatever for the Chinese patriots who, a few years ago, were encouraged by Western pacifists—much as the Boxers were promised invulnerability to bullets by the good Taoist priests—to imagine that some mystical series of economic crises would oblige the Japanese to bow themselves out of Manchuria in retreat. No intelligent Chinese believes that today. None doubts that Manchuria is Japan's until such time as she is driven back by the catastrophe of war. And some of them are beginning to doubt that even that would be a surety of peace for themselves; are beginning to realize that a Japan in retreat from Manchuria may make a Japan in advanced advance on China.

For it was precisely to avoid economic collapse and internal revolution that the army plunged into the continent, and its triumph today looms large not only over Manchuria but already stands far to the west and the south. A historic corollary is being asserted before our eyes—as with the Liao, the Gols, the Khitans, the Mongols and the Manchus, who each set up dynasties in Eastern Asia, so in our time with the Japanese empire in Manchuria foreshadows empire in China. How long that empire can stand in the fluid world of today is a ponderable to which history also has a reply—as likewise for Italian conquerors in Africa. But this I leave to your own speculation.

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FATHER STRUCK IT RICH

(Continued from Page 28)

in a White House car. I was taken directly to the office of the President. Secretary Weeks was seated with him there. Mr. Harding had his arms stretched out before him on a big desk blotter.

"I am afraid Florence is going," he said.

"Surely," I protested, "there is something we can do. We can muster all the doctors —"

President Harding shook his head. "Finney and Mayo are here. They say her only chance to live is in an operation. Sawyer won't have it. He wants you to talk to him."

"Let me talk first with Finney."

I found Finney and Doctor Mayo, for both of whom I have profound respect, shaking their heads over the state of affairs. There is no surgeon in the world that I rate higher than Finney.

Mayo was downright mad because Sawyer was standing pat. He said he was so disgusted that he was ready to go.

"Let me go to work on Sawyer," I said.

So I saw Sawyer. I found him pacing up and down the floor just outside the bedroom where Florence Harding was lying, quite out of her senses from the effects of self-generated poisons. He was wearing russet-colored putties on his thin calves; his uniform tunic was buttoned across his hollow chest. It seemed to me that he was trying to take power through the silver stars on his shoulders, to make them testify afresh each minute that he was, after all, a general.

"Now look here, general," I began; "do you realize the load of responsibility you have taken on yourself?"

Doctor Sawyer's Courage

"Evelyn," he said, and paused to emphasize his words. He was squinting behind his thick glasses. "I realize behind his thick glasses. "I realize much more sharply than you can just how the country will look at me if Florence if anything happens to her."

It almost seemed that he had the reluctance of a savage to name the thing he feared. Then he went on: "Finney and Mayo are great men, but I have pulled this woman through many and many a time. I know her constitution. I know what she can stand and I know she cannot stand another operation. She lived just through luck or God the last time she went under ether. I was the surgeon then; I know. I am gambling my reputation; I am facing ruin, almost, just because I am convinced that if her heart holds out, the kidney stoppage will open up. I tell you, I'm the family doctor."

He brushed his palms across his eyes, that small-town doctor from Ohio, and all of a sudden I wanted very much to hug him. He took me on tiptoe to the side of Mrs. Harding's bed. As I looked, I thought, "She must be dead." But she was not, and in the morning she was a trice improved. Slowly she eliminated poisons and slowly she began to move. In the space of weeks she was being pushed around in a wheel chair. She lived because of Doctor Sawyer's skill and courage.

Mrs. Harding used to rely on me to select her clothes. While she was getting well I took her a boudoir cap of lace shaped as a crown. She was deeply concerned just then because Warren had lost so much sleep during her illness. Time after time each night the nurses had to attend to her, and every time they did, of course, the President was disturbed. That went on for weeks, and by day he worked at one of the hardest jobs in the world. No wonder he grew tired.

Our last long time together with the Hardings was in March, 1923. It was another vacation party on a houseboat we had chartered, *The Pioneer*, with seven staterooms, one with two beds and four having double berths. Our preparations were under way at Palm Beach in February when a letter came from the White House. It was dated February fifteenth, and it began:

My dear Ned: Christian has shown me your letter, presumably written on the thirteenth, which arrived this morning. Our present plans are to leave here on the forenoon of the fifth and go directly to Ormond Beach, where we shall be at the place which we discussed when I last saw you. We ought to arrive at Ormond on the forenoon of the fifth, and after proper salutations, we ought to be able to look forward to a game of golf over the Ormond Beach course. When that is out of the way, we can go to the beach and have a swim afterward. No change has been made in any way concerning the personnel of the party. General Daves will meet us at Ormond.

I understand that Lasker and Speaker Gillette are to be in the party. You talked to me about General Daugherty and Mr. Smith, and I told you that General Daugherty was progressing toward recovery, that he would be able to come, and I have no doubt he very much desires to have the Southern vacation, and I think it is a fine thing for him to have it if it is able to make the trip. I saw him briefly yesterday, but did not discuss with him what his plans were.

I understood from General Sawyer that he is figuring on being a member of the party and, of course, this is highly agreeable to us, as I understand it to be to you. Of course, you are counting on General Sawyer and Mr. Christian, and I assume that Mr. Harding must have made arrangements to have them along. I hope he will be able to come. He wants to come along, if it is possible to take care of him. He can adjust himself to any arrangement, either on or off the boat, which is necessary. I think I ought to tell you about one particular man who I think would like an invitation. At one time he was a patient in the party when we referred to Mrs. Evelyn Weeks. Nothing has been said to him, however, and the extension of an invitation will be wholly left to your wishes in the matter.

Mrs. Harding wanted me to write about a matter that she is deeply interested in. She wants the privilege of sending my horse and the one you plan to her doctor, Dr. Vipond, for a few days in early spring recuperation. She would like to send an attendant along, so that the horses might be properly housed at night and given the out-of-doors life during the day. Of course, I will be very glad to cover all expenses if your situation at the time makes it necessary. I am sure the animals will not embarrass the management. Please let me know frankly concerning the matter.

We are looking forward to the trip with the most delightful anticipation. Mrs. Harding is getting healthy in form, so that she will be able to go. It is a count up, though, a great improvement. She has been out-of-doors in the south grounds of the White House every day that weather permits and we are confident she is going to find great satisfaction in the trip.

Please give my very best to Mrs. McLean, and be assured of my continued high regard,

Very sincerely yours,
WARREN G. HARDING.

I have a pencil-written scrap of paper that Warren Harding apparently tucked inside the envelope that carried the letter. This reads: "The Weeks matter is wholly up to you and Mrs. McLean. Of course, I am referring to him alone, since I understand the party is stag—outside of Evelyn (sic) to look after you, and the boss to keep me right."

That trip was much more pleasant than the one we had in the preceding winter. Harding, Dawes, Lasker and McLean were generally the foursome, as I recall it; but sometimes George Christian played with them, and once or twice they took along some professionals.

What happened in the next few months to change our friend Warren Harding into a weary, heart-sick man? I am sorry to report that an illness of my own here compels me to drop a stitch or two of yarn. In that same spring I was operated on.

The Tragic Era

Harry Daugherty was verging on a nervous breakdown about that time, and, everything considered, I suppose I missed a lot by being in seclusion. On May 19, 1923, Ned showed me a letter from Jess Smith, who was staying in Ohio.

Smith reported, "I came to Columbus today to see Harry (Daugherty) and do a little shopping. I have not seen him yet, but will later in the day. He is making steady improvement and is less nervous, I think, and looks much better. He is dieting and holding his weight down. He has had a lot of callers, but evades most of them, as they try to run him to death. He is taking things comparatively easy."

There is another paragraph I want to quote because Jess W. Smith really was a kindly fellow, whatever else he may have been. He wrote: "I miss seeing you [Ned] very much. You have always been so kind to me and I have a deep affection for you. I hope you are all right and still reducing your weight and going along good. I sincerely trust Mrs. McLean is also continuing to improve and will soon be able to be about. Kindly give my regards and also my regards to the children. I want you to know how much I appreciate your kindness to me in every way. I probably will never be able to repay you, but I am always willing and ready to do anything I can for you at any time."

Ten days after we had read Jess Smith's letter from Columbus, our telephone rang one evening; we were down at Leesburg on our 2600-acre farm. Ned answered.

"It's Jess Smith," he told me. "He wants to know if he can come down here for three or four days."

"I don't feel good, but tell him all right," I said. "I will have my meal up in my room; I should anyway, the way I feel."

A while later—about ten in the evening, I should say—the phone rang again. It was Jess Smith again, calling from his apartment in the Wardman Park Hotel. He had Ned a big storm was drenching Washington. He would be at the farm in the morning.

At midnight or thereabouts the phone rang again. Ned was asleep. I

answered it. Jess Smith was on the wire again.

"Hello," I said. "How are you?"

"I am fine, but rather nervous."

"Now, now," I said, "what's wrong with you?"

"Oh, I'm just a little upset. Ned's asleep, you say?"

"Isn't Mr. Daugherty with you?"

"No, the Chief sent him to come to the White House."

"Who is with you?"

"Barnet Norton." That was Senator Knox's secretary.

"Well, you get a little sleep now and you'll feel better."

"I'll be at the farm at seven," he said.

"You can stay as long as you like," I told him.

"I am so glad I can come," he said.

I went to sleep right after that and woke up about nine. My son Jock, who then was twelve, was standing wide-eyed beside my bed. "Jess Smith is dead," he said. "He shot himself, the paper says."

Once when I talked with President Harding that year, I chided him about new traces of tenderness that he was showing for the League of Nations. My tutor in high politics was our friend, the Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, Col. George Harvey.

"If you're not careful," I said, "you will swing us into the League, and then you won't get four more years in the White House." I had spoken almost playfully, but his face tightened swiftly.

"Evelyn," he said, "I wish to God I could walk out and slant the door and never go into it again."

Few of our old crowd were going West with the Hardings on the Alaskan trip. General and Mrs. Sawyer were going; also George Christian and his wife, Speaker Gillett and Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Jennings. Most of the others were rather less well known to us than Alice Fall's successor as Secretary of the Interior, Doctor Warde, and his wife, Secretary of Agriculture Henry C. Wallace, and Secretary of Commerce and Mrs. Herbert Hoover. They were a Western crowd.

The Death of President Harding

My physical condition was such that summer of 1923 that, although the Hardings urged us to go with them to Alaska, Doctor Finney told me he must forbid me making such a trip. We were at Bar Harbor when we got the first news that the President was ill. Then we heard that all he required was rest. As we were in receipt of frequent bulletins, relayed from the Washington Post, we were not worried and really supposed he was soon to be himself again. Consequently, the news that he was dead came as a clap of thunder. We hurried back to Washington, and I was with Mrs. Harding at the White House during those first oppressive hours in what no longer was her home.

Right in the middle of the August night, at 1:30 A.M., Mrs. Harding decided that she was lonesome for want of her husband's companionship. He was downstairs in the East Room of the White House, in his coffin. I held her arm, soft and drooping, as we descended the curving, white-marble staircase. She was being game with all her might. Through all that time I never saw her shed a tear.

George Christian, with a grief almost as deep as hers, alertly watched for any sign of weakness, of collapse, but there was no sign of that.

"Put back the casket lid," she said to him, and he obeyed at once.

In the nighttime what was no longer the President appeared quite alive; rouge and lipstick touches, in daylight, were ghastly, with a softer illumination made him seem almost himself. Then I began to shiver, because I heard Mrs. Harding talking to her husband. The heavy scent of flowers cloyed my nostrils as we stayed on and on and Mrs. Harding talked. A chair was placed for her and she sat down.

"Warren," she said, her face held close to his, "the trip has not hurt you one bit."

That poor thing kept right on talking as if she could not bear to hear the silence that would so poignantly remind her he could not speak to her in turn.

"No one can hurt you now, Warren," she said another time.

A White House Vigil

That one remark helped me to understand how she was weaving strands of comforting philosophy out of grief. I know how she had worried lest some crank should do him harm, and I sometimes am conscious of a feeling of warmth when I think that my own dead are now beyond the reach of harm.

Before we left, she looked about at all the flowers—the costly sheaves of roses, the wreaths and the usual collection—oversize, of course. Somewhere in those mounds she saw something that she wanted, and stooped down as if she were in a woman's garden to pick it up—a small bouquet of country flowers of daisies and nasturtiums. These she placed directly on the coffin when she had told George Christian to close the lid. It was three A.M. when we started back upstairs.

Ned went out to Marion on the train with Mrs. Harding and the body of her husband. The doctor would not let me go.

That same night the Coolidges came out to Friendship and brought the Stearnses along. We five had dinner; that was arranged by Mr. Coolidge, because, I fancy, he was being too much hectored at the Hotel Willard. I looked at him that night and wondered at the swift change that had been wrought.

When Mrs. Harding had supervised the packing of all their personal belongings, when she had burned a mound of souvenirs and papers, given his dog away and performed a lot of other chores of widowhood, she lifted up her chin in a characteristic gesture. Then she walked out of the White House and came to Friendship. I myself was making preparations to return to my children at Bar Harbor. Cicadas were singing with their wings as we walked beneath the trees that shade the lawn.

"Now that it is all over," she said, "I am beginning to feel it is for the best. I could not, could not wish him back to all that strain."

The next time I saw her was out in Marion. She was staying at Doctor Sawyer's sanitarium. Most of the patients were mental cases. Sawyer was the one who had been keeping her alive, but Sawyer by that time was dead.

I persuaded her to come down to the private car in the railroad yard and have dinner with us. When she was leaving in the middle of the evening to drive back to the sanitarium farm, she spoke with finality.

"I will never see you again. Good-by."

"Now, now," I chided her. "You are going to get better and visit me, see all your friends in Washington."

"Evelyn, this is the end."

It was, indeed. With General Sawyer dead, her shield was down. She died November 21, 1924.

A few months after he testified in the Fall case, Ned hired a new editor for the Washington Post. He did it in the kind of mood that would send me forth to buy a jewel. The one he hired at a salary of \$75,000 a year was George Harvey, who was giving up his post as ambassador to England. I wrote the agreement they each signed one night at Friendship on a sheet of my monogrammed letter paper. Harvey was a fascinating character; to have him at work for one was something like having a tiger as a pet, a most flattering arrangement while the tiger likes his keeper. Once the hating mechanism of George Harvey got in motion, it never seemed to stop, but he was to the McLeans the warmest kind of friend.

I think it was in the summer of 1924 that George Harvey joined us at Bar Harbor, his brow wrinkled over the problem of producing an acceptable 1924 campaign slogan for the Republican Party. One night on our porch he burst out, "Evelyn, I've got it."

"You've got what?"

"The campaign slogan. Listen!"

"I'm listening."

"Coolidge or chaos."

A Bond With the Coolidges

Well, it sounded pretty flat to me; quite disappointing as the product of a week of cerebration by Harvey, who so often said smarter things on the spur of the moment. Sometimes, in the intervening years, as in the role of client, I have sat across an office table and watched the calm, strong face of John W. Davis. I have wondered at the impudence of suggesting to the nation that his name could be a synonym for chaos. However, in 1924 I was for Coolidge, and if he were alive today, I think I'd be a partisan of Coolidge still.

Before we left for Palm Beach, I had a sweet note from Grace Coolidge, written on Christmas Day, thanking me for a fan that I had sent to her. They were to have four years more in the White House, but I could tell how the time would be flavored for her as I read, "I hope you will all have a merry, merry Christmas, and in your family circle I know you count, as we do, the boy who is singing his carols in heaven. With my love, Grace Coolidge."

The only favor I ever asked of President Coolidge was to have Mrs. Edward Hutton presented at court in London.

I had not seen Mrs. Hutton in a great many years, until we encountered each other at Palm Beach, and she reminded me that she was a boarder at the Mt. Vernon Seminary when I was a day pupil. That had been when she was Miss Post, of Battle Creek. She had been married, divorced, and married a second time since then. We became very friendly in Florida. One day she came up and said, "Evelyn, I want so much to be presented at court, on account of my daughter."

The next time I saw President Coolidge I asked him, and he agreed to fix it. Then it developed that Mrs. Hutton and her daughter wished to be presented at the same time. A bit later,



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Everett Sanders wrote a letter to Ned saying:

"I am quoting from a letter I have just received from Ambassador Houghton at London:

"In regard to the presentation of Mrs. Hutton and Miss Hutton next year, I am bound to tell you that we have been compelled to establish a definite rule that only one member of a family can be presented. There are, as you know, scores of applications embracing requests from mother and daughter. The number, however, that we are permitted to present is so limited that we have found it necessary to establish the rule just mentioned. The rule, of course, can be broken, and if the matter of enough importance, it will be broken. But in view of our practice, I wish you would let me know, when I am in Washington, whether so marked an exception should, in the case of the Huttons, be made. My only fear is that if we make one exception, the pressure next year for many more will be pretty severe, which would result in practically cutting the presentation list in half."

"In view of what the Ambassador says, I wonder if it will not be satisfactory if we advise him to arrange for the presentation of the daughter alone. Please let me know."

Nannie Lee Duke was offering me \$100 to I that the thing could not be done, but I was determined.

I wheaded and pulled strings until at last Ned got an angry message from President Coolidge, the essence of which was, "I wish she" [meaning me] "would not annoy me. We are doing everything we can." However, in 1928 Mrs. Hutton and Miss Hutton were presented.

The night at the J Street house Mr. Coolidge spoke to me in an undertone, saying: "There's a lady here who is going to lose five dollars."

"Whom do you mean?" I asked. "And how?"

He told me, and then he said, "I heard her bet some friend five dollars that she could get me to talk. Well, I'm not going to open my lips all evening."

I watched and had a lot of fun. The lady would chatter at him archly, then fire a question, and then retreat before his grunt. Sometimes he nodded, sometimes he shook his head, but he did not talk. Contrary to the legend, however, usually Mr. Coolidge really liked to talk.

The Riddle of a Phrase

I never have figured out why he did not stand for re-election. When he came back from his trip to the Black Hills in 1927, I went to the White House for dinner and advised him at my first opportunity for having said, "I do not care to run."

After my usual habit of saying what is in my mind, I said to him, "It was a foolish statement, because we need you here in Washington. I hear people saying it's because you're sick."

I saw the muscles of his face grow taut, which was his common reaction to annoyance, and he fairly snapped at me, "That's absurd. I am not sick at all. I never felt better in my life."

How strange it is that with all my money and all of Ned's, we could not fix our own lives. I think they were spoiled for us when we were little. His mother, and his father, too, believed that the way to make him happy was to give him what he wanted. They never gave him any taste of discipline. We went apart for keeps in 1928. I

went back to him one time when he was ill, but just to nurse him.

There is a lesson in all this, I rather fancy, for those persons who suppose that life would be entirely smooth if only they had money. Well, we had money! Why, in a single year Ned's income, at its peak, rose above \$300,000. He spent it all, and more; and I spent all of my income, and more; and yet, what did we buy except the stresses that broke up our home? Lest anyone should think that he, or I, with money, can evade the consequences of that rumpus, I want to set down a possible line. Ned wrote from somewhere far away to our young daughter:

"I hope my darling girl is happy and that you never in your life be lonely."

"Unhappily, a broken family always goes on being lonely.

The Lindbergh Tragedy

My own system of living finally began to undergo a change. I was not poor, of course, but I was no longer spending at the rate I like to spend.

One day when I was blue from all the trouble of making million-dollar ends meet, I remembered my old prescription for that state of mind, went to New York and asked Cartier to show me something fine. He then dazzled me with a ruby-and-diamond bracelet, one that owed its presence there to the depression.

"That principal diamond," said Cartier, "was placed in our hands by a well-known family that owned it, but with the condition that their name would not be used. The stone was always known as the Star of the South. It was 48 carats. There are sixteen rubies and sixteen other diamonds." Cartier held it up before my eyes and I could only utter one question, "How much?" He told me \$135,000.

I thought it over carefully for about a day, and then I sent him an offer of \$50,000 cash and the balance to be paid in monthly installments over two years. Cartier telephoned me "yes."

That is the way I always get into trouble when I have some money in my hands. I seem not to be able to do otherwise than spend it. However, there is no use in anyone chiding me for loving jewels. I cannot help it if I have a passion for them. They swell my ego tightly, make me feel comfortable, and even happy. The truth is, when I neglect to wear jewels, astute members of my family call in doctors, because it is a sign I'm becoming ill.

My mother died on February 25, 1932. She left all her property to me, in trust, to go outright at my death to my children. So became mine, likewise other real estate, more bonds and varied possessions, along with that fresh sorrow.

It was while my grief was sharpest that the Lindbergh baby was kidnapped from its crib in the parents' isolated house in New Jersey. Why should I have tried to get that baby back to its mother? Well, for one thing, I had lived more than a score of years haunted daily by the fear of just what had many people were wishing they might save the baby and revenge the crime that I wonder why so many persons now ask me what prompted me to involve myself in the hunt. It should be obvious, I think, that I tried to do what millions wished that they might try to do. In my case, the wish was harbored, just as a carriage, to my money. I wished, and presto, things began to happen.

On Friday, the fourth of March, 1932, I sent for Gaston B. Means. He came at half-past eight. He stood before me in my drawing room, a fat and deeply dimpled scoundrel who was, I thought, precisely what I needed as an instrument to get in touch with the kidnappers. I had no illusions about Means except that I supposed that the chance to act as go-between in the ransoming of the Lindbergh baby would seem a bigger prize to him than any other chance he might discern in his dealing with me.

I liked Means for precisely what he was—for the lack of straightforwardness in his smartness. I still think that Means was just the sort of man I wanted, even though he failed me. The Lindberghs themselves had adopted a similar notion—that the way to make a contact with the underworld is through someone linked with it. Means told me plausibly enough to convince me that he wanted nothing more than to re-establish himself for the sake of his own son and Mrs. Means. He hoped, by such a coup as finding the Lindbergh baby, to restore himself to favor. With just one deed he could remake his world.

"Means," I asked him, "do you know where the Lindbergh baby is?"

"I do," he said, and then proceeded to tell me a highly colored yarn that was easy to believe. Means had been sent to Atlanta by the Federal Government for taking bribes from men engaged in the illicit liquor traffic, and in weeks after the Lindbergh baby was stolen, the theory common to most police officials, and which was held by the Lindberghs and the Morrow family, was that bootleg criminals were the kidnappers.

After some days, Means told me the kidnappers wanted \$100,000 ransom. I put a short-term mortgage on the Oxford block to raise that money, and then gave the \$100,000 to Gaston Means. A foolish thing to do? I was as wild to get back the child as if it were mine; and twice Colonel Lindbergh waited on a no-hope vainer than my own, and paid out cash on such a trust.

Waiting for the Kidnappers

Night after night I waited out at Fairview, outside of Washington. That had been my mother's home. At the time I tell about, the house was tightly shuttered, the gravelled drives neglected and in the gardens weeds were showing. This estate that was now among my possessions had been chosen by Means, from a list of suggested places, as the ideal rendezvous where we should meet the kidnappers and get the Lindbergh baby back.

Each night I waited there and through the darkness tried to see along the path my mother's feet had made. Each dawn was just another disappointment, but with sunrise hope would grow again.

I would think how fine it was that I should be engaged in something really useful in the world. In my Irish blood, that Tom Walsh gave me before he had a bit of gold, there was a compulsion pumped from my heart making me undertake that quest. I may spring from peasant stock, but that was a stirring, after years of luxury, of noblesse oblige. This is why I feel no chagrin whatever for having failed in an impossible undertaking. I did my best, paid out good money and wanted no reward except a glow of satisfaction that I hoped to experience in my heart.

Well, Means had the cash, but there was no baby. This fellow Means was

kept informed, of course, by reading all the newspapers, but thanks to his understanding of the half-world of crime, he could interpret what he read in such a manner as to make it seem to me that some of the things that happened, he had predicted would occur. When March was two-thirds gone, I gave him another \$4000 for expenses, and agreed to go to the house at Aiken, South Carolina, that I had leased for the season while my son, Edward, Jr., was in college in Boston. Means said that would be a fine place for the meeting with the crooks. Later, Means persuaded me that the criminals were ready to play fair with me at El Paso, Texas. So I had consented to go, taking with me my trained nurse.

In El Paso I registered in the hotel as Mrs. Means and each instant I kept in sight of the nurse and my maid. I was growing more and more suspicious of everything Means told me, and yet, the baby still was missing. Means swore that the criminals were close at hand, ready to deliver the child to me, now that they could so easily cross the international line and be fairly safe from capture. Then, a few hours later, Means came to explain to me that the kidnappers were already across the line, but would not give up the baby except in Mexico. I was plainly then as if a rattlesnake had buzzed its tail that I was in mortal danger. However, I instructed the nurse to stay behind to get the child, if possible, and then I started back to Washington.

The Means Hoax

It was after these adventures that Colonel Lindbergh, in New Jersey, identified the remains of a child's body as those of his little son.

The record of all Means' yarns and explanations would fill endless pages. His final statement was that he had permitted some associates to take the \$100,000 to be used in a whisky deal in which they expected to double the amount within the space of a few days. Well, after that I had Means and his confederate, a man named Whitaker, arrested. I testified against them, and Mr. Means was given twenty years; at his age, I think that means life. I am sorry that I failed, that I was tricked; but I shall always be glad that in my heart there was something that compelled me to try my best to take part in the effort to ransom the Lindbergh baby.

I came to realize that it was high time that the family of Tom Walsh went back to my train her youngsters rather than leased playmates of society? Well, I turned on discipline as water from a faucet. My friend, Mary Roberts Rinehart, the mother of nine sons, says now sometimes that I am too strict with mine.

Jook, my elder son, at the age of eighteen, went to work in Cincinnati in the counting room of the Enquirer, the newspaper his great-grandfather founded. Jock started at the bottom. He was paid fifteen dollars a week, on which he lived, in a boarding house, until he had earned a promotion. A bit later there will be a job for Ned. I have every reason to believe that my sons and daughter will inherit wealth. The point is that I have learned that with the riches one inherits obligations.

I would not undertake to say how great a change has been worked in me. However, in the spring of 1935 I went to dinner at the home of Senator and Mrs. Hiram Johnson. In Washington

we always call her "boss." Senator and Mrs. Key Pittman were there; just a few others. As I came in, Attorney General Cummings leaned toward Hiram Johnson's ear to say, "Who's that?" At dinner I sat next to Mr. Cummings and expressed surprise that he had failed to recognize me.

"But there is something different about you, Mrs. McLean," he said. "Something I can't quite define."

"Mr. Attorney General," I replied, "as your department contains all the G-men, you are supposed to be the nation's greatest sleuth. And you tell me you can't figure out the change in me?"

"I really can't," he said, "and I'm amazed."

"Mr. Attorney General, the last time you saw me, my hair was jet black, and now it's pink."

Even so, I dare to tell myself sometimes that there really has been a change and that it goes far deeper than hair dye.

I suppose that many have read this with envy, some with amazement, others with anger, that money, so powerful in this world, so desperately necessary in their own households at times, should be given beyond all need into such hands.

Well, money is power—power for good, power for evil, according as it is used. Power is a test—the test—character. I would pity from no one so much as from a man who is trying for myself, but, as an actress, I should like to be understood a little. Unless you have been put to the test, don't be too sure that you would have made a better mark than I have. He jests at scars who never felt a wound.

If Ned McLean and I had been born into average-income families and normal environments, given just what we were born with, we probably would have been average citizens today, leading normal lives, with normal faults and virtues, reading this story with the same emotions you have felt. Character or environment? The world never has settled that argument. I think we each had enough character to have met the negative tests of such an environment. The very circumstances of normal life encourage self-discipline, punshful self-indulgence.

Not all the moral tests of life are tied up with money or the lack of it, but only the rich may be reckless, foolish, ignorant, and snap their fingers at the consequences. If you are poor, the rich is at the door with his bill in the morning. The rich can defer their payments; they may easily delude themselves that they are not paying at all.

I said that money is power. You may believe that you know this quite

as well as I. That I doubt. It is not something you can know by hearsay. Money and electricity are much alike. Both are stored energy. Living amid electricity, using it constantly, you take its presence and its utility for granted. Treated with respect, it is constructive, tireless. Treated with disrespect, it is destructive, dangerous. It will light your home, or a twelve-car train from Washington to New York in a bit more than four hours, kill you or burn your house alike. Electricity is insulation, though, and children are taught not to play with it.

Those who make money rarely are reckless with it. They know its value from having made it. They know that it takes at least as much gumption to keep it, to use it wisely, as it does to create it in the first place. If they misuse it badly now and then, it is in the full knowledge of their folly and with a reservation not to make a habit of it. Yet they often assume in their children that this is as plain as that a hot stove burns and pins stick.

What I Have Learned From Life

They bring their children up surrounded by wires charged with the high voltages of wealth, thinly insulated with "Naughty! Naughty!" commands. If they are generous of heart, they will want to share the bounty of wealth with their own. If it is natural for them to do so, "I'm" their "no," how much easier for those whose eyes involve no sacrifice, or inconvenience even if. If they have known hardship and denial, they will wish to spare their own.

In this eagerness to give their children the things they themselves did not have as children, to save these children from what they themselves did have, they innocently deny their sons and daughters the very incentives, the aids to character and ambition which impelled their own success. This is instinct in most parents, rich, poor, or in between. You may see the impulse operating under nearly any roof, but those who do not have money are in little danger of softening their children with money.

There is nothing noble or virtuous, as such, about poverty and discomfort. If a man in his own youth broke the ice in the water pitcher of a winter morning, it isn't necessary to deny his son a radiator. If a woman walked half a mile to a dance, carrying her shoes, it won't compel her daughter to ride in a car or to own five pairs of shoes. But it was good for the man to earn his living, and it will be good for his son to earn his own spending money as a boy, it will be good for his son. Twenty-five cents

a week may have been enough for the father; five dollars may not be enough for the son. Times change, and the value of money, but boys and girls and first principles don't.

Or if parents are mean-spirited—I have seen them dangers replete tantalizingly before adolescents, not to discipline them to moderation, but teasing them with the sense of wealth. If they have pride in their own achievements, they may easily communicate the pride, without the achievements, to their sons and daughters. Surely the greatest responsibility that money brings is the responsibility to keep it from distorting your children's lives. Yes, money was our devil, but it was not money's fault.

I can hear my father talking directly from the earth, not from other men, whether fairly or unfairly. He took pride in that. A generous man and one who liked people, he taught me that there was no true generosity in giving money if the giver has much money; that unless I gave something of myself as well, it cost me nothing; therefore meant nothing. This I have tried to practice, hope to practice more. That he did not teach me more, I cannot find it in my heart to reproach his memory. He had not, after all, experienced the evil side of money. He knew little of weakness. A strong character actor, it would have been natural for him to take pride in the strength of his children, to fail to realize the different circumstances of money earned and money inherited. It is myself I reproach; most of all, because he would be disappointed in me.

I best can make amends by teaching my children what I had to learn the hard way, and late. I am teaching them; be sure of that. As for myself, I am pretty nearly broke now. I hope my acquaintances—I won't say friends—are satisfied. The Hope diamond and every other jewel I have have been in and out of New York pawnshops in recent years. There is a spot three feet square where the plaster has fallen from the ceiling of my bedroom at Friendship. Its repair is indefinite and I am thinking of hanging pink ruffles around it.

With care, if times improve, there will be enough salvage from the two estates to provide what still will be a fortune for each child. I think they will give a better account of their stewardships than their father and mother have. It won't be for lack of a bad example or for ignorance of what they do not.

Editor's Note.—This is the last of a series of articles by Mrs. McLean and Mr. Sparkes.

ROXANA

(Continued from Page 21)

now. You git into bed. I'll heat you up some milk. It'll make you sleep. Sleep! I kind of kin up what's raveled, as the poet says."

She put her knitting into the bag and got spryly to her feet.

As she went toward the kitchen an odd sound issued from between her lips. She was whistling.

xviii

IN THE morning Roxana called the hospital and was informed that Woodburn Jarboe was so greatly improved that he could receive visitors. She dressed herself with unusual care,

took a taxicab to the Long Island station and a train to the little city of Glen Cove.

As she drew near the hospital she found herself at once eager and apprehensive. How would Jarboe receive her, and what should she say to him? Would he be wrapped in bandages? Would he be disfigured? Would he be glad to see her, or would he, as might be quite possible, blame her for the catastrophe?

As she climbed the steps of the hospital, Mrs. Jarboe came out of the door. The older woman smiled and extended her hand.

"You're coming to see Woodburn?" she asked. "How nice! Way out from the city on such a hot day!"

"He—he is going to be all right?"

"Oh, perfectly," said Mrs. Jarboe. "We're a hardy race. We've been falling off horses for a long time. I suppose we've set up an immunity."

"Mrs. Jarboe," asked Roxana directly, "do you blame me?"

"Not in the least, my dear." And then, not evading the issue: "A girl can't be as lovely as you without having men go to war over her."

"But don't you hate me?" She paused, and her eyes searched Mrs.

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Index of Advertisers

January 4, 1936

PAGE

American Telephone & Telegraph Company 55
Armour & Co. 4

Axtom-Fisher Tobacco Company, Incorporated, The 59

Bromo-Seltzer 45

Camel Cigarettes 27

Campbell Soup Company 25

Chevrolet Motor Company 34, 35

Covered Wagon Company 33

Cudahy Packing Company, The 42

Dole Hawaiian Pineapple Juice 51

Drackett Company, The 49

Drano 49

Emerson Drug Company 45

Fleischmann's Yeast 37

Florida State Chamber of Commerce 61

Ford Motor Company 111 Cover

Fougera & Co., Inc. E. 63

Fry-Fyer Co., The 63

General Motors:

 Chevrolet 34, 35

 Pontiac 32

Hawaiian Pineapple Company, Ltd. 51

LaSalle Extension University 63

Lavoris Company, The 53

Metropolitan Life Insurance Co 39

Old Dutch Cleanser 111 Cover

Philo Auto Radio 2

Plymouth Motor Corporation 3

Pontiac Motor Company 32

Reynolds Tobacco Co., R. J. 27

Robbins & Myers, Inc. 53

Saturday Evening Post, The 47

Silk Stockings, The 53

Specialty Courses 59

Squibb & Sons, E. R. 44

Standard Brands Incorporated:

 Fleischmann's Yeast 37

Union Central Life Insurance Company, The 67

Universal Pictures 50

Vapes 63

Western Clock Company, Westclox 1

Williams Company, The J. B. 57

Williams Shaving Cream 111 Cover

Yale & Towne Mfg. Co., The 57

Yale Locks and Door Closers 57

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Jarboe's face almost pleadingly. "Or despise me?"

"Quite the contrary," Mrs. Jarboe said promptly. "In fact, I think you are rather remarkable." She smiled again. "Naturally, when Woodburn spoke so often of you, I was curious. I was even a little apprehensive. Perhaps I still am. Not apprehensive of you, my dear, but for you. You have traveled so far so fast, you see—and with so little real experience."

"I wanted so to—to be somebody—to do something!"

"You won't resent it that I made inquiries about you, even from relatives in Andorra? I really know a great deal about you. It was not difficult. You have not exactly hidden yourself from view, you know." Mrs. Jarboe's tone was dry, but not unkindly so.

"I couldn't think of any other way," said Roxana.

"Perhaps there was no other way. And you have a genius for publicity. But I tried to differentiate between the Miss Inch of the newspaper and the actual Miss Inch. Between, as one might say, the advertising campaign and the individual. Do you know why I came to fear for you?"

"No, Mrs. Jarboe."

"Because, my dear, you are so abysmally unsophisticated."

Roxana had expected anything but this. Unsophisticated! She who fancied herself the very essence of sophistication! She who knew all about life and its complexities!

"That seems almost insulting, doesn't it?" asked Mrs. Jarboe. "People would laugh if they heard me say the famous Roxana didn't know her way about. But it is true. You have a great deal of theory, but almost no practice. You are like one who reads a book of surgery until he knows it by heart, but never has had an opportunity to use a knife. Or, to bring it more closely home to you, like one who can recite every recipe in the cookbook, but never has been near a stove."

Roxana puckered her brows. She was not angry. She was not resentful. "I see what you mean," she said.

"But you don't agree with me?"

"I—I think you are wrong."

"Naturally. Because things have come out right so far. Everything has worked for you. You feel like the cat that has eaten the canary."

"Rather, at times."

"But what?" asked Mrs. Jarboe, "about the day when the fiddler presents his bill? You have danced, but someone will demand to be paid for the music. You came to New York unknown, almost without a penny. You have used people—men, I know, for instance, who are quite well off in a restaurant. I know how you managed to renew your lease. Mind, I don't blame you. All of us women use our beauty to gain our ends. But you have used yours pretty swiftly and lavishly. All of which creates liabilities and obligations. And there is sure to come a day of reckoning. Some of the people you have used are not nice people."

"But what can anybody do?" asked Roxana said, almost sharply.

"Dreadful things," said Mrs. Jarboe gravely. "And you have laid yourself open."

"I can take care of men," Roxana said, almost sharply.

"For thousands of years we women have been saying that. We are vain. We are sure of ourselves. And usually we are right. But ones in a while, frighteningly often, we encounter men who are ruthless, utterly bad. And then something dreadful happens."

"You are thinking about Polifeme Sackett."

"Him, of course," said Mrs. Jarboe. "Now run along, my dear. I'm keeping you from Woodburn."

"You don't resent my coming to see him?"

"Indeed, no!"

"Why?"

"Because," said Mrs. Jarboe, "I have seen your grandmother."

Presently Roxana found herself before the door of Jarboe's room and was bidden to enter. Woodburn sat in bed, unbandaged, no result of injury visible. He grinned at her, and then, before he spoke to her, turned to the nurse.

"Scatter!" he said.

The nurse went out quietly.

"If," said Jarboe, "you sit in the comfortable pew, I can't see you so good. Sorry I cracked up your week end."

"What a silly thing to say!"

"Isn't it? Mention two things to see if you aren't silly."

"It's not silly to say I'm so relieved."

"Did you worry?"

"Terribly."

"Much obliged. How's grandma?"

"Splendid. I met your mother at the door."

"Good scout, mother. Did she ask if you were going to marry me?"

"No."

"Are you?"

"Certainly not."

"I think you're mistaken. But anything you can't put me in jail for asking."

"Are you really all right?" she asked.

"Indeed, 'Really'?"

"I'm darn near perfect," he said.

"When I thought you were dead I—" She stopped and bit her lip.

"Tell me more. Did the universe turn sour? Did you feel as if everything fine and noble had been bounced out of the world? Did you look down the—ah—down the vista of years and realize you couldn't live without me?"

"I felt," she said, "like a murderer."

"The feud antedated you," he said.

"It's an ancient war."

"This wouldn't have happened if it hadn't been for me."

"Something just as good would have happened. Bound to."

"On account of Reynette?" she asked.

"Yes." Then he grinned again.

"Jealous?" he asked.

"No."

"Liar," he said. "But I'll ease your mind. I know how tough jealousy is. Reynette and I played together once, when we were kids. Her dad worked for us. They lived on the place. She

went to town and got in the chorus. Sackett did her dirt. That's the whole story."

"The queerest thing!" she said. "I found her picture in my apartment."

"You what? In what apartment? I thought you lived in a hotel."

"I moved."

"I was away. Went to Maine. Must have missed some news. Bring me up to date."

"A man was going to Europe and he let me have his apartment very cheaply."

"And you found Reynette's picture in it? Where's this apartment?"

"She told him, and his face went bleak. 'You live there now?' In that apartment? Alone?"

"Grandma Inch is with me, of course." She sensed something in his tone and manner.

"What is the matter?" she asked.

"A couple of things," he said. "How did you meet the citizen who had this apartment?"

"Polifeme Sackett brought him to dinner."

"Quaint!" said Jarboe. "Too, too utterly quaint!"

"What do you mean?"

He changed the subject startlingly. "Cunning dress," he said. "You never got that in Andorra."

"It's a Blanche model," said Roxana. "She makes all my clothes. I couldn't have so many if she didn't. I couldn't afford it, because the restaurant needs so much money."

"It needs so much money that you can afford to buy your gowns from the most expensive dressmaker in New York."

"Oh, I don't buy them. I get them for nothing."

"I guess my ears are funny. Say that again."

"I get them for nothing, All I want. Just for wearing them. And I get a commission on all she sells, because people see the dresses on me."

"You haven't found a bank to give you money, so you'll go around spending it and telling people you deposit there, have you?" he asked ironically.

"I don't understand."

"How did Blanche happen to make this deal with you?"

"She was with Polifeme Sackett —," she said, and stopped suddenly, staring at Woodburn with widening eyes.

"Andorra's a great town!" said Jarboe. "It's a swell place to learn your way around." He spoke very confidentially. "Don't you ever stand out in the middle of a pasture," he said. "The horses would eat you."

"You mean I'm green?"



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DRAWN BY CHARLES J. GODFREY

"What Chart?"

Here it was again. Mrs. Jarboe had called her unsophisticated; now Woodburn, less elegantly, said she was green! She, Roxana! Green! This time she resented it.

"You are," said Woodburn, "probably the world's most gullible little sap. Either that or I've been made a swell fool of."

"Of course," she said, "that could happen."

"I'm about to ask you a question," he said, "and I want a straight answer."

"What right have you to demand answers from me?"

"I happen," he said, "to be in love with you. Maybe that doesn't vest any rights, but it does make me darned inquisitive. Have you fallen for Polifemo Sackett?"

"I'll answer that one," she said furiously, "and then I'll get out of here. And I won't be back. The answer is 'no'!"

"Then," asked Jarboe, "why do you let him pay your rent and buy your clothes?"

She sat down again, suddenly. "He doesn't!" He doesn't!"

"On the contrary, he does. And probably everybody in town knows it but yourself."

"It's a lie."

"Roxana of Andorra!" he exclaimed admiringly. "One of New York's wise women! The glamorous, wicked Roxana! Why, you poor, little, snarled-up hick! Before you go, I'm going to sell you the Brooklyn Bridge."

She sat silent, furious but frightened, and close to tears.

"Why, he even worked the old jewel gag on you! Planted a bracelet on you, stole it back again and put you in a hole! You couldn't pull that one on the dumbest gal in Minsky's chorus."

"I'm going," she said.

"Not for a couple of minutes," he responded. "And maybe not then. I guess I'd better have you committed until I get out to look after you. Do you know where you live?"

"I do."

"If you're on the level, you don't," he said. "You live in the penthouse Sackett leased for Reynetta. The one she was booted out of on Christmas Eve, and walked straight across town to the East River. And your clothes! Sackett is probably showing the receipted bill for them up and down Broadway."

"It's not true!" she cried. "It's not true!"

"Do you think it isn't?" he asked. Then he rang the bell furiously. The nurse appeared at the door.

"Nurse," he demanded, "when can I get out of here?"

"In about a week. Why the sudden hurry, Mr. Jarboe?"

He smiled a thin smile. Roxana did not like it. It made her afraid, because it was so unlike Woodburn's habitual boyish smile.

"I've got to see a man," he said.

"He'll have to wait a few days," said the nurse.

"Scream," said Woodburn, and the nurse, pausing only to shrug her shoulders, withdrew.

He turned upon Roxana. The steel was no longer in his voice, but it was tense and his eyes burned.

"I've got a little pull around this vicinage," he said. "I can get the marriage-license clerk to trot over here and bring his tools and a minister. How's that for an idea? He could be here in half an hour. We could be married and you could go home with mother."

"You are perfectly insane," she said. "You won't do it?"

"Certainly not."

"I've got a job," he said boisterously. "I was going to tell you. It's a good job. And there's plenty of money besides. And, honest Injun, Roxana, I love you."

"I must go now," she said dully.

"Please?"

"I got into all this," she said. "Even if I have got out of it. Even—even if I told you I couldn't marry you. What would your mother say—and all your friends—if everybody knows what you have just told me?"

"That's my worry," he said.

"Good-by," she said, moving toward the door.

unreasonable about it. He resented the attitude of the betting public."

"I don't blame you for bein' mad," said Grandma Inch, "that other folks are as smart as you be. But it's a trial a body's got to put up with."

"There's always suckers," said Jotham, "except this time."

"You might," said Roxana, "give a little attention to the restaurant."

"Doin' what?" demanded Uncle Jotham. "Shooon' out dies?"

"There's plenty to do."

"And you do it," said Uncle Jotham flatly.

Roxana was in no mood to argue, and there was right on Uncle Jotham's side. She left very little for him to do. She was autocratic. It was not in her

time. Nor could she do as she burned to do—go to Blanche, demand a bill for the clothes she wore and pay it in full.

Pressing about her she could feel the invisible meshes of the net. She was caught. She could not even struggle to extricate herself.

On Thursday, grandma flitted suddenly to Andorra. Mrs. Simpson had had one of her spells and nobody else could pull her through it. For years Mrs. Simpson had been having spells, each one promising to be fatal, but grandma had, in effect, bullied her friend out of them. It simply was that Mrs. Simpson had not the effrontry to die with grandma standing over her bed forbidding it.

Roxana felt terribly alone. Her feeling was that of one lost in a dark forest, knowing that some malignant creature lurked in the blackness. There was nothing to do but to wait for it to pounce.

But Uncle Jotham's mood became more cheerful. On that day a certain amount of Murphy money made an unexpected appearance. On the Friday of the fight itself, he placed a couple of sizable wagers. The total grew to something like three thousand dollars. It was not a killing, but already he counted with moderate satisfaction his 10 per cent of the profits.

Roxana, accompanied by the champ and his little wife, left the restaurant in time to arrive at the Bowl for the main bout. The vast arena was jammed. Never had Roxana seen such a spectacle—the garishly lighted ring standing out so sharply in the midst of that black mass of humanity. They walked down long aisles to their ringside seats just as Stein and Murphy entered the ring. It was Roxana's first fight, and she was excited and not a little apprehensive. She did not know what she was about to see, but her nerves were tested. There was a sort of reluctance to jump into this new experience, a fear lest there be blood and brutality which she could not bear to watch.

All about her, people were calling greetings to the champ. He was compelled to step into the ring and to be introduced while the crowd roared its applause and affection. The place was dotted with notables. She saw Petrie and Ilidor. A dozen seats away sat Polifemo Sackett, but, apparently, he did not notice her presence. Uncle Jotham prodded her with his elbow.

"Don't turn your head," he whispered hoarsely, "or you'll miss the punch."

Then the fight was on. Two men with magnificent bodies circled each other, but nothing seemed to happen. "Feelin' him out," said Uncle Jotham.

The round was over, a dull three minutes. Uncle Jotham was busy explaining when Murphy had not been abolished. When the gong rang, to be followed by three more minutes of sluggish fighting.

"Stein's just toin' with him to give the customers a run for their money," said Uncle Jotham.

The champ said nothing. His face was sphinxlike. The crowd commenced to stamp and clap. Another round followed, and still Stein did nothing. As one watched him, it was apparent that he outclassed his opponent, was more ring-wise, more skillful, but still nothing happened. His blasting right did not come into action and, almost deliberately, it seemed, he permitted Murphy to reach his face with harmless left jabs. So it went, round after round, to the seventh.



DRAWN BY GREGORY D'ALESSIO
"I Once Ran In There to Get Out of the Rain,
and the Place Is Just Crammed With Books!"

"Watch your step. Keep the eye peeled," he begged earnestly, "until I can get out of here—and interview Mr. Sackett."

"It's not your show," she said.

"Good-by."

XIX

UNCLE JOTHAM was so full of talk about the fight between Stein and Murphy that no word on any other subject was to be had from him. He would tell you how Murphy had no right to be there at all, with a fanciful description of Stein's right and of Stein's condition.

"The last thing Murphy's going to hear Friday night," he said, "is the referee givin' instructions. That's how long it'll last. One punch."

But his mood was dark because so few people differed with him. You can't get a bet out of a man who agrees with you. There was a negligible amount of Murphy money, even at the odds of 6 to 1. Jotham was rather

make-up to delegate authority. Most certainly she could not delegate to someone else any exercise of judgment. The success of the business re-enforced her belief in her own infallibility.

"We're showin' a grand profit," she said shortly, "and with my radio money, we're almost out of debt."

"I ain't no way gonna do it," said Uncle Jotham. "I only don't go criticizin' me for nothin' what you wouldn't let me do anyhow."

Roxana had neither seen nor heard of Polifemo Sackett since the evening she had refused to serve him in the restaurant, but it did not require this talk of betting on the prize fight to bring him to her mind. He was always there. She felt as if he surrounded her, as if he were always watching her, waiting some opportunity. Her first thought, when she discovered she was living in his apartment, had been to remove herself and Grandma Inch forthwith. But financial considerations prevented. She could not afford to move, continuing, as she was bound, to pay rent for the penthouse and to pay rent for other quarters at the same

"I got it now," Uncle Jotham said. "Stein's lettin' it ride for the pictures. It'll come now."

But it did not come, nor did it come in the succeeding rounds. Roxana was conscious of being rather bored. Instead of savagery, blood, brutality, she saw two men rather futilely dabbing at each other with glove-covered hands. Uncle Jotham grew silent. Now and then he muttered bewilderedly. The fourteenth round passed. "My Gawd," he exclaimed, "what's happenin' in there?"

"I give Murphy nine rounds," said the champ. "It's got to be a knockout or Stein loses."

The final round was pathetic. Two arm and leg weary men leaned upon each other's shoulders and faltered harmlessly at each other's abdomens. Then Murphy, starting a blow from somewhere in the far background, landed flush on Stein's jaw. Stein was down. The referee was counting one, two, three, and on to ten. Stein did not stir. He was out—knocked out in the last round by a man he should have slaughtered.

"...and new heavyweight champion of the world!" Roxana heard the referee shout.

The multitude was stunned. It could not believe what it had seen. There was almost a groan, and then there rolled down to the ring shouts of derision, catcalls, epithets.

Uncle Jotham sank down in his seat. "What's the answer to that?" he asked weakly.

"The answer is," said the champ, "if you're going to be a fighter, you've got to be one all the time."

Roxana was disappointed, let down. She was very tired, and dreaded the thought of the scramble and crowding in that close-packed mob to get to the exits. Uncle Jotham was muttering. As they found themselves in the aisle, jostled and pressed by that slow-moving stream of perspiring, disappointed spectators, Roxana heard her uncle speak to someone. It was Sackett, separated from them by a couple of bobbing heads.

"Awful, wasn't it?" asked Jotham.

"Pretty foul," said Sackett.

"Eighteen thousand gone up the spot on that palooka," said Uncle Jotham.

"Really?" asked Sackett.

"I'll say you take it like a sport," said Uncle Jotham.

"Do I? Meaning what?"

"Meaning," said Uncle Jotham, "that you don't lose eighteen thousand at 6 to 1."

"You don't mean me," said Sackett coolly. "I hadn't a bet down. Didn't like the looks of it."

"Says what?" demanded Uncle Jotham.

"I didn't bet a cent on this fight."

Uncle Jotham gasped. When he roared: "I bet it for you! You know it darn well! Eighteen thousand at 6 to 1!"

"You didn't bet anything for me," said Sackett.

Uncle Jotham was purple. His voice was quieter now, but Roxana could feel his body quiver. "Do you mean that?" he asked.

"I don't mean anything else."

Suddenly, Uncle Jotham was struggling to get at Sackett. He was shouting, he was beside himself, bellowing epithets among which Roxana caught the word "welsher." "Leave me at him!" he shouted, but the champ's hand was on his shoulder, restraining him.

"Pipe down," said the champ.

"He welsched on me!" He welsched for eighteen thousand! He's left me holdin' the bag!"

Uncle Jotham was helpless in the grip of the champ. He continued to rave as the crowd separated him farther and farther from Sackett. Then suddenly he became quiet, grimly quiet until they were in the champ's car, working their way through the dense traffic toward the Queensboro Bridge.

"Eighteen thousand berries!" he said dully.

"What's the story?" asked the champ.

"I beenbettin' for Sackett," said Uncle Jotham. "We make a cleanup on the golf. He takes his and I get my 10 per cent. He tells me to take all I can get on this one. All I can get is three thousand—at 6 to 1. And he welsches."

"I mean," he said, "that if I don't hurry up and get shaved, I'll be found up an alley with my whiskers on."

She turned to the champ. "Is that true? They wouldn't dare! It isn't true!"

"That's about how it lays," said the champ soberly.

"They'll kill him if he doesn't pay eighteen thousand dollars?"

"It's been done," said the champ.

"But we haven't eighteen thousand dollars. We can't pay."

"This," said Uncle Jotham, "is what I get for lettin' a woman mix in my business."

"I told you to have nothing to do with him."

"And I tell you when I got put on the spot," said Uncle Jotham. "It wasn't tonight when Sackett welsched. It was the other night, when you

"It ain't so much bein' bumped off," said Uncle Jotham. "It's my reputation. The boys know I've been a square-shooter. That'll be gone. When my name comes up, they'll be callin' me a rat. 'Jotham Inch' got mowed down for welshin'—that's the thing'll be said about me."

"It won't," said Roxana. "Nothing will happen."

He ignored her. "When we get across the bridge," he said, "leave me out. I got business to attend to."

"Don't blow your top, Jotham," said the champ.

"Don't let him go! Don't!" cried Roxana.

The car came to a halt in the traffic. Suddenly Uncle Jotham reached for the handle, pushed open the door and stepped to the pavement before anyone realized his intention. In an instant he was gone, lost among the tangle of vehicles.

They knew what he had gone to do.

Roxana uttered a little cry. "Oh, what can I do? How can I stop him?"

"From now on," said the champ, "it depends on luck. The most anybody can do is sit tight and wish."

"Take me home," said Roxana. "There's something I can do."

xx

"COME home with us," said the champ's wife. "No."

"Then let me stay with you."

"No. I must be alone."

"But you can't stay alone."

"I must. I know what I am doing. Please don't urge me. Please."

So they left her at her door. As the elevator carried her upward, the old conductor spoke:

"How was the fight, miss?"

"Terrible," she said.

"Mostly they are. There used to be fighters. Yes, ma'am, there used to be. Sullivan and Fitz and Corbett. Them was fighters. And Nelson and Gans. And Dempsey—now there was a fighter."

"Yes," said Roxana dully.

"Good night, miss," he said, as he opened the door for her.

"Good night," she responded.

Once in her apartment, she did not pause to remove her hat, but went to the telephone and called Polifeme Sackett's number. His man answered.

"Mr. Sackett is not in yet," he said. "She gave me his number. "Tell him to call at once," she said. "It is important. At once. Tell him it is a matter of life or death."

"Yes, ma'am. I'll tell him."

After that there was nothing to do but wait. It was close to midnight. Sackett had not called at one. She rang him again, but he had not returned. She sat, waiting. Once she got up to stare at herself in the mirror. It was with a dreadful feeling of unreality—a feeling that all this, somehow, was horribly untrue. She peered at herself. There could be no mistake. It was she. It was Roxana Inch to whom this thing was happening!

The clock struck two, and there had been no call. Again she asked for Sackett's number, but still he had not come home. She did not undress, but sat in a chair by the telephone. Three o'clock passed. She was terribly sleepy, terribly weary. For minutes she slept fitfully, awakening with a start to listen for the telephone bell. It did not ring. Dawn lightened the east. She bathed her eyes in cold water and returned to her vigil. At seven she

(Continued on Page 68)



DRAWN BY MARGE

"How do you prove it?" asked the champ.

"I don't," said Uncle Jotham. "And I ain't got eighteen thousand. Tomorrow the boys'll be in after their dough. I guess you know the answer to that one."

"What do you care?" asked Roxana. "He made the bets." But even as she spoke she realized the futility of what she said; she realized more than that. The thing was clear to her. Here was Sackett's reply to her insult in the restaurant. Here was another tightening of the net he had spread so adroitly around her.

"I made the bets," said Uncle Jotham. "It was me that took the money."

"But you can explain. You can tell the people who bet with you that Sackett was the real one!"

"And they'll believe me! Maybe you don't know what happens to a bird that welsches for eighteen thousand in this town? He don't get slapped. The boys don't tell him he hadn't ought to do it."

"What do you mean?" Roxana asked in a hushed voice.

wouldn't fill the feed bag for him. When you let out that squawk that you didn't serve meals to murderers. I got you to thank."

It was true. Roxana recognized the justice of what he said. It was her doing. If her uncle were taken for a ride, if he were shot down in cold blood, it would be she who had killed him. First Woodburn Jarboe and now Uncle Jotham.

"Well," said Jotham, with the chill of despair in his voice, "I can take it, but I'll have company with me."

"There must be some way," said Roxana. "We'll make them give you time. We'll pay it off. Somewhere, somehow, I'll get the money."

Uncle Jotham laughed shortly.

"How?" he asked.

Suddenly she knew how. All along she had known, but had refused to bring the knowledge to the surface where she must use it or decline to use it. It was a dreadful moment. Sitting in that car, she knew that the power of life and death had been put into her hands. The choice was hers. It was for her to say if Uncle Jotham should live or die.



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HIGHER FUEL BILLS, bills for warmer clothes and more heartening food...winter forces them upon your family now...and always will.

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(Continued from Page 66)

telephoned again, and a surly voice replied that Sackett had not come home all night.

"Can't you find him? Can't you reach him?"

"I got no idea where he is, ma'am," said the voice.

Here was a fresh terror. Why had he not come home? Had Uncle Jotham found him, and would he never go home?

Again exhaustion closed her eyes, and when she awoke it was ten o'clock. The telephone bell was ringing urgently. She lifted the receiver.

"Tweet! Tweet!" said Woodburn Jarboe's cheerful voice. "I'm the early bird. Did I wake you up?"

"No," she said, and hung up the receiver. She could not bear to talk to him—talk to anyone, but to him most of all.

Almost instantly the bell rang again.

"If you don't like the early bird," said Jarboe, "I'll agree to be the worm."

"Please go away," she said. "I don't want to talk."

"Is it personal?" he asked, "or just a general disinclination? Because, either way, it won't do you any good. I'm out. They released me. I'm coming to you."

"No."

"But I am. First I've got to see a man. I hate to leave loose ends dangling. Then I'll be around. I've got an idea."

"Don't come," she said. "You must never come. I never want to see you again."

"You're going to see a lot of me. I'm to be the least invisible husband you ever had."

"Never," she said.

Suddenly his voice was serious. "What has happened?" he asked.

"Terrible things. Please go away. Please leave me alone. Please! Please!"

"Sackett again?" he asked.

How to get rid of him! How to make it final, irrevocable! It was tearing her, ripping at her soul.

"This is Mr. Sackett's apartment," she said. "He wouldn't want another man to telephone me."

There was a pause. It seemed to last hours. Then came his voice again. "You're a little liar," he said. His voice was grim and tense. "Good-by."

"Woodburn! Woodburn!" she was afraid he had left the telephone. "What are you going to do, Woodburn?"

"I'll be seeing you," he said, and the receiver clicked. She rattled her own receiver frantically. "The party has left the line," said Central.

Almost beside herself, she called Sackett's number again. This time the man was insolent: "I tell you he isn't in. When he comes, I'll tell him to call you. He will if he wants to, and he won't if he don't."

After that, the restaurant commenced to call her. She was surprised to discover that she did not care what happened to the restaurant. It had become negligible, but they were so insistent that she changed into another dress and obeyed the summons. Perhaps it was fortunate she did. Questions, demands upon her, diverted her mind. She was compelled to function. She was forced to think.

"A dozen men been here asking for Mr. Inch," said the head waiter.

"He hasn't been in?"

"Haven't seen hide or hair of him. What'll I say?"

"Say he hasn't been in and you don't know when he will be."

"They was hard-looking citizens."

They would be! She went about planning her menus, arranging for service, assigning tables. She might as well be doing that. But all the time she was thinking, "Where is Uncle Jotham now? Where is Woodburn now? Where is Sackett?" Was there no mention of Sackett?" It was like waiting for an execution, only here there was no definite hour for the catastrophe.

She snatched the evening papers when they came, but there were no headlines. Nothing had happened yet. Twice more she faced rebuff and called Sackett's apartment. He was not to be reached.

It was eleven o'clock when she returned to the apartment. There had been no news. Edition after edition of the papers had appeared on the streets with no mention of the tragedy she feared.

"Good evening, miss," said the old elevator conductor as she entered his car, and, "Good night, miss," when she left it. She unlocked her door and turned on the lights. This time she did not try to make contact with Sackett. She felt it would be futile. Her attitude was apathetically fatalistic. She would sit and wait—only sit and wait!

The clock struck twelve. It was not long after that when she heard a key

her. "It was that other girl's apartment!"

"You knew that when you took it," she said.

"No."

He shrugged his shoulders. "Do you think you can rent penthouses like that for the rent you pay? You knew, and you took it, and you liked it. Just as you knew I was buying your clothes. Just as you took that bracelet. On the make."

"You know they will kill Uncle Jotham."

"Probably," he said indifferently. "But you were his partner. He was betting for you."

"Right."

"And you're not going to pay. You're going to let him face it."

"Exactly."

Nothing was to be gained by telling him that he was utterly vile; nothing was to be gained by saying or doing anything.

"So," he said, "you recognized the inevitable, and called me."

"Yes," she said dully.

Suddenly his hard face altered, moved in a sort of spasm.

"You got under my skin," he said thickly. "Nobody ever did that before. I couldn't get you out of my mind. I kept thinking about your hair and your eyes—and that infernal dimple."

She was listening, but she hated the sound of his words. Somehow, this made it worse—to have him telling her this. She shut her eyes. He talked on, telling her what she had done to him, how she had thrown him off his balance, how she had become necessary to him. She opened her eyes.

They widened as she perceived a movement behind him, saw the door open slowly, silently, and a hand appear through the crack. She felt her lips part as she tried to scream, to warn him, for there was a pistol in the hand. But she could utter no sound. There were two shots; twice intolerable sound rent her eardrums. Then the hand tossed the revolver into the room, closed the door softly and disappeared.

Sackett was standing, his eyes full of awful astonishment. Then his knees refused to support him and he slumped to the floor, lying grotesquely at her feet. She had no known that any human body could be so motionless.

At first she could not get up out of her chair, then she lifted herself by her arms until she stood upon trembling legs. It was odd, almost comical how her mind worked.

"That's torn it," she heard herself saying aloud.

Once more, nothing was real. She moved and thought and responded like an automaton. On legs that seemed strangely stiff and unstable, she tottered around Sackett's body to the telephone.

"Give me the police," she said to the operator, and when the connection was made: "This is Roxana Inch." She gave the address. "Police! Sackett has been shot in my apartment." Her diction was clear-cut, distinct.

She walked to another chair, as distant from Sackett as the room permitted, and sat down to wait.

"Which of them?" she asked herself. "Was it Uncle Jotham, or was it Woodburn?"

She gripped the arms of the chair, shut her eyes tightly, and tried not to think, tried not to be alive, until the summons of the police sounded upon the door.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

NEXT WEEK

SHOWMAN, by William A. Brady

Gaieties and grease paint. Hamlet and Little Nell. Melodrama and cabbages in the Town Hall. A veteran producer remembers the merry eighties—from the Bowery to Butte, Montana. First of a series.

WEATHER OR NO, by A. H. Z. Carr

When a man not only talks about the weather but does something about it—that's news. Duncan Kirk, romantic meteorologist, makes the headlines in this amusing story.

GERTIE, THE BLOOD-HOUND, by Freeman Tilden

Possibly Gertie, agent of the law, couldn't add two and two together, but she proved she could multiply.

"SO WE THOUGHT WE'D SAVE HALF OUR SALARY," by A Hollywood Wife

Forty thousand a year for living expenses and not one cent for a rainy day. A film executive's wife depletes the High Cost of Hollywood.

THE ALIEN ON RELIEF, by Raymond G. Carroll

While Europe cuts down her unemployed rolls we write relief checks for several million of her citizens.

WORK OF ART—PUBLIC, by Sigman Byrd

Portrait of a killer. Elmo Tucker, rural artist who could paint from memory, solves the mysterious murder of Judge John Holly.

TOBACCO WORM, by Ruth Burr Sanborn

Rancie takes Prior Westcott back to Deacon plantation. The story of an elegant man and a farm girl who found she had no reason to be ashamed of her background.

OTHER ARTICLES AND STORIES by Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall, Clarence Budington Kelland, Gordon MacCrae, and Benjamin Wallace Douglass.

The dinner hour came and she changed into her uniform. Among the guests were the champ and his wife. "Any news?" he asked.

"None," she said. "I'm for you. You've got nerve. It takes class to stand up and take it. Jotham hasn't turned up?"

"No."

"The more hours pass the better," he said. "It gives time to think."

"If I only couldn't think," she said.

"I had some of the boys out looking for Jotham. No soap."

"No one can do anything," she said quietly. That was her feeling—that whatever was to happen would do so inevitably. Events were in avalanche, moving irresistibly under their own weight, flowing inexorably to the catastrophe. Even she, Roxana, could do nothing. She was growing numb.



WHITE STUDIO, N.Y.
William A. Brady

click in the lock of the door, and sat upright, tense. It might be Grandma Inch, returning from Andorra. She would be glad of that; she would be glad to have Grandma Inch's sturdiness by her side. She watched the door open, and then sprang to her feet, eyes dilating, as Polifeme Sackett stepped over the threshold, closed the door softly behind him and turned to face her.

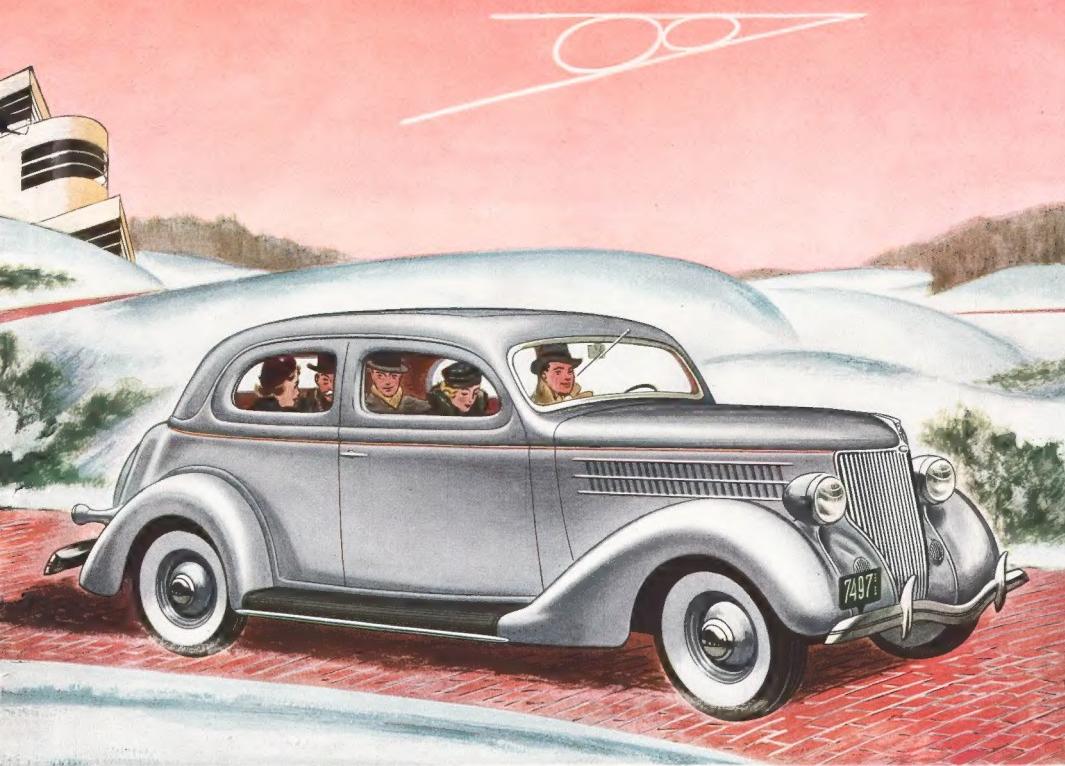
"You!" she said, and her throat hurt dreadfully.

"You've been trying to get me. Here I am."

"How did you get in? Where did you get that key?"

"I've always had it. It didn't seem just the right time to use it until now."

"This is your apartment!" She said this as if she had just discovered it, or as if the fact only now became real to



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Safety comes first in the Ford V-8. For a safe car helps to make a safe driver. And the Ford Motor Company has an obligation to the public to make a safe car. . . . Cost doesn't enter into that. It is a matter of finding what is right and best and making it available to the people. . . . The Ford was the first low-price car to give you the extra protection of a steel body. It was also the first low-price car to provide Safety Glass throughout (in the windows as well as the windshield) at no extra cost. . . . Any time something new and better is found it is built into the car. But it has to prove itself first. . . . The Ford Motor Company does not experiment with safety. The Super-Safety Brakes reflect that policy. They are of the long-tested, sure-acting mechanical design and they stop the car quickly and with certainty under all driving conditions. Big and powerful, with an unusually large braking area, yet easy to apply. . . . You are sure of good brakes and all-round safety when you buy the 1936 Ford V-8.

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*A Timely Message to
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Bathroom fixtures, stoves, refrigerators, washing machines and kitchen utensils—the splendid paint and lacquer finishes applied to walls and wood-work—cannot stand the abrasive action of ordinary cleansers. Tiny scratches appear; gradually the surface becomes dulled and dingy and, in due time, the beautiful finish is ruined.

You can't blame the manufacturer or the decorator if many dollars worth of surface beauty is soon scratched away. The fault lies with the cleanser used.

No woman would knowingly subject her possessions to the damaging effects of ordinary cleansers that disfigure millions of dollars worth of household property every year. Be on the safe side! Remember when you buy—it pays to use Old Dutch, the one cleanser made with Seismotite. It doesn't scratch.



*Doesn't
Scratch*

The Only Grit-Free Cleanser because it's made with SEISMOTITE

Millions of thrifty women save money by protecting the lovely things in their homes with safe, effective Old Dutch cleaning. Don't take chances on ruining your household possessions. Get the full value they have to offer by selecting your cleanser wisely.

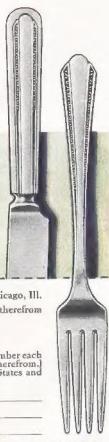
Test it for destructive grit this easy way: sprinkle a little cleanser on the back of a plate and rub with a coin. You'll detect the presence of grit by a harsh, scratchy sound. Then try the same test with Old Dutch. You'll hear no grinding or scratching because it's the one cleanser that is absolutely grit-free!

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